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No. 17

SEPTEMBER 1941

# BIG SHOT

## Comics

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**THE FACE**

and

**JOE PALOOKA**

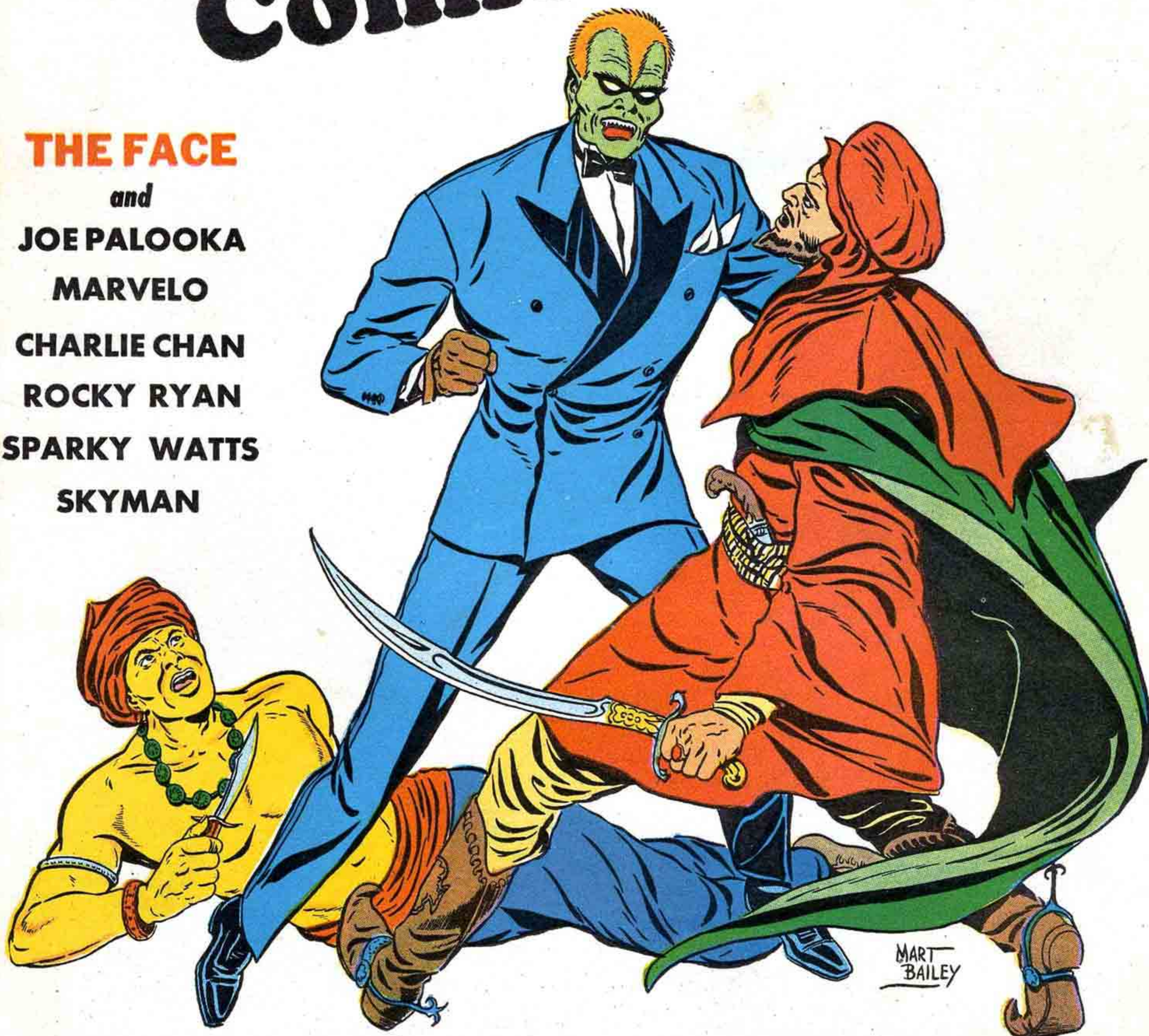
**MARVELO**

**CHARLIE CHAN**

**ROCKY RYAN**

**SPARKY WATTS**

**SKYMAN**



AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

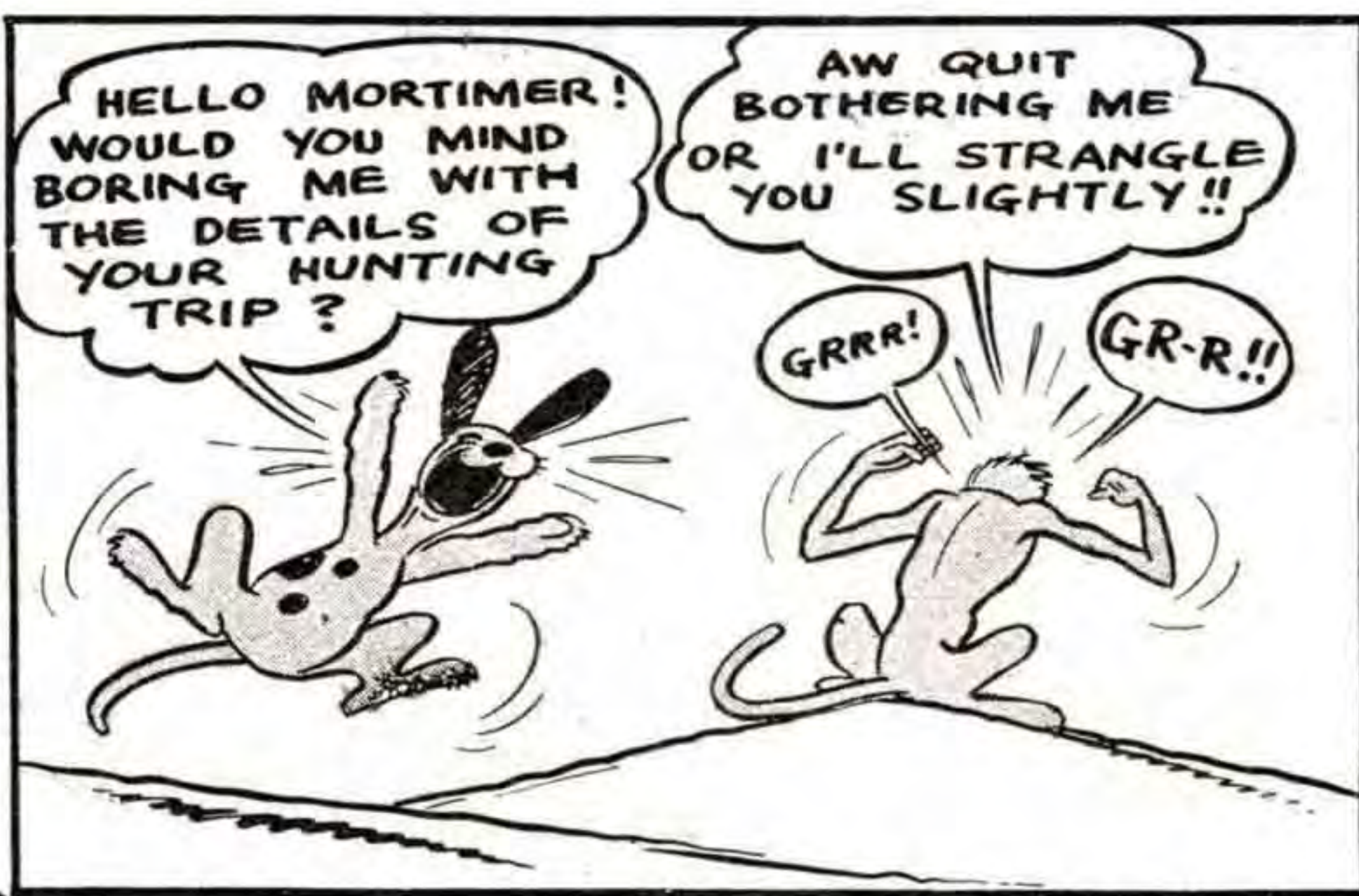




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# MORTIMER THE MONK



VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

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# The FACE

**U**GLY AND HORRIBLE COMPRISED OF THE WEIRD TERROR OF FEAR-SPAWNED NIGHTMARES, *THE FACE* FRIGHTENS ALL WHO BEHOLD IT BY ITS VERY AWESOMENESS! BEHIND IT IS TONY TRENT, RADIO COMMENTATOR, WHO AS *THE FACE* FIGHTS AN ETERNAL BATTLE AGAINST ALL CRIMINALS . . .

by  
**MICHAEL  
BLAKE**

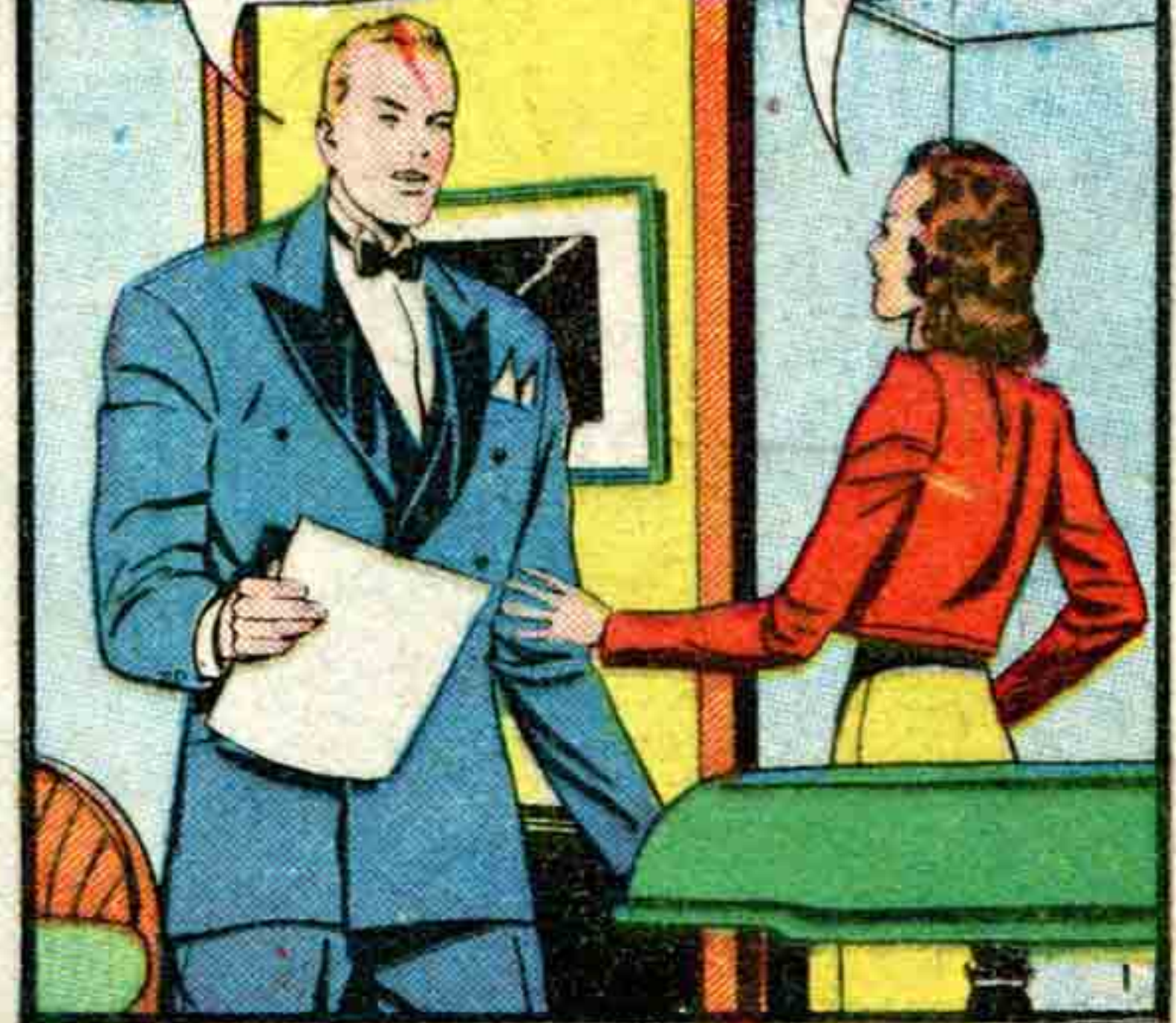
**ON RADIO STATION WBSC . . .**

THE MURDER OF HAROLD HEAD, THE BRILLIANT ACTOR, IS STILL UNSOLVED! STRUCK DOWN BY AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET AS HE WALKED TOWARD THE THEATRE WHERE HE WORKED, HE PROVIDES A GREAT PROBLEM . . .

OH, AND ONE WORD ABOUT THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART DISPLAY OF PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE ELITE HOTEL. DON'T DARE MISS IT! THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS! BE TELLING YOU AGAIN, TOMORROW!

NOW, WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? I SAW YOU WAVING TO ME!

TONY— THE MAN WHO KILLED HAROLD HEAD! I KNOW WHO IT IS!



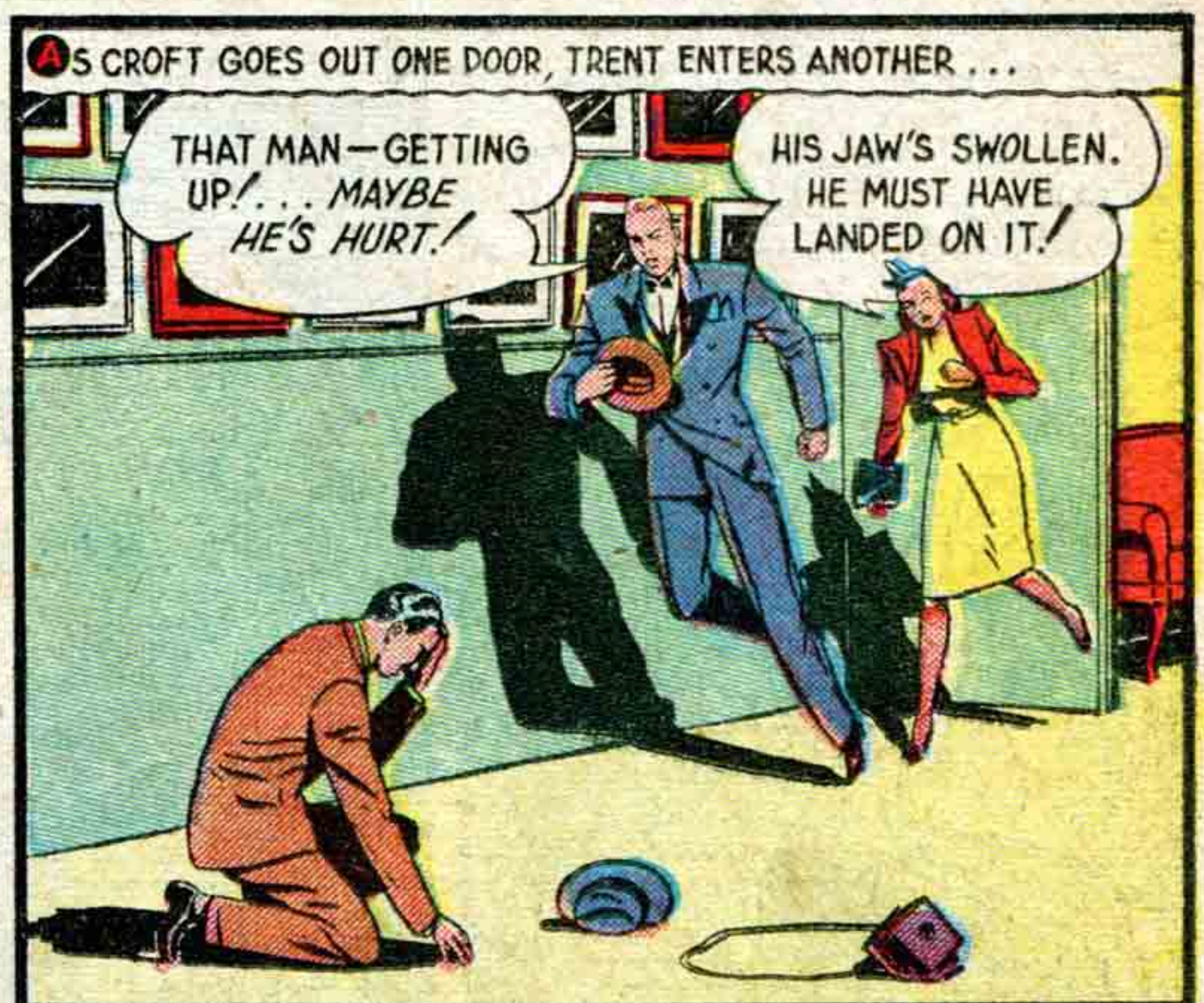
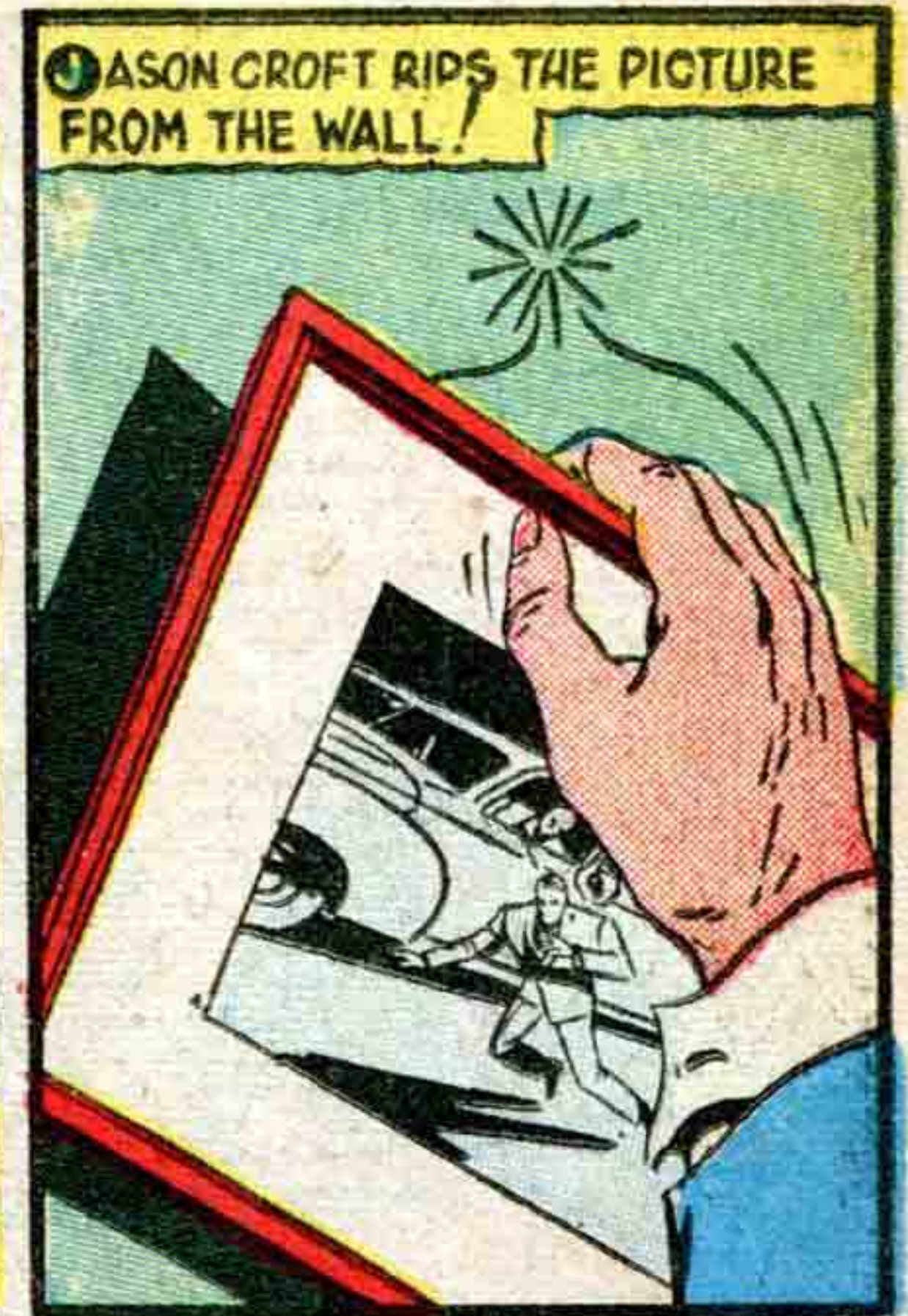


# BIG SHOT COMICS



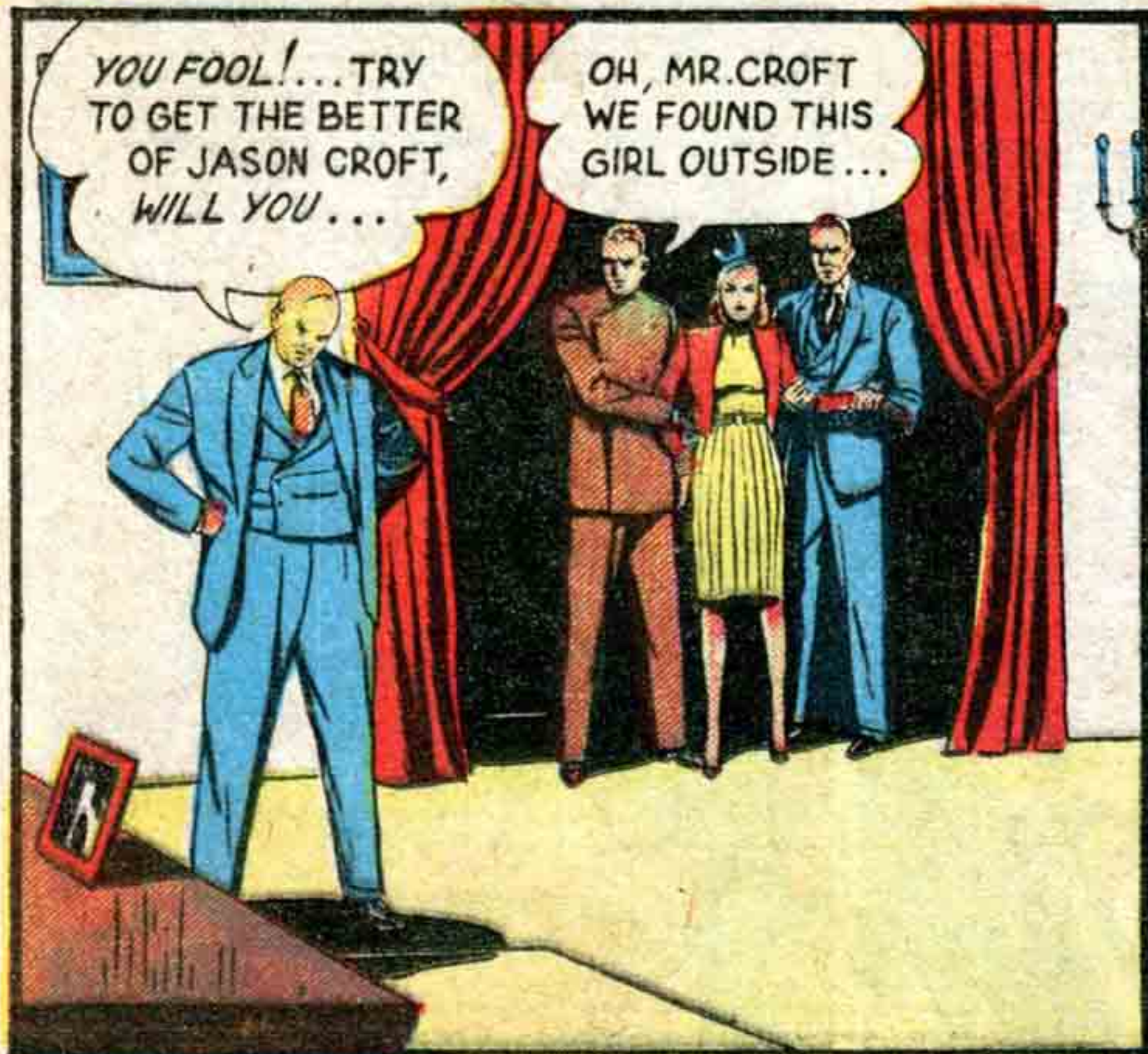
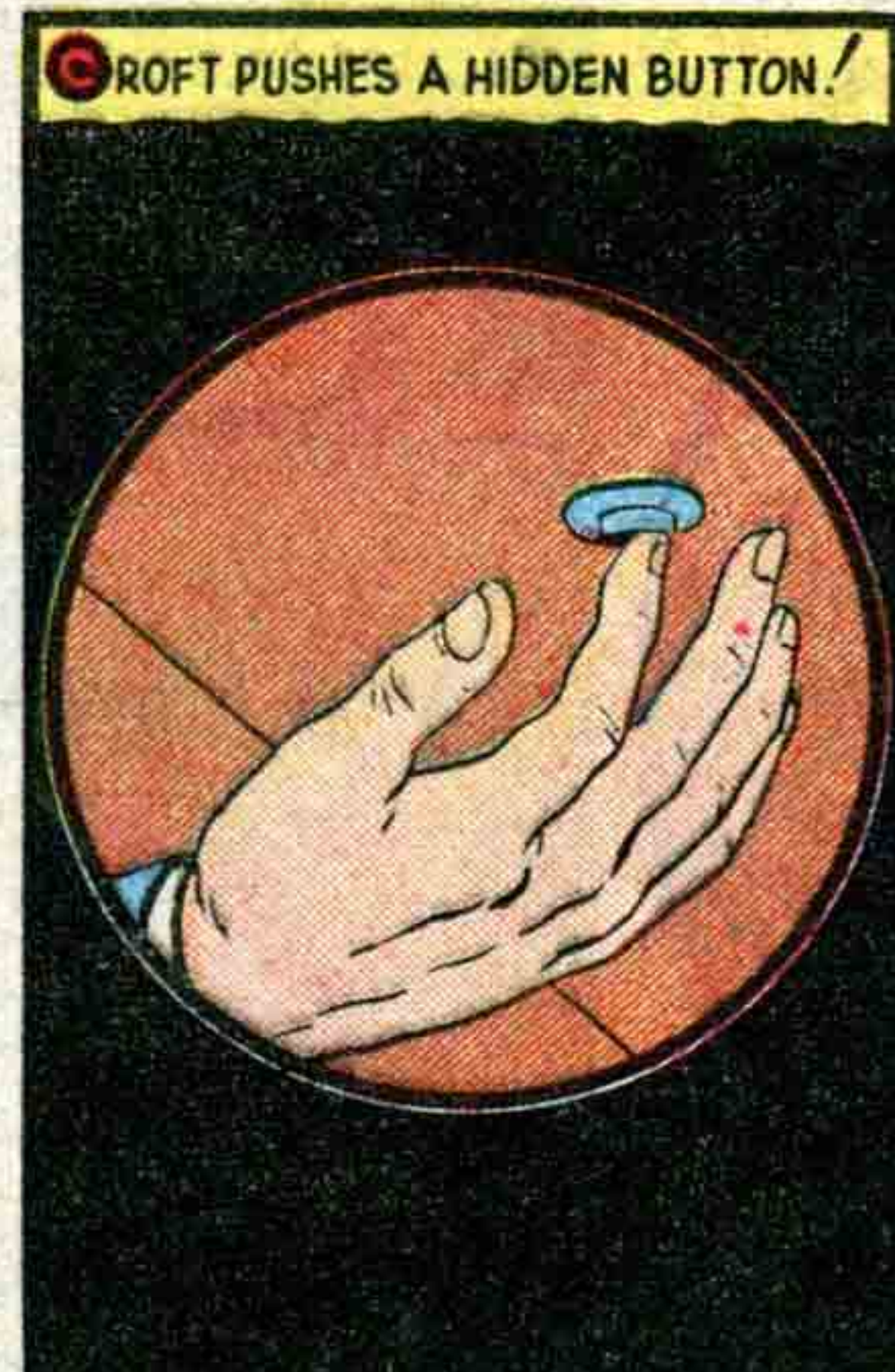


# BIG SHOT COMICS





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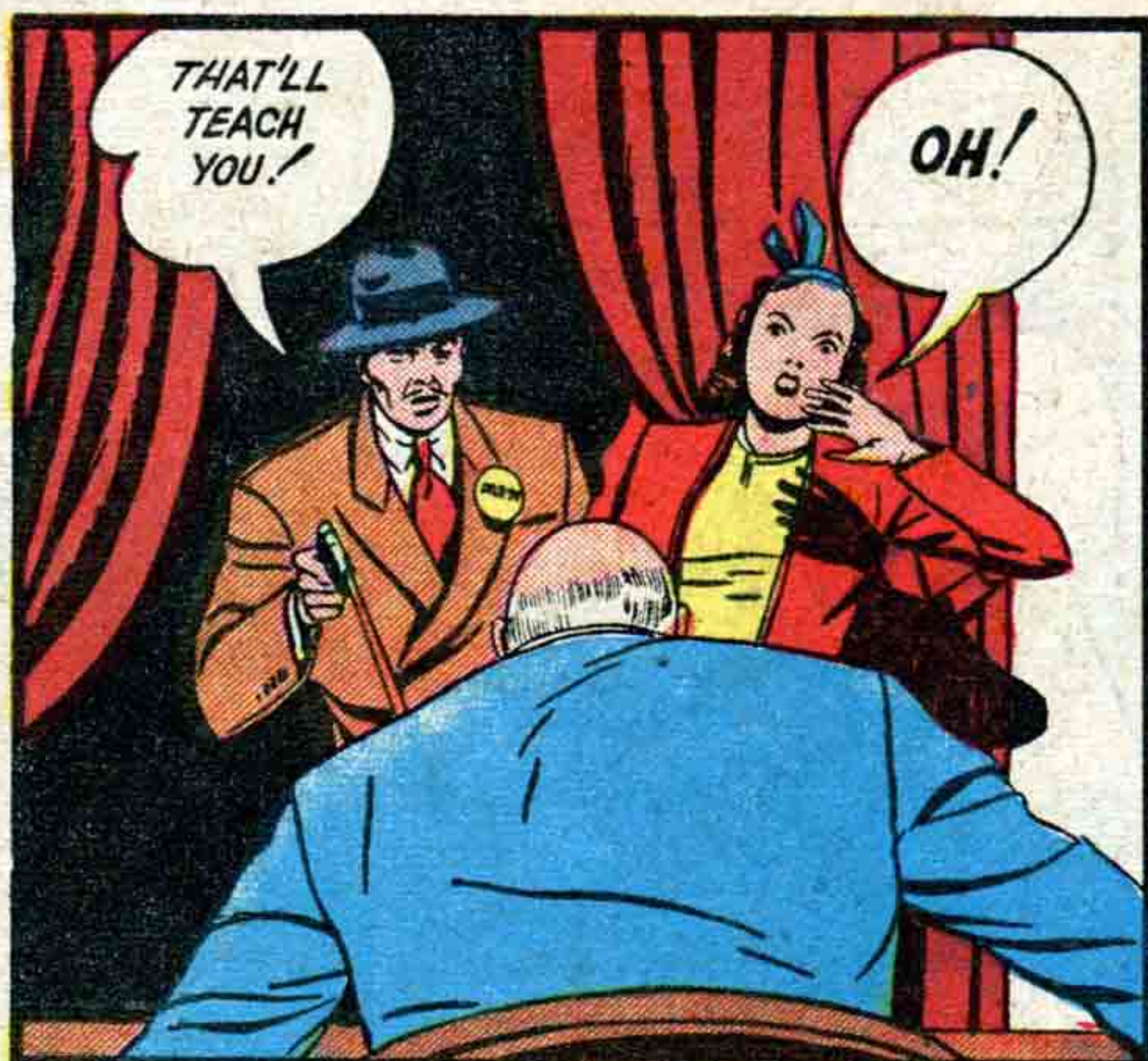




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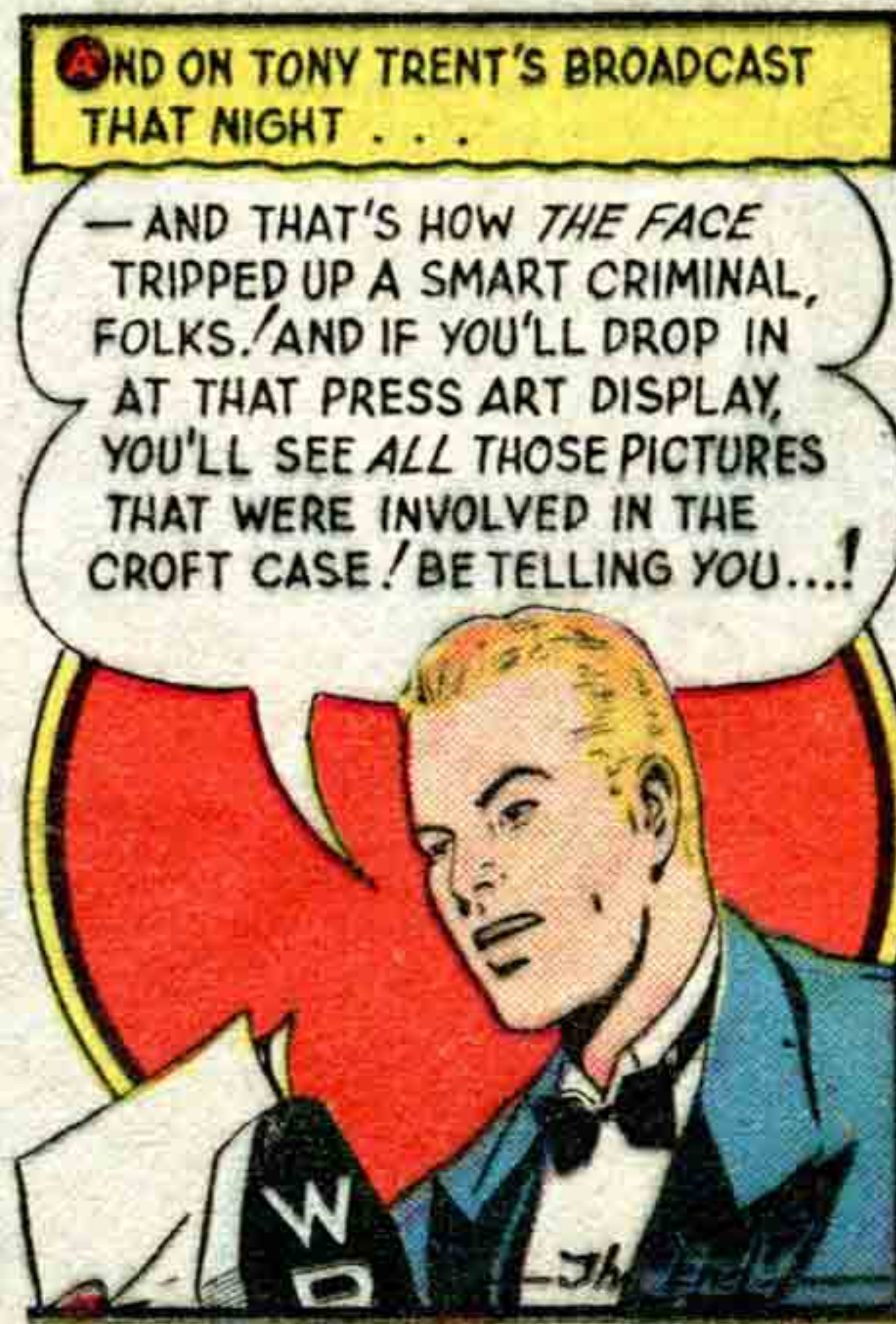
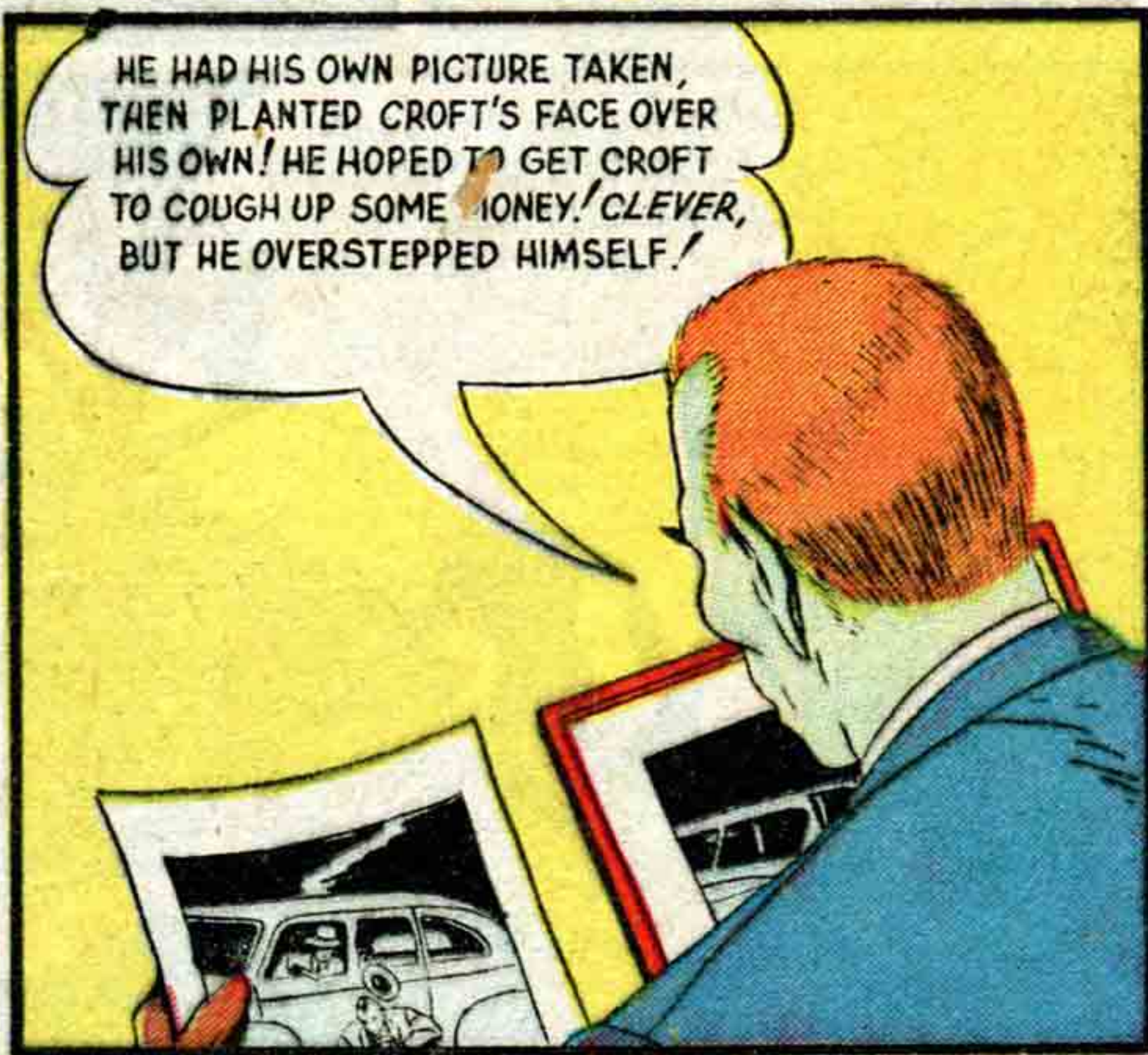
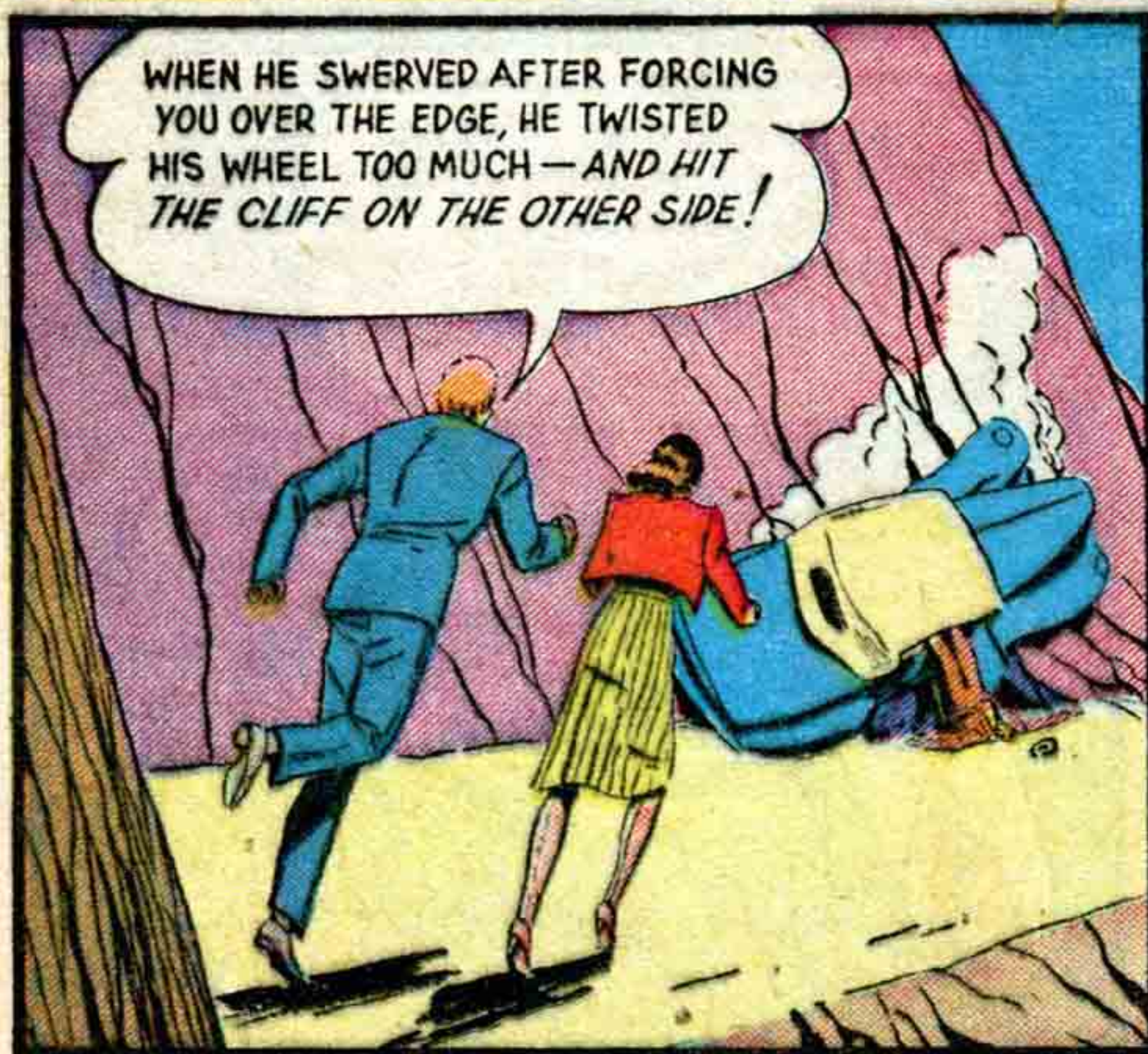


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

## OF THE U.S. MARINES



**T**HE UNITED STATES IS ESTABLISHING AIR BASES AND MILITARY FORTIFICATIONS IN ALASKA TO GUARD AGAINST A SUPRISE ATTACK FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN-AND CAPTAIN HANK STEELE, KNOWN AS CAPTAIN DEVILDOG, IS ORDERED THERE TO SUPER-INTEND CONSTRUCTION...



GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE'LL BE READY FOR THOSE NEW SOLDIERS THE U.S.A. IS SENDING US!

THEN WE'LL MAKE 'EM INTO REAL SOLDIERS!

YOU BET!



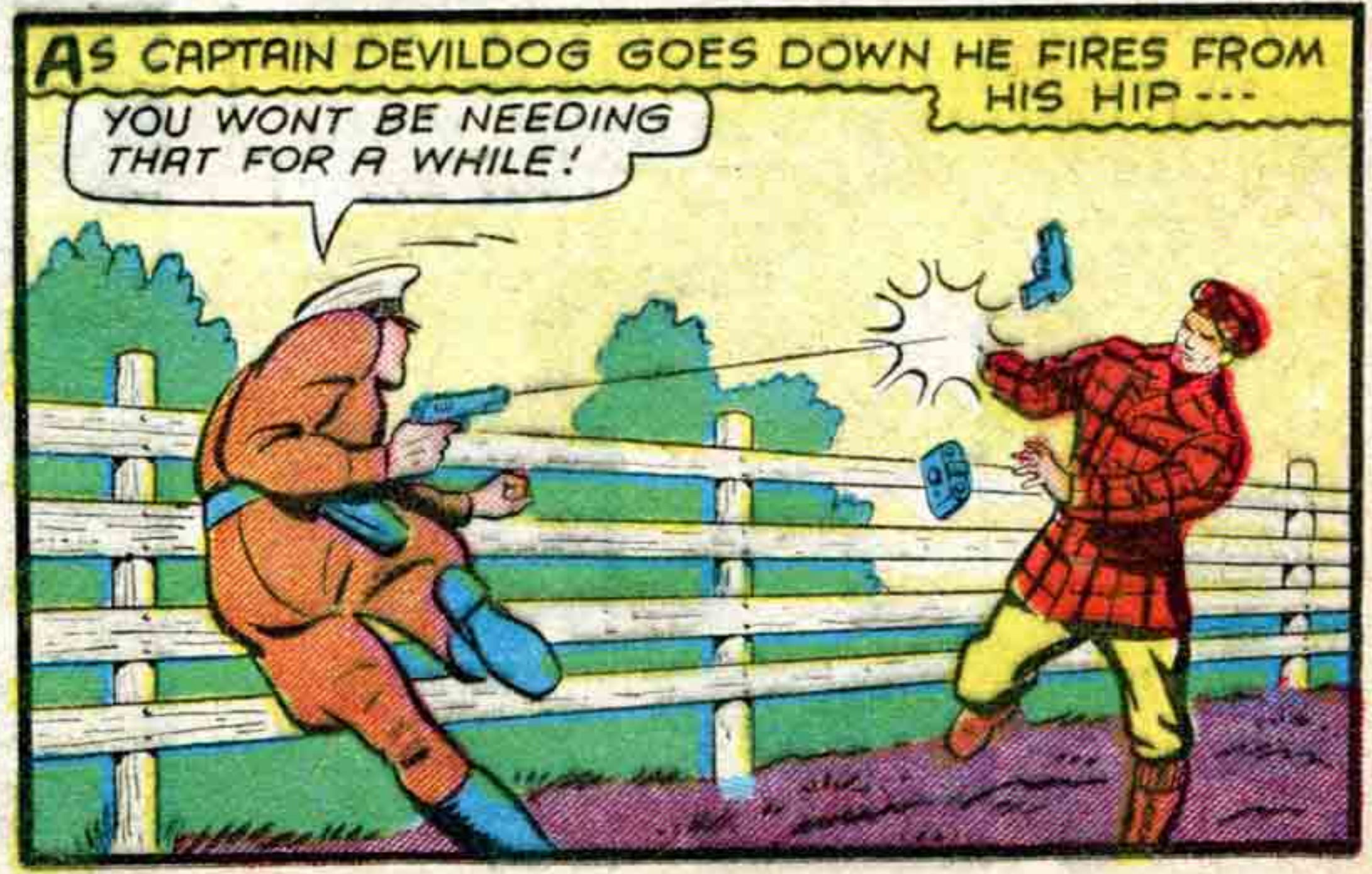
HOLD ON THERE! YOU CAN'T TAKE PICTURES AROUND HERE!

OH YEAH?



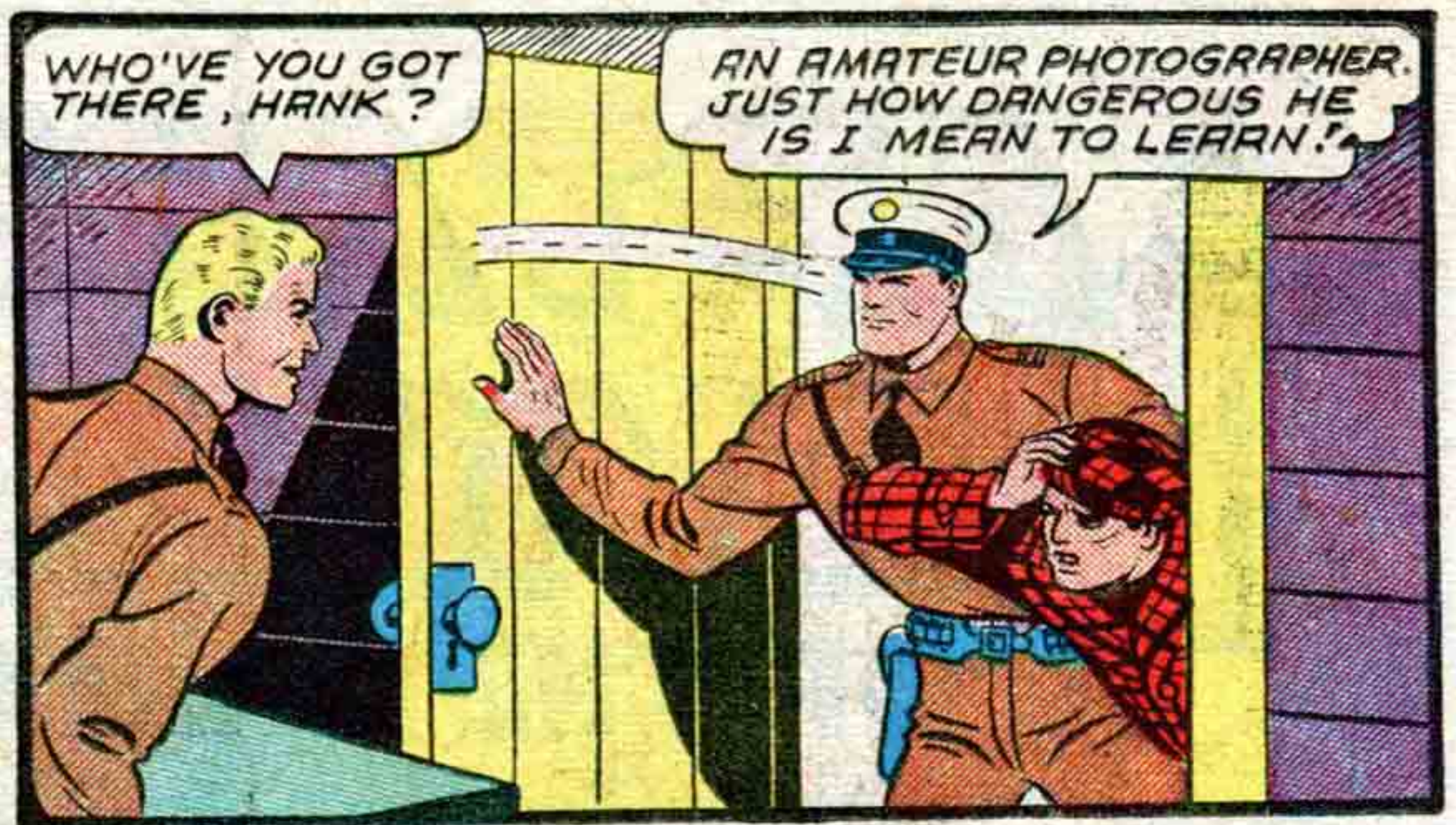
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO!

TOUGH GUY, EH?



AS CAPTAIN DEVILDOG GOES DOWN HE FIRES FROM HIS HIP --- YOU WONT BE NEEDING THAT FOR A WHILE!





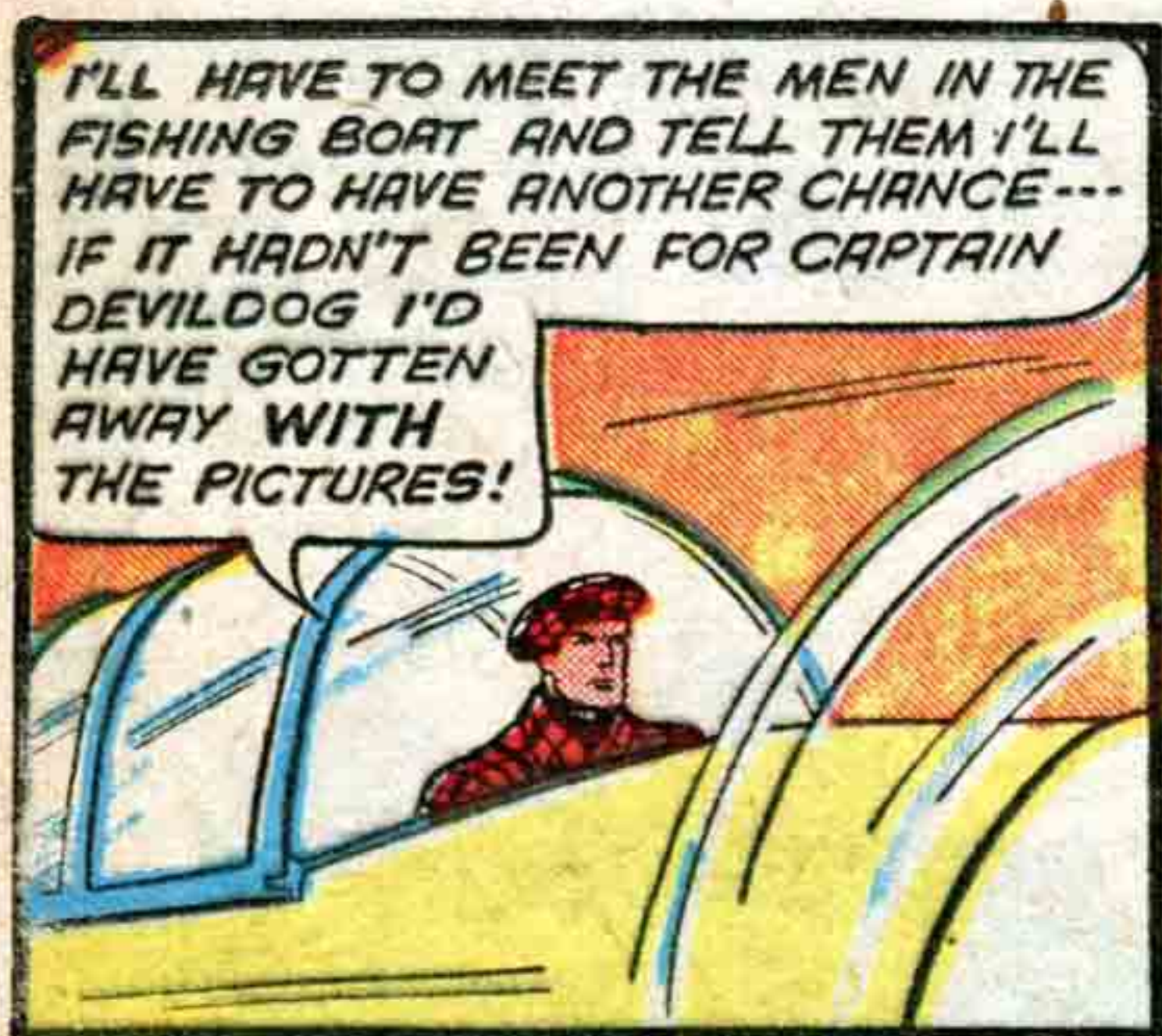


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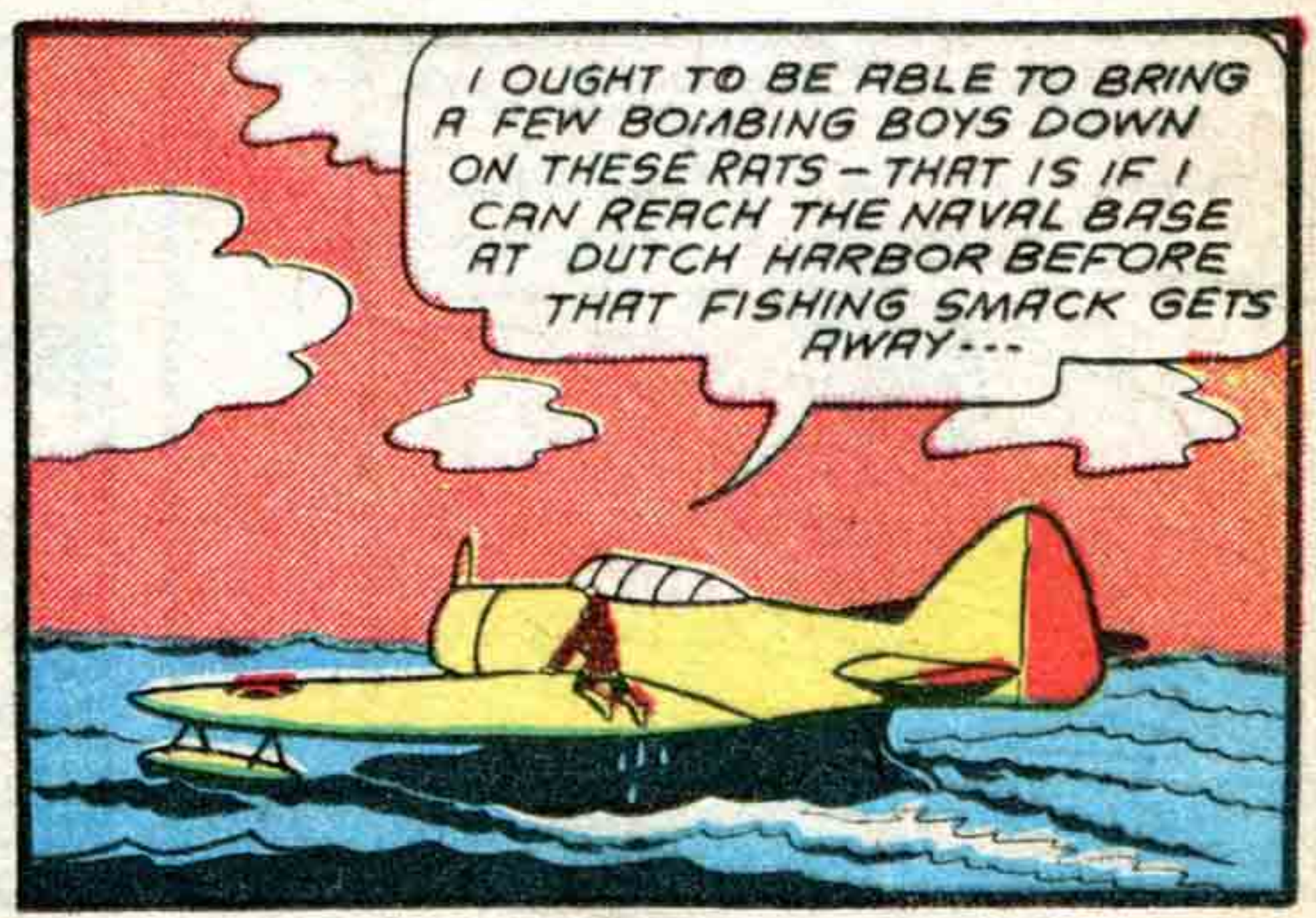


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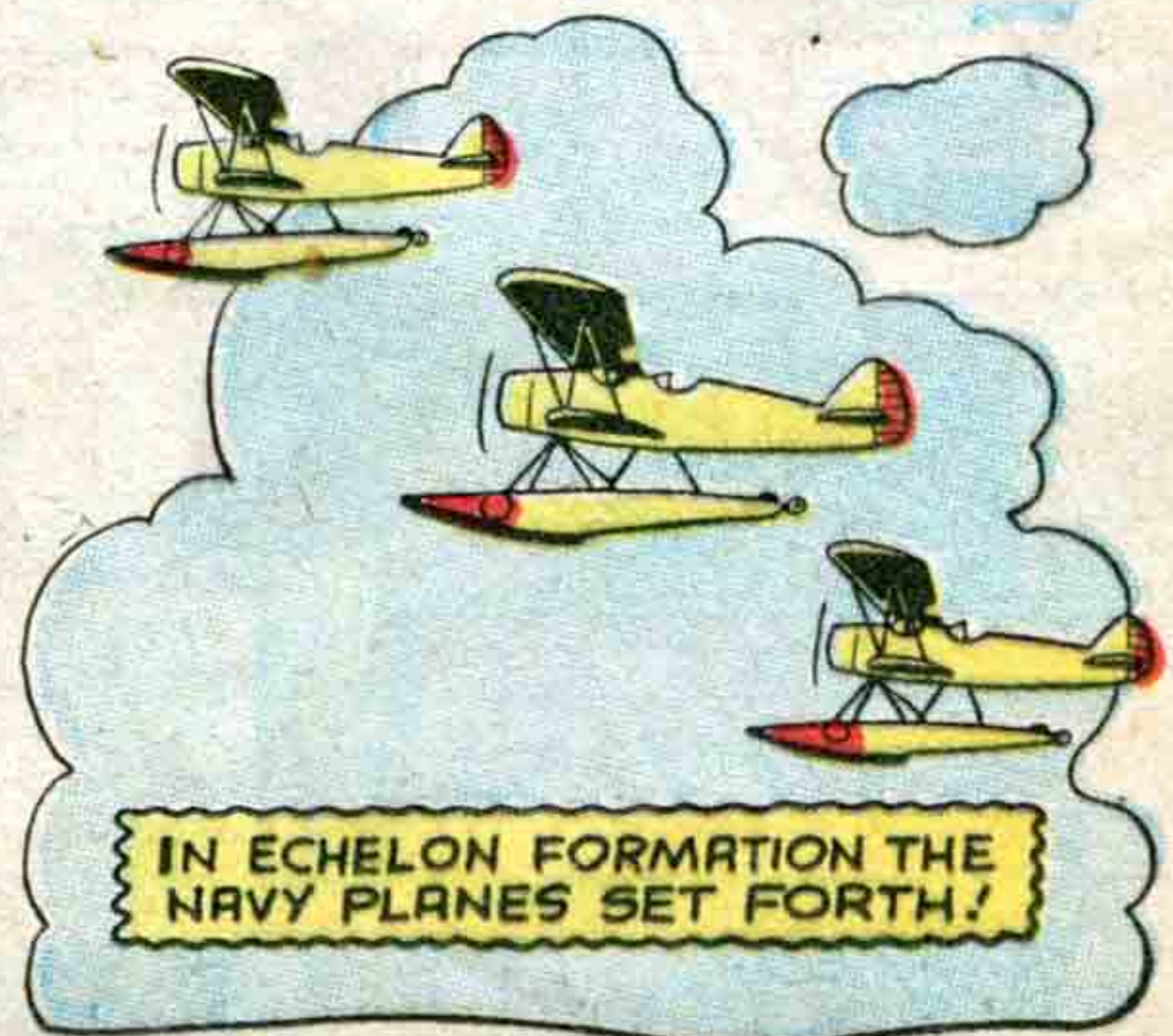
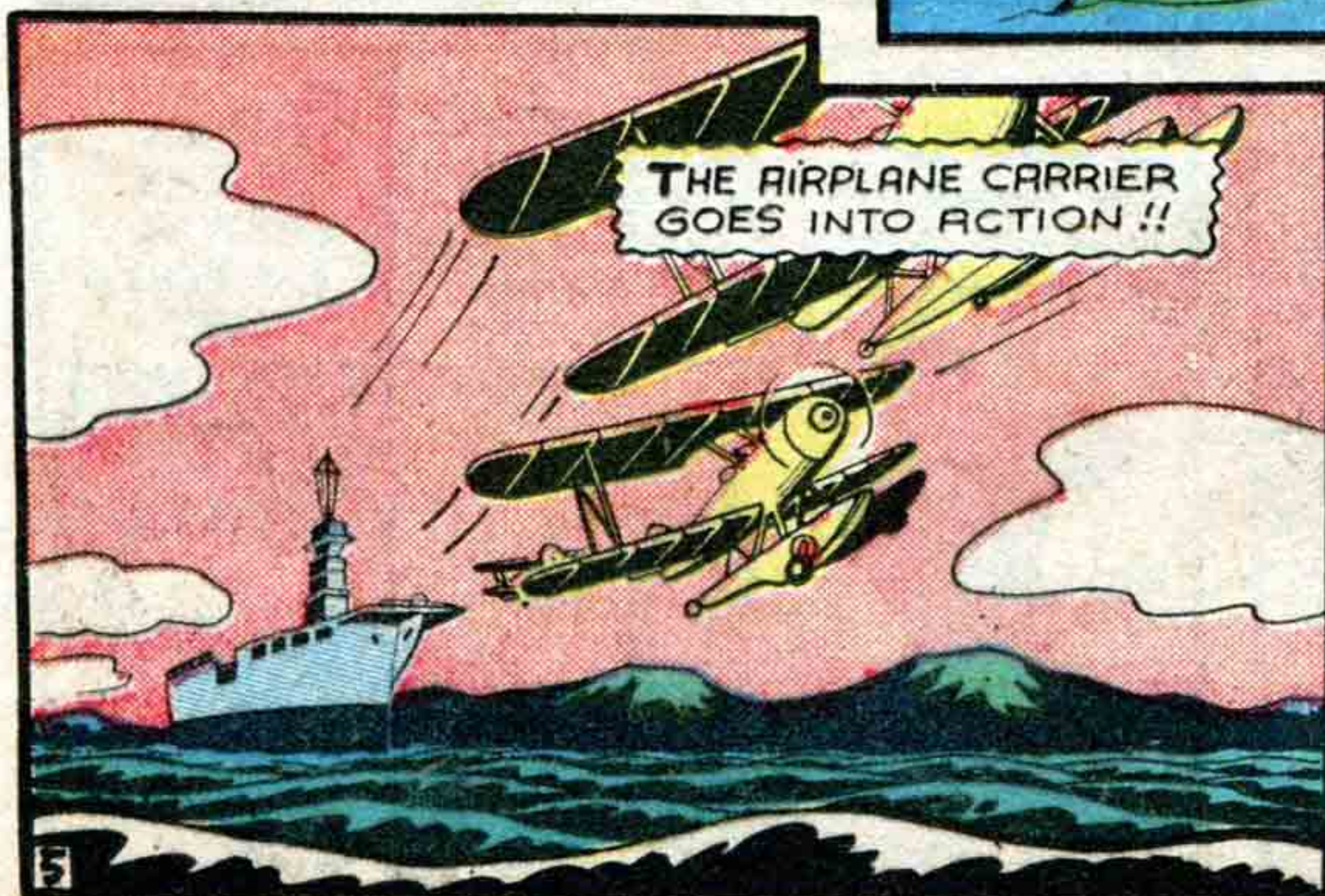
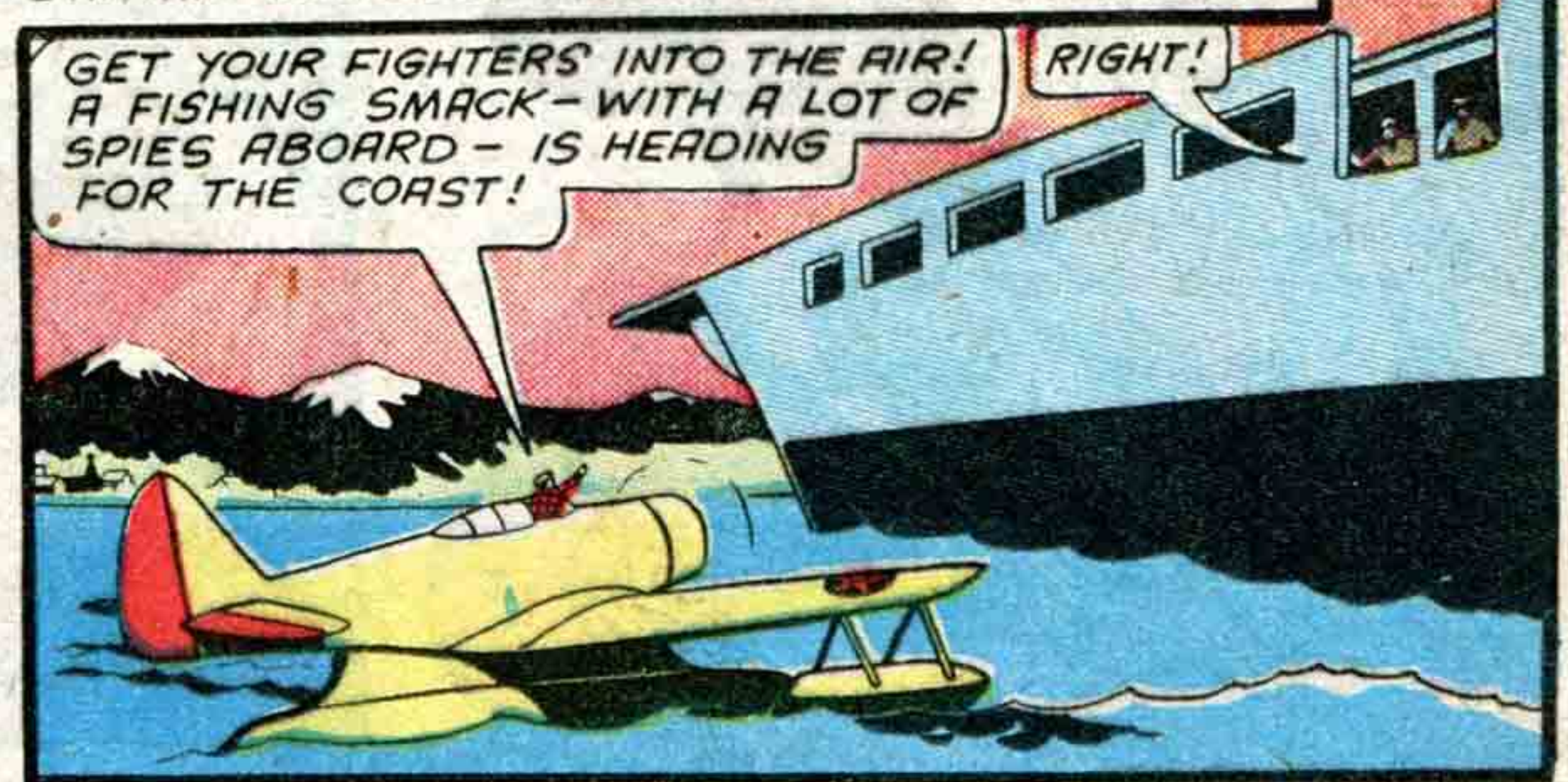




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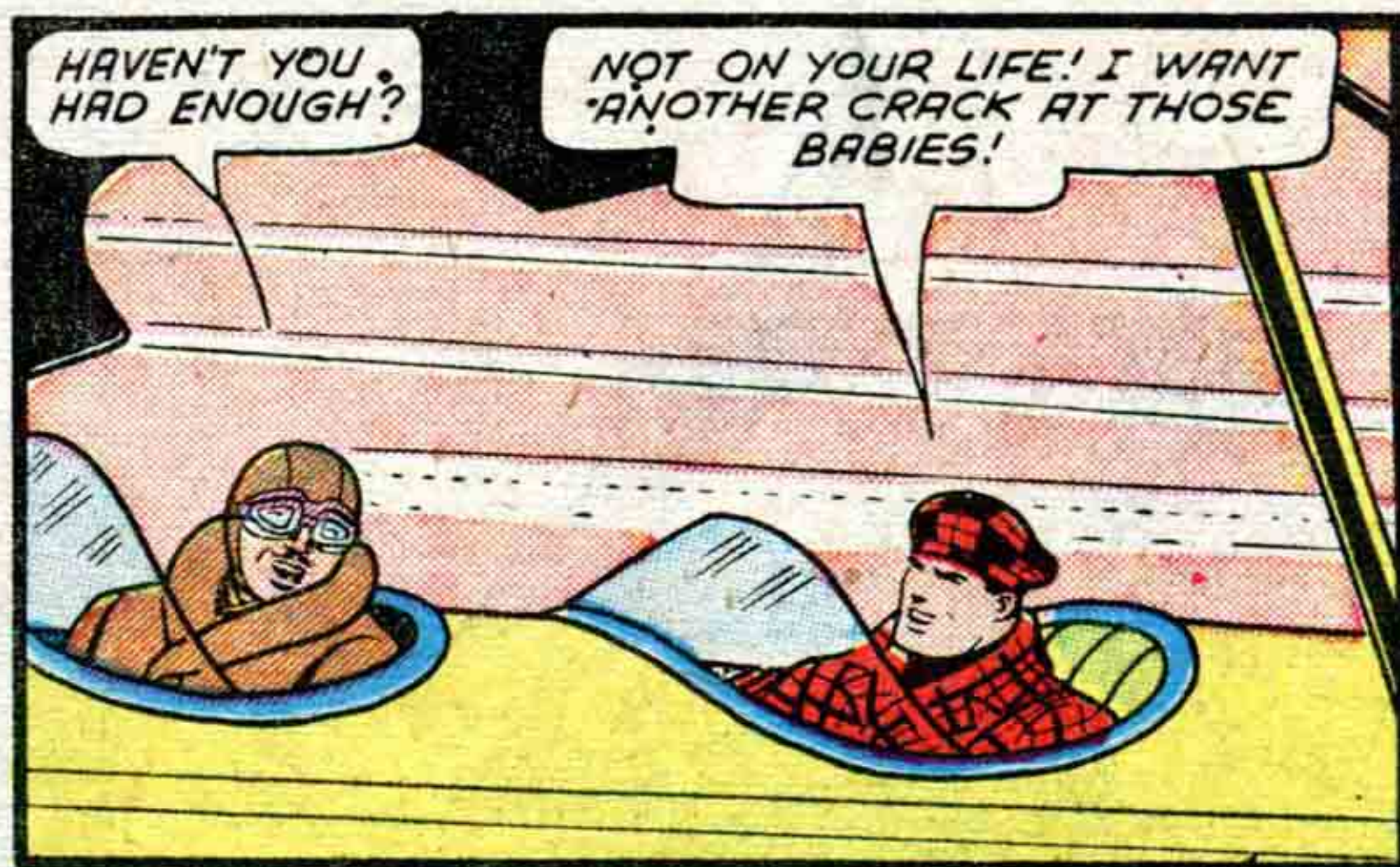


CAPTAIN DEVILDOG LANDS AT DUTCH HARBOR.

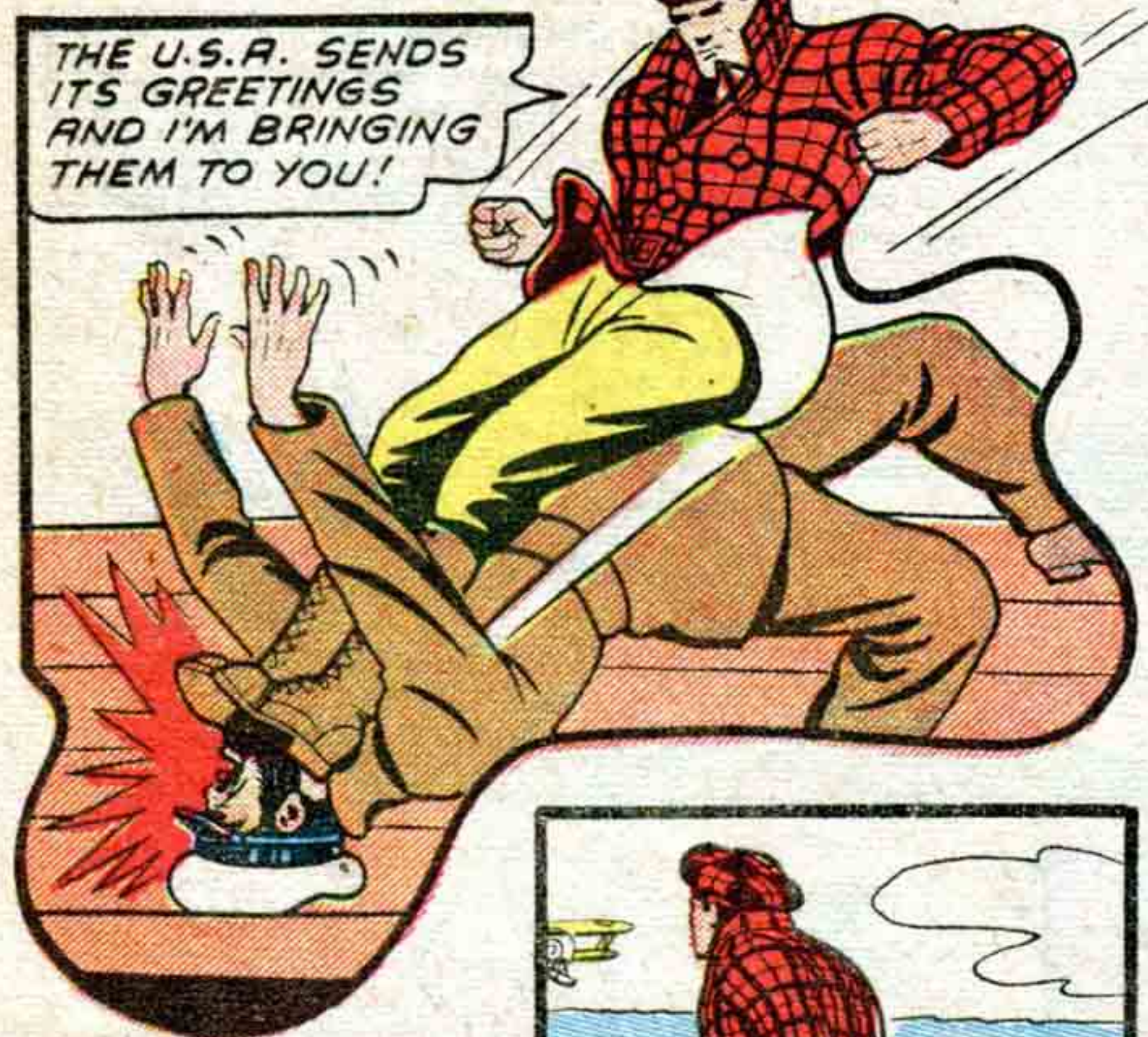




# BIG SHOT COMICS



BUT CAPTAIN HANK STEELE HAS THOUGHT OF THAT--



**T**HILL TO THE MILITARY EXPLOITS OF FIGHTING CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

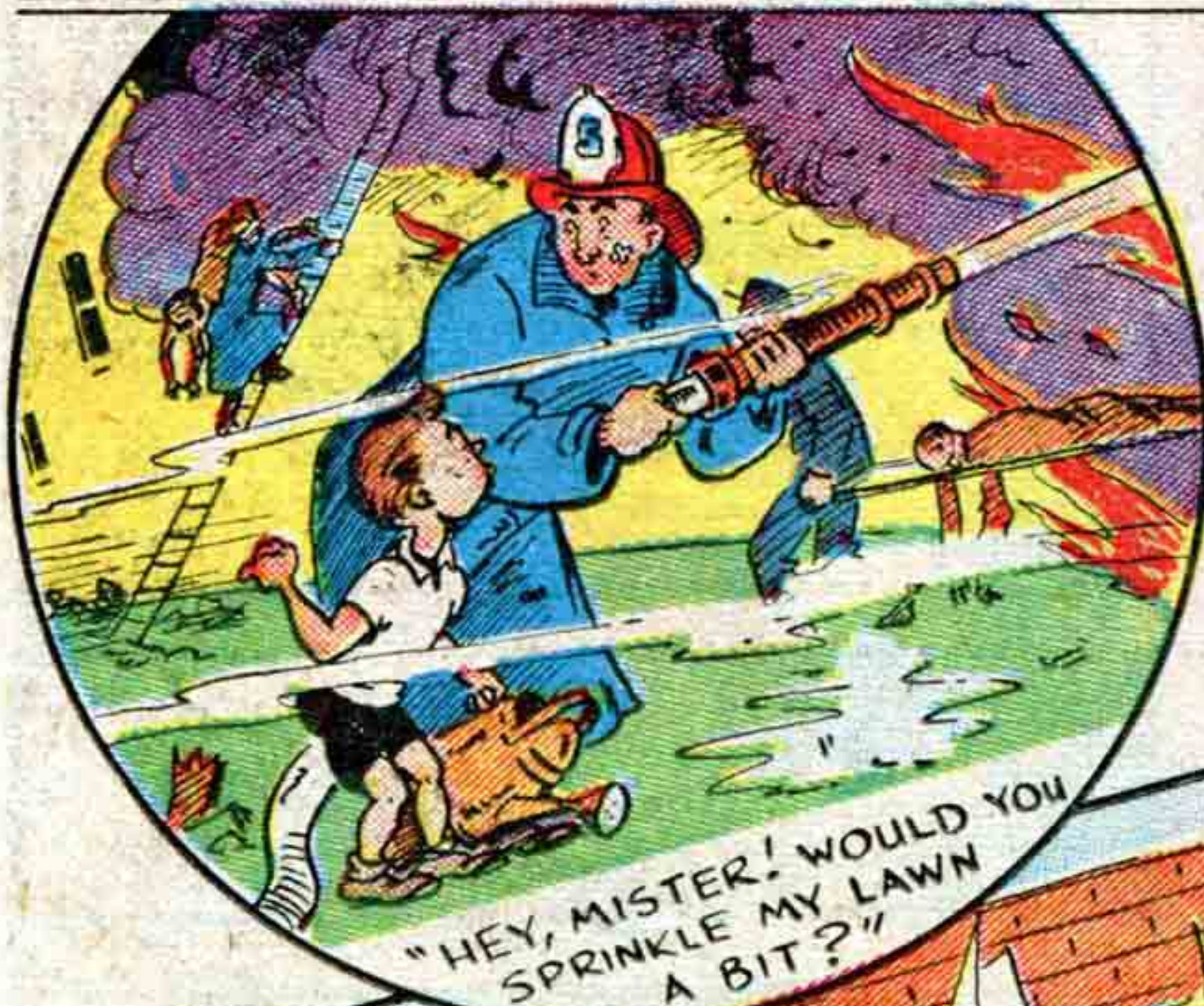
EVERY MONTH IN

**BIG SHOT COMICS**



# KID STUFF

by ALBERT CHARTIER



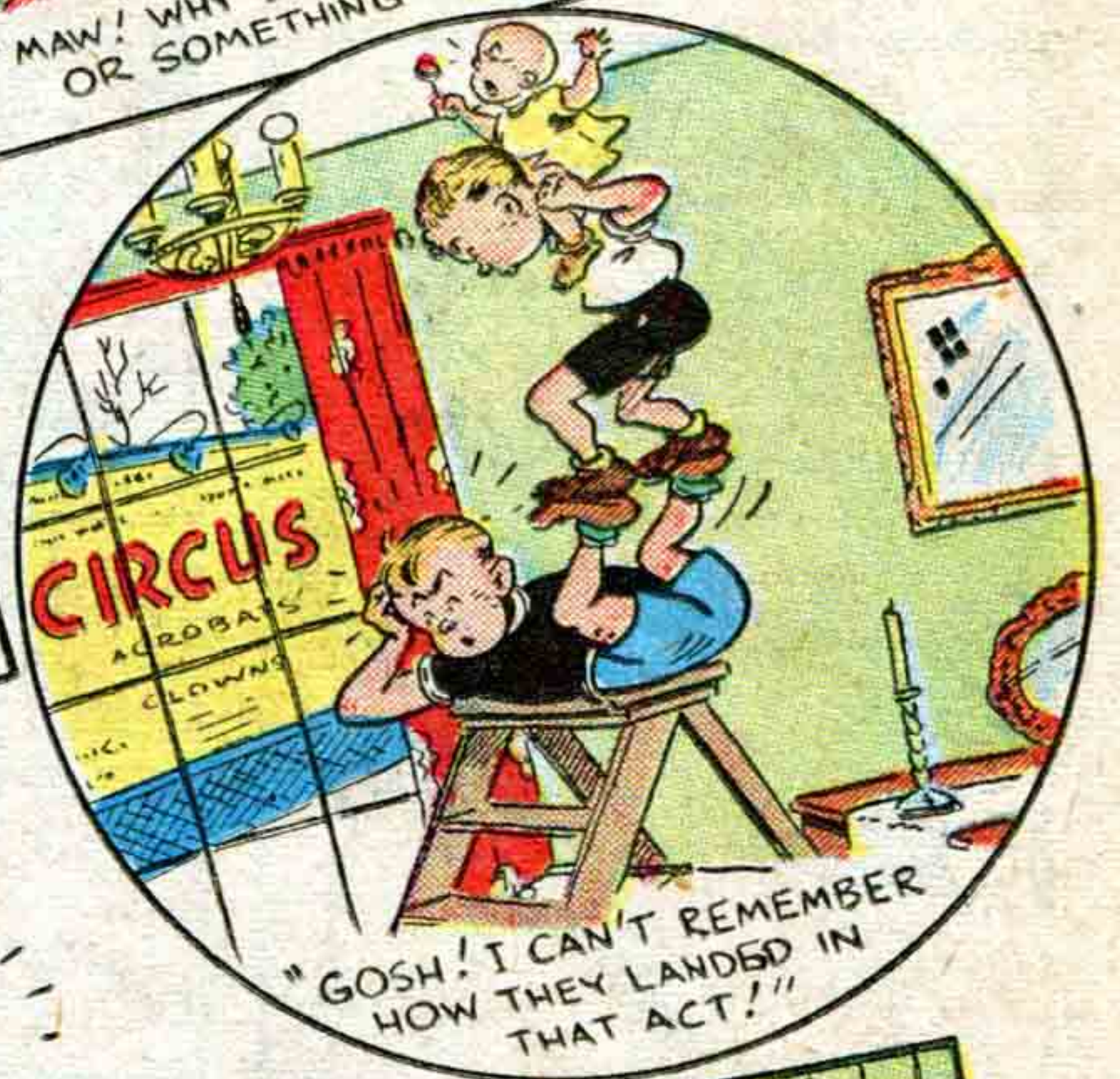
"HEY, MISTER! WOULD YOU SPRINKLE MY LAWN A BIT?"



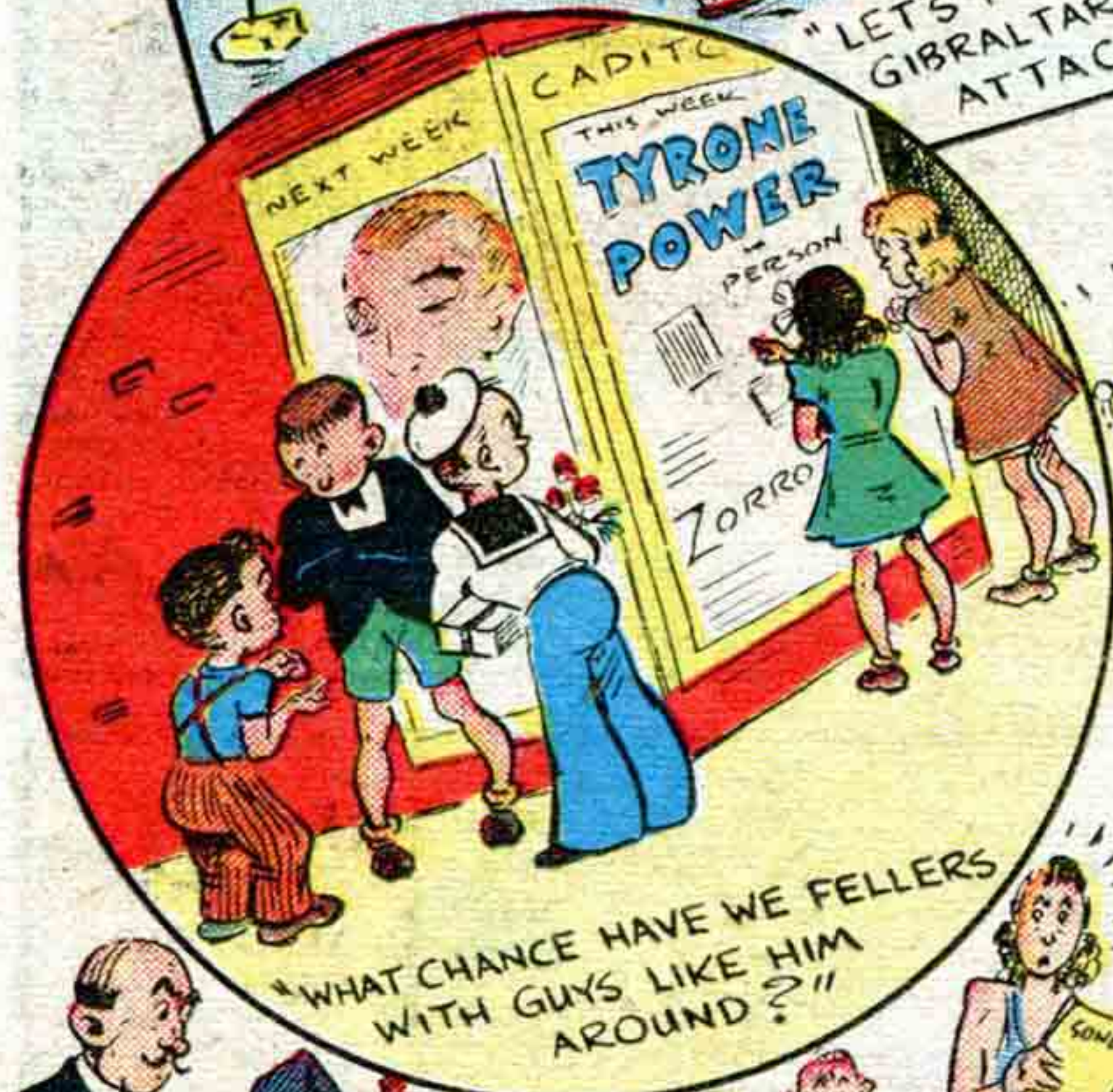
"MAW! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE POP TO A SHOW OR SOMETHING"



"LET'S PRETEND JAMES IS GIBRALTAR AND WE'LL ATTACK HIM!"



"GOSH! I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW THEY LANDED IN THAT ACT!"



"WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE FELLERS WITH GUYS LIKE HIM AROUND?"



"DEAR LITTLE ONES- AREN'T THEY JUST FULL OF LIFE!"

"GEE, MOM! I CAN'T SLEEP WITH THAT YELLING GOING ON!"





# Sparky Watts

by BOODY  
ROGERS

WAKE UP,  
SPARKY---  
REMEMBER  
YOU'RE MATCHED  
TO BOX PUG  
HAMMERHEAD  
--SO YOU'LL  
HAFTA START  
TRAINING!



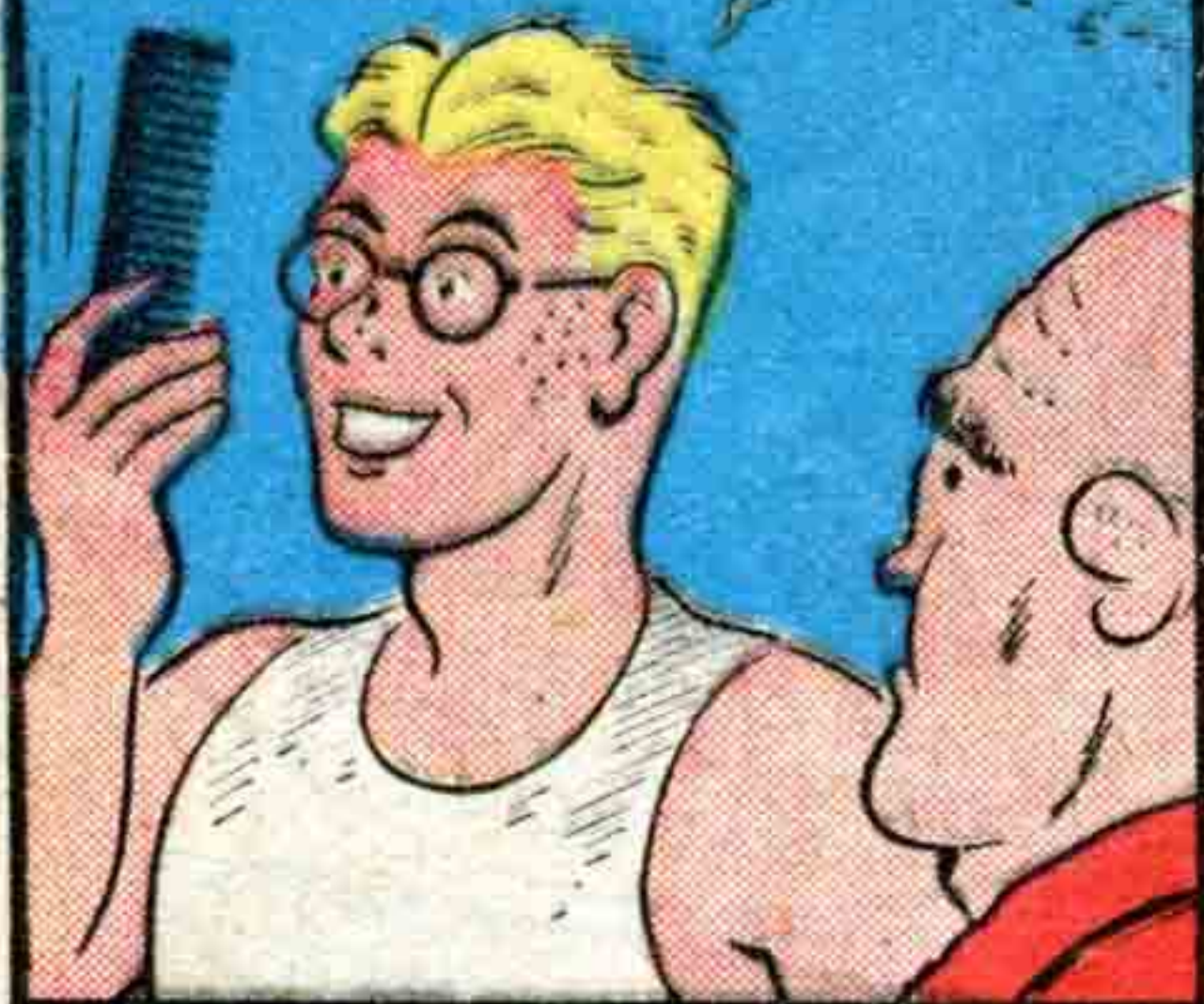
HOHUM-UM--  
OKAY, MANAGER--  
--BUT I DON'T  
NEED TO TRAIN  
--I'M FULL OF  
COSMIC RAYS,  
Y'KNOW!



WHAT  
IS THIS  
COSMIC  
RAY TALK,  
SPARKY?



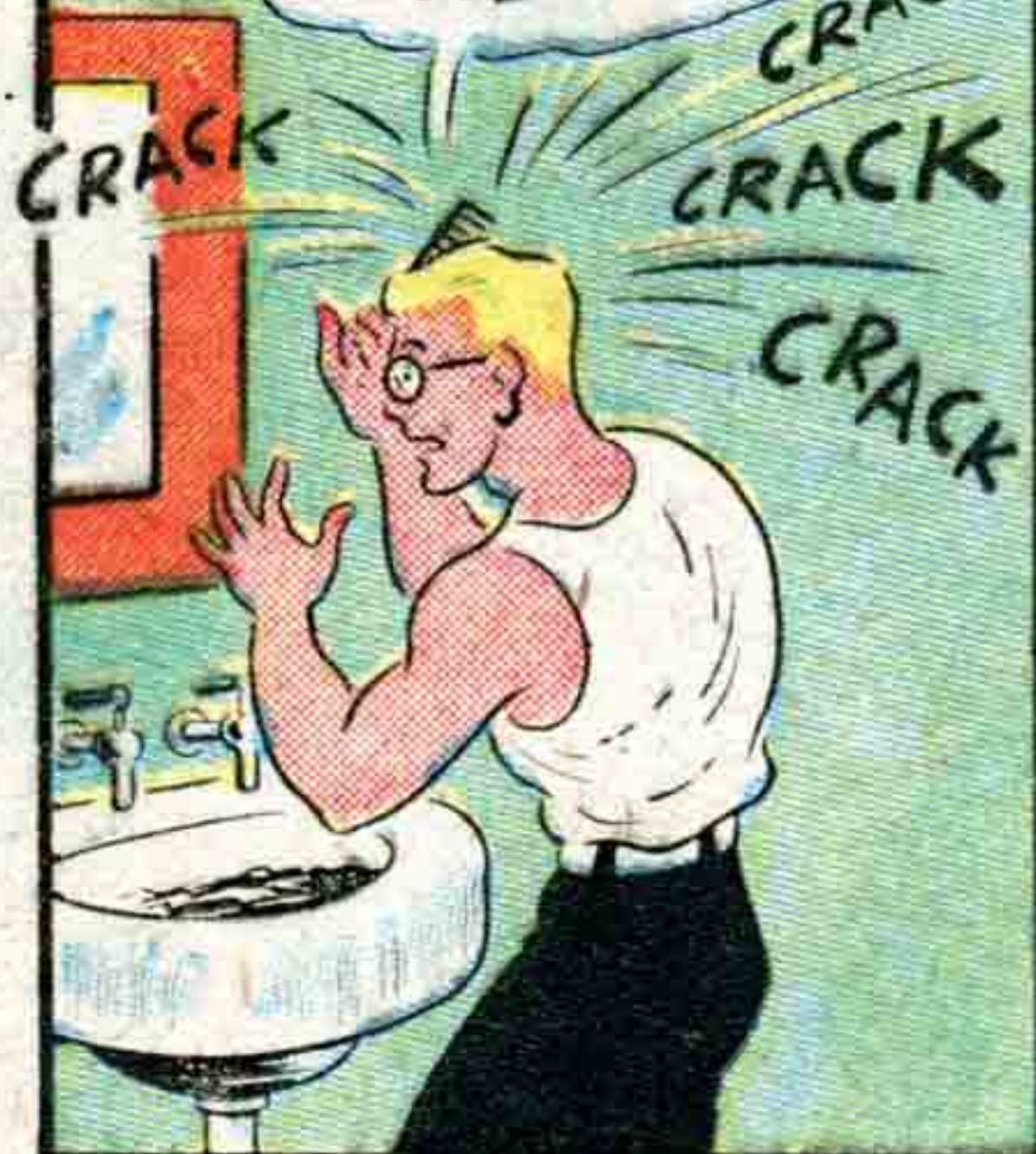
DOC STATIC  
INVENTED A  
MACHINE TO  
CHARGE A MAN  
WITH COSMIC RAYS  
JUST LIKE YOU  
WOULD CHARGE A  
BATTERY WITH  
ELECTRICITY--



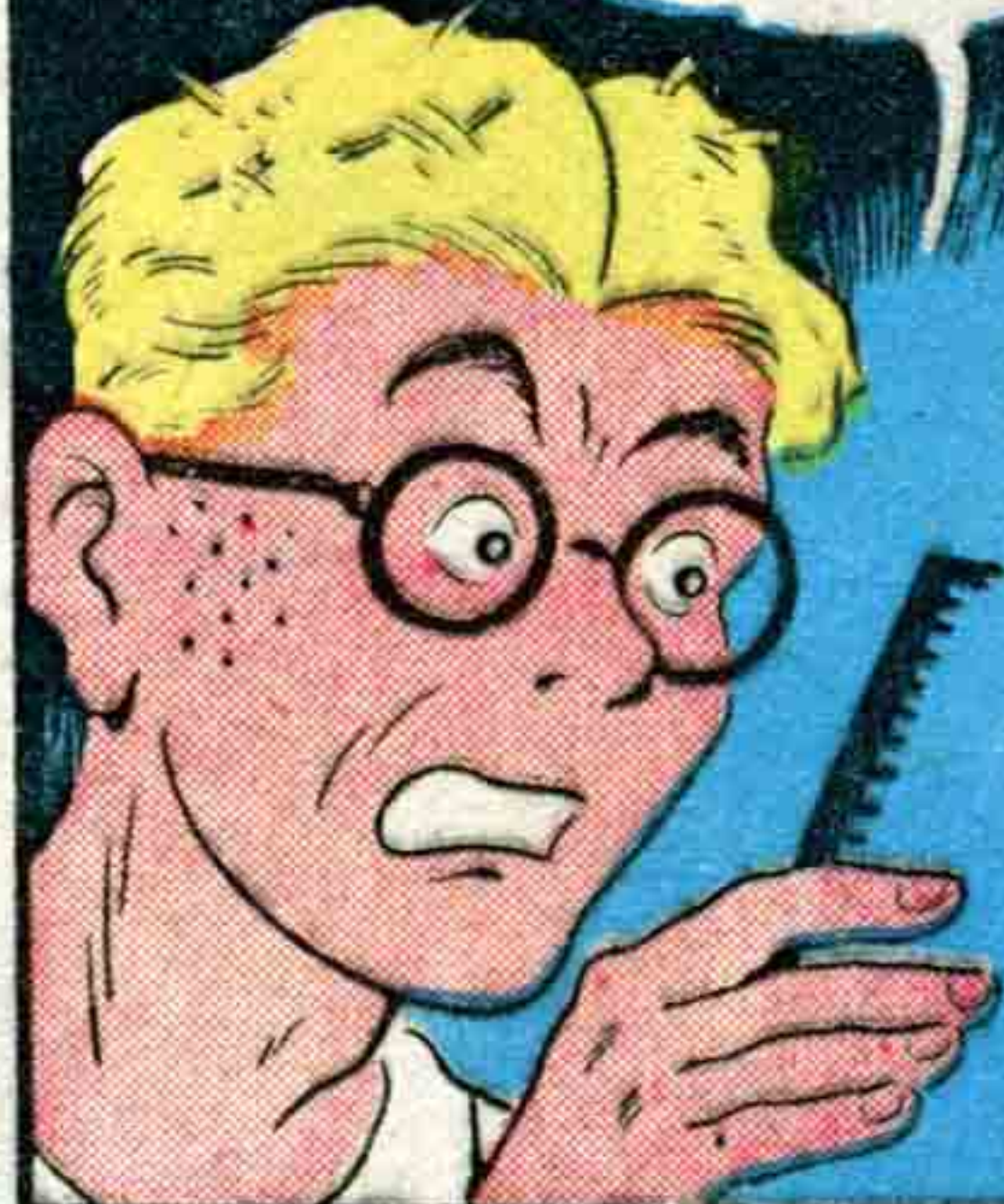
--HE CHARGED  
ME WITH IT--AN'  
IT GAVE ME SO  
MUCH ENERGY  
THAT I'M TH'  
WORLD'S  
STRONGEST  
MAN---

--AND NOTHIN' CAN  
HURT ME--IT REALLY  
ISN'T FAIR FOR ME  
TO BOX OTHER FIGHTERS  
--THEY CAN'T WIN--

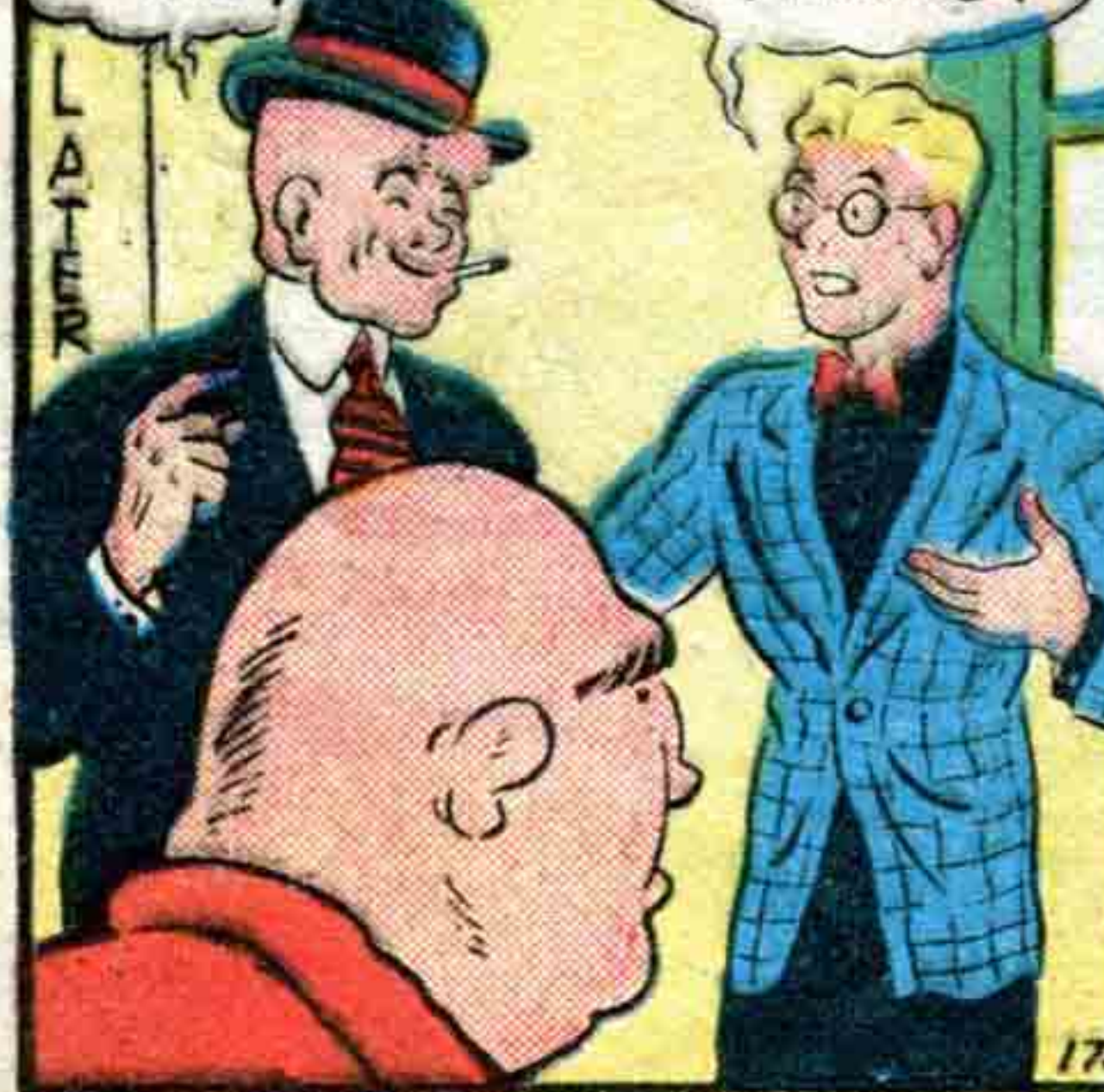
HEY!



GOLLY--THOSE RAYS  
EVEN MADE MY HAIR  
STRONG--THEY BROKE  
EVERY TOOTH OUT  
OF THIS STEEL  
COMB!!



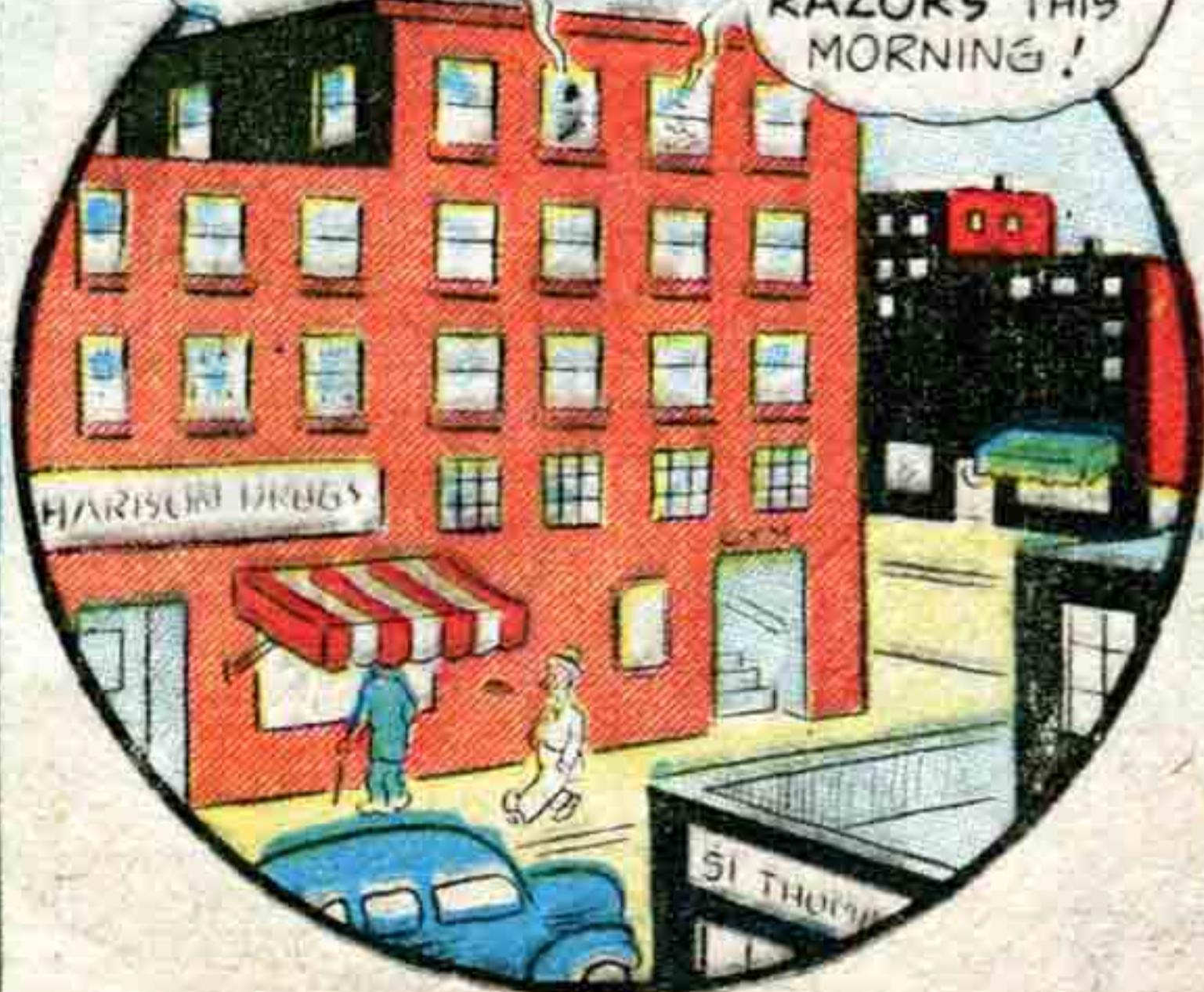
WELL, SPARKY,  
ONLY A FEW DAYS  
TILL YOU BOX  
PUG HAMMER-  
HEAD--STILL  
THINK YOU CAN  
WIN?



EASY--BUT  
I'M WORRIED!  
THESE COSMIC  
RAYS, THAT I'M  
FULL OF, HAVE  
MADE ME TOO  
STRONG!

TOO STRONG!?  
WHY, MAN, WE'LL  
GET RICH--YOU'LL  
BE TH' GREATEST  
FIGHTER  
EVER!

THAT'S TRUE--  
--BUT EVEN MY  
WHISKERS ARE  
LIKE IRON--I  
CAN'T SHAVE--I  
BROKE TWO  
RAZORS THIS  
MORNING!

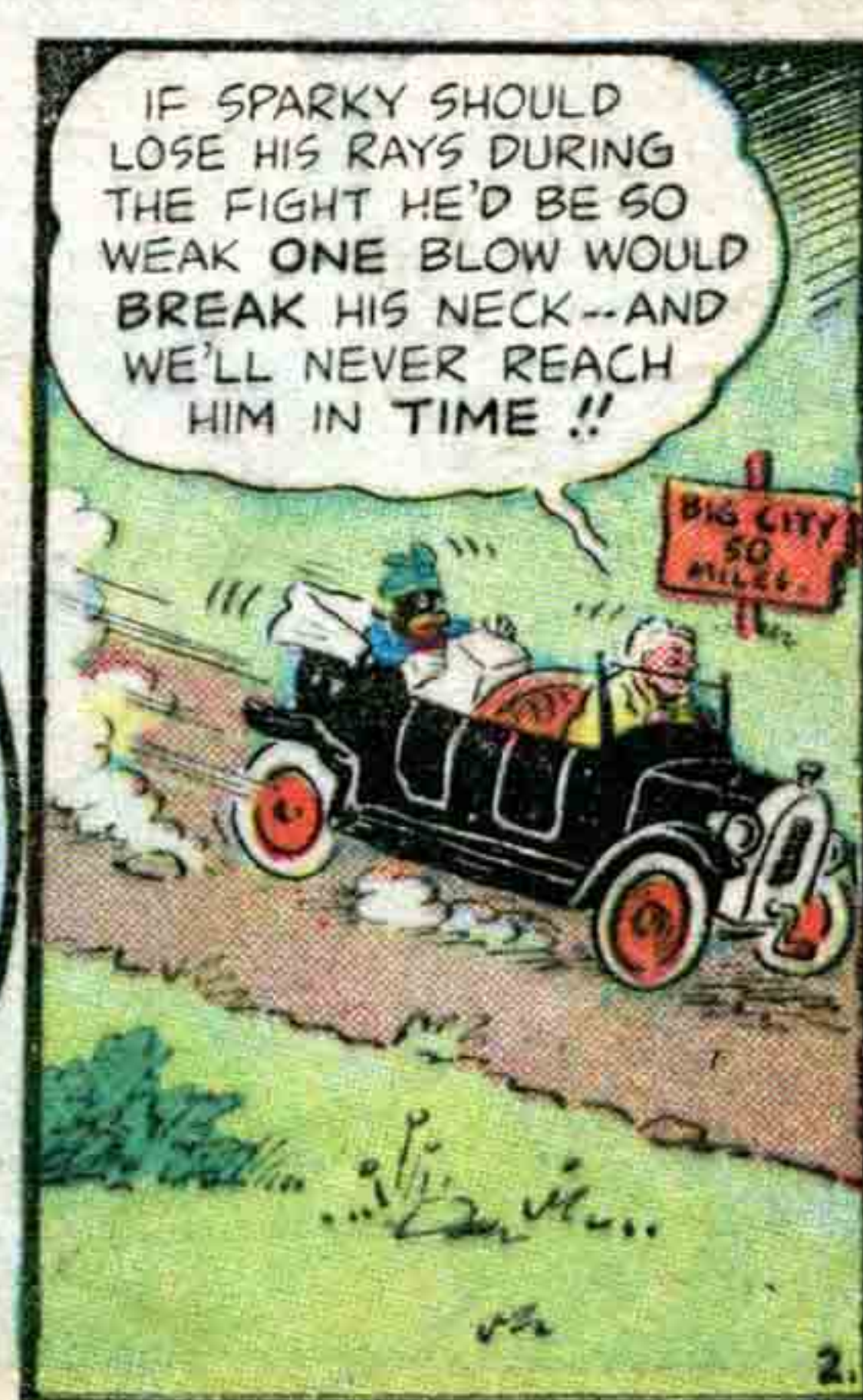
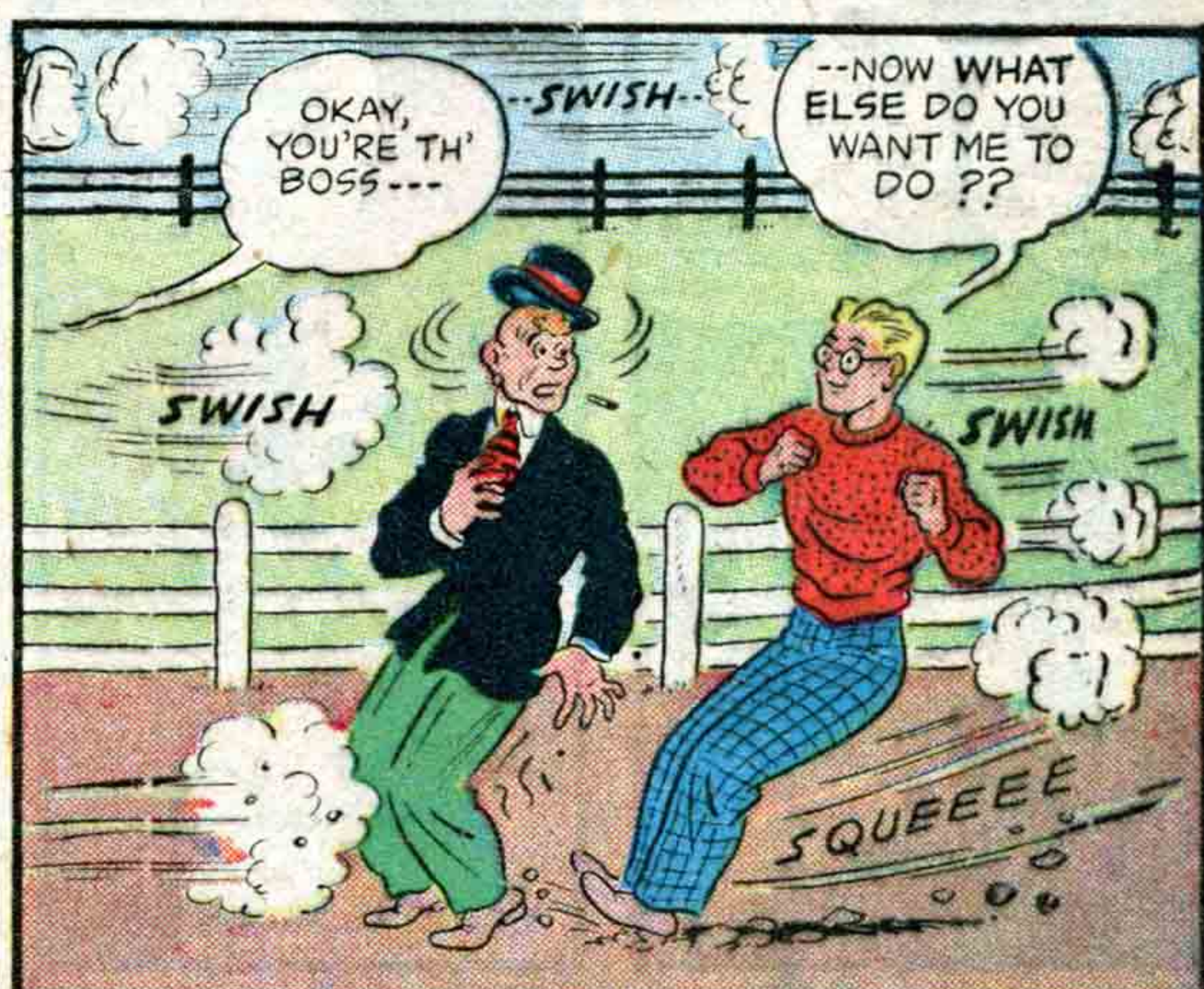
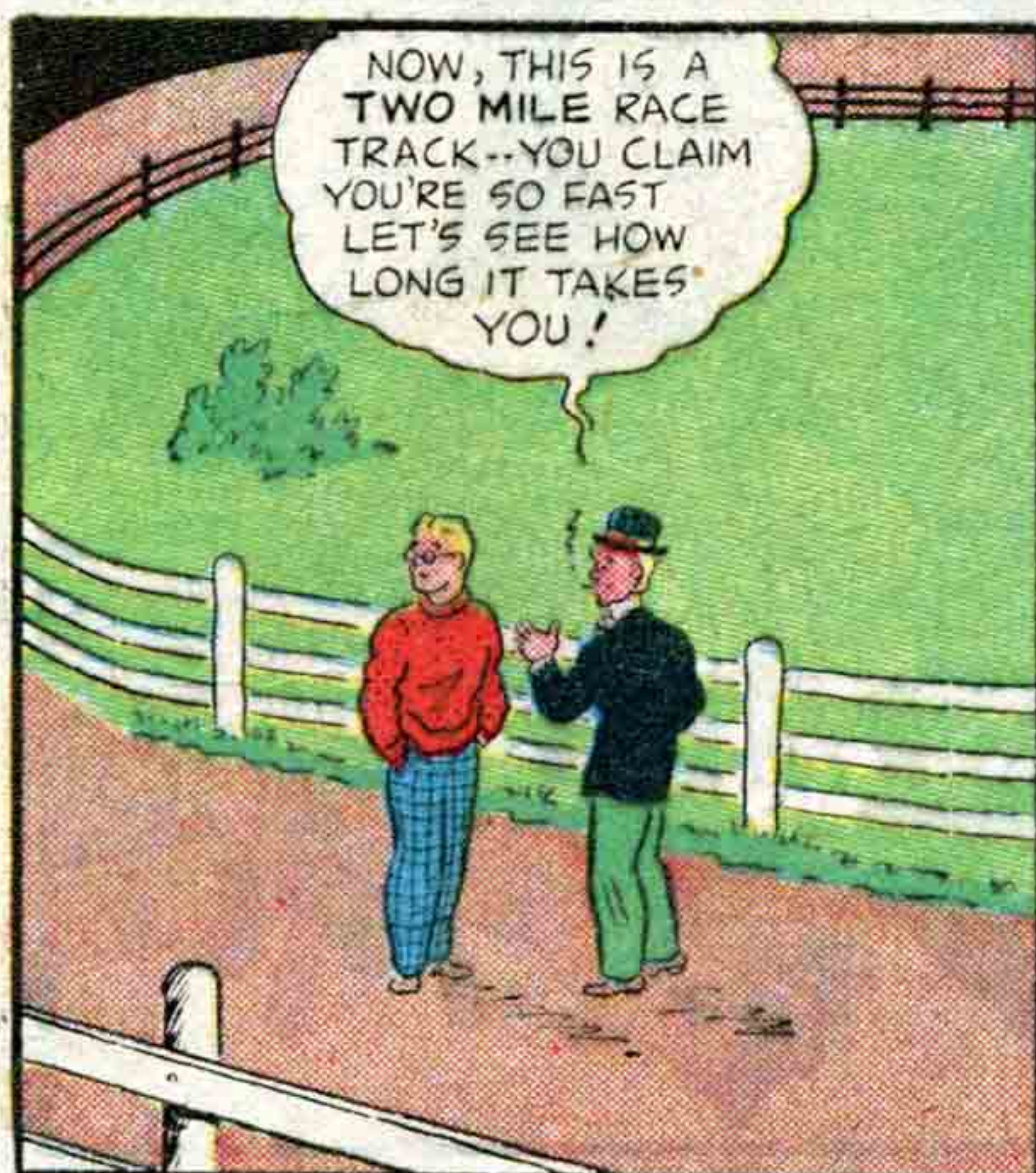
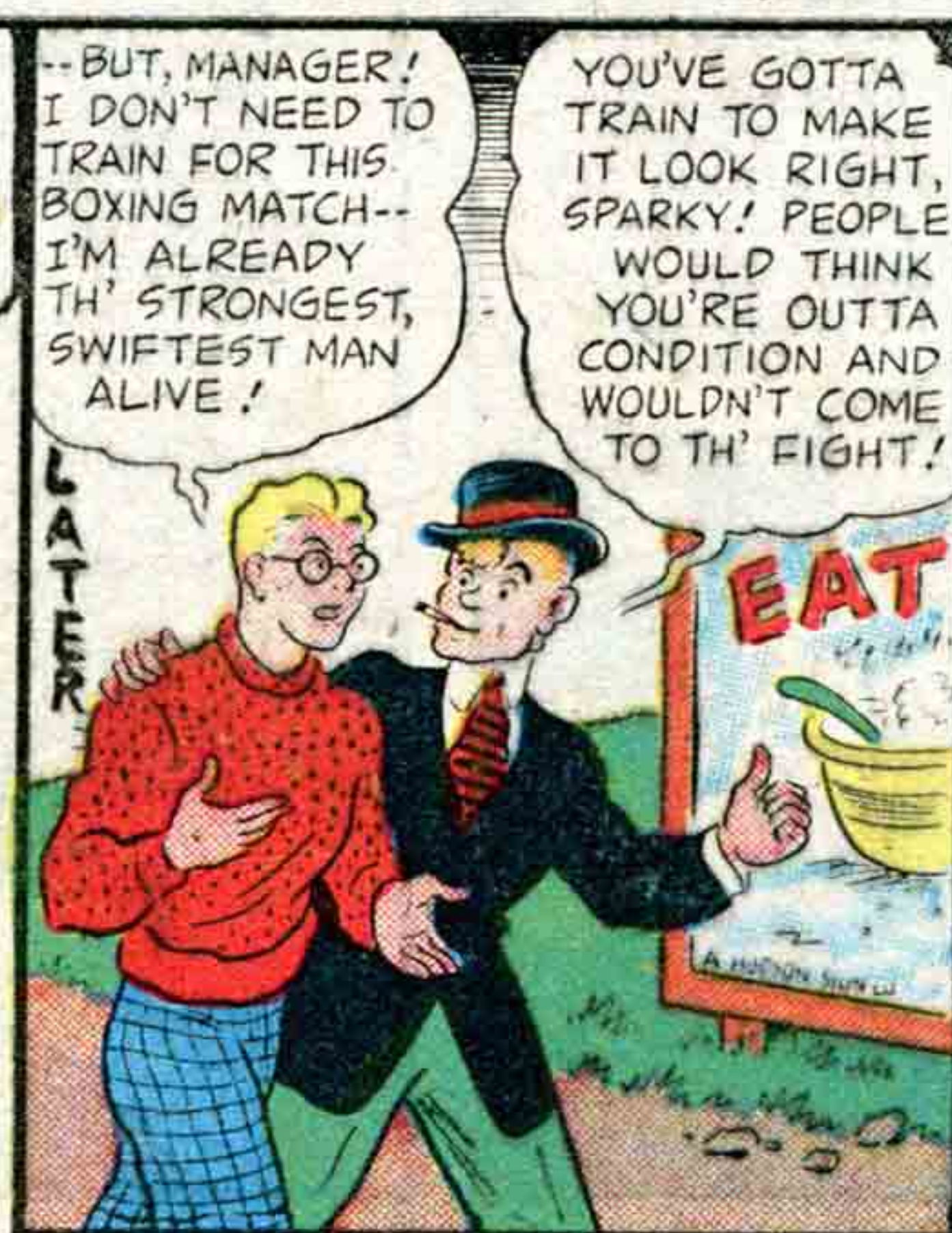


SAY-Y-Y-- THEY  
ARE TOUGH--MM--  
--I WONDER ??--  
SLAP HAPPY, PHONE  
FOR THE  
PLUMBER!



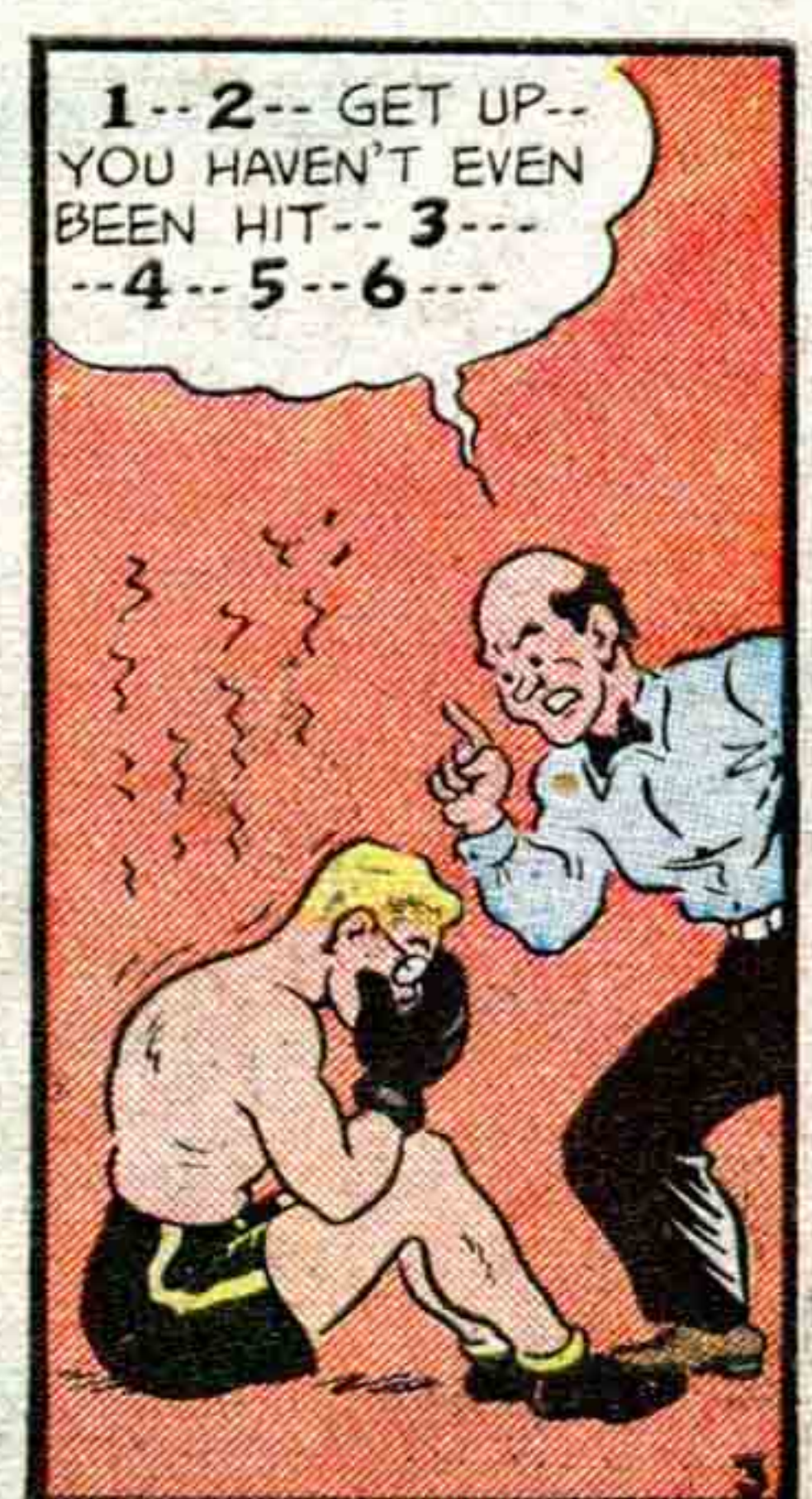
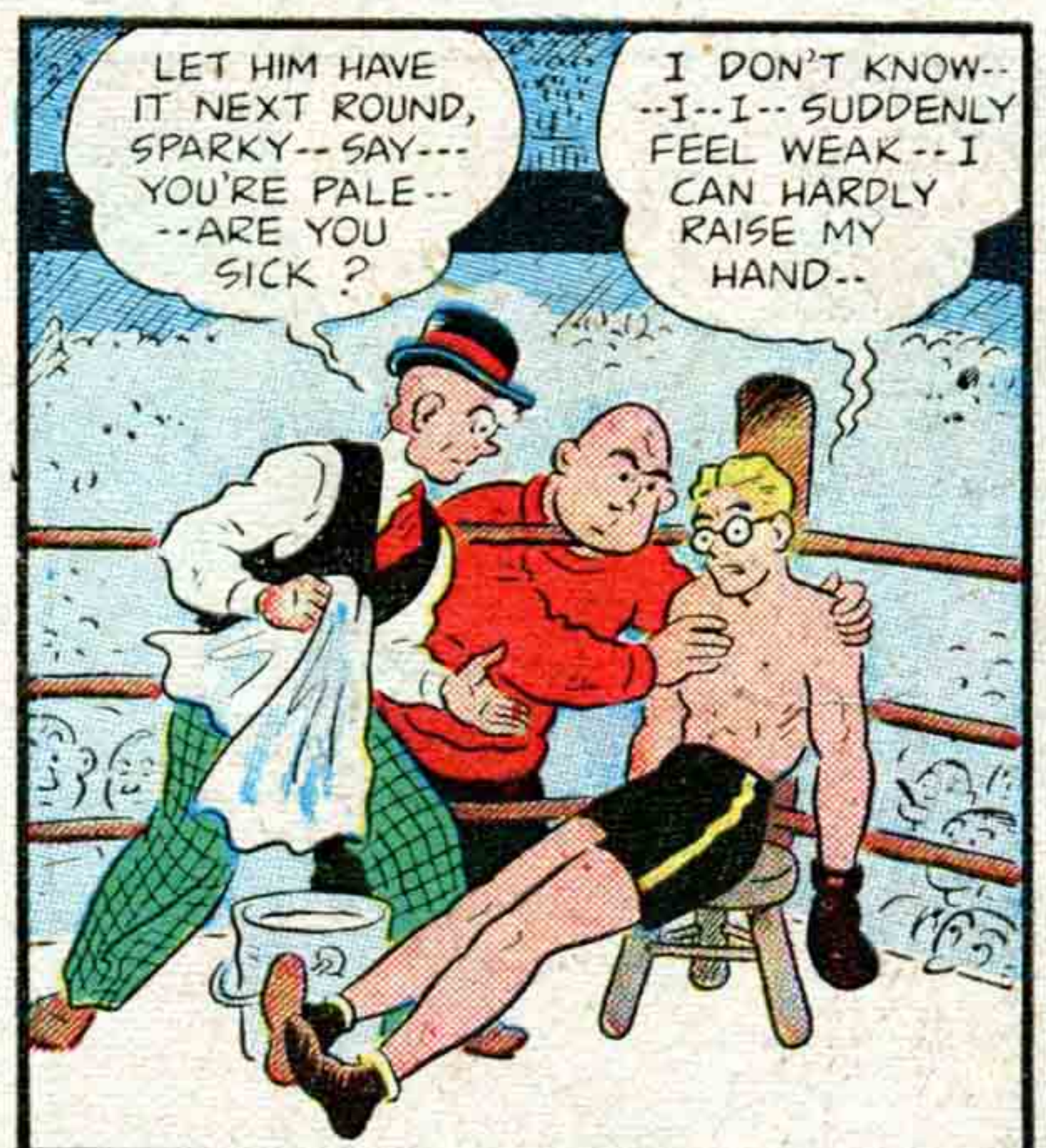
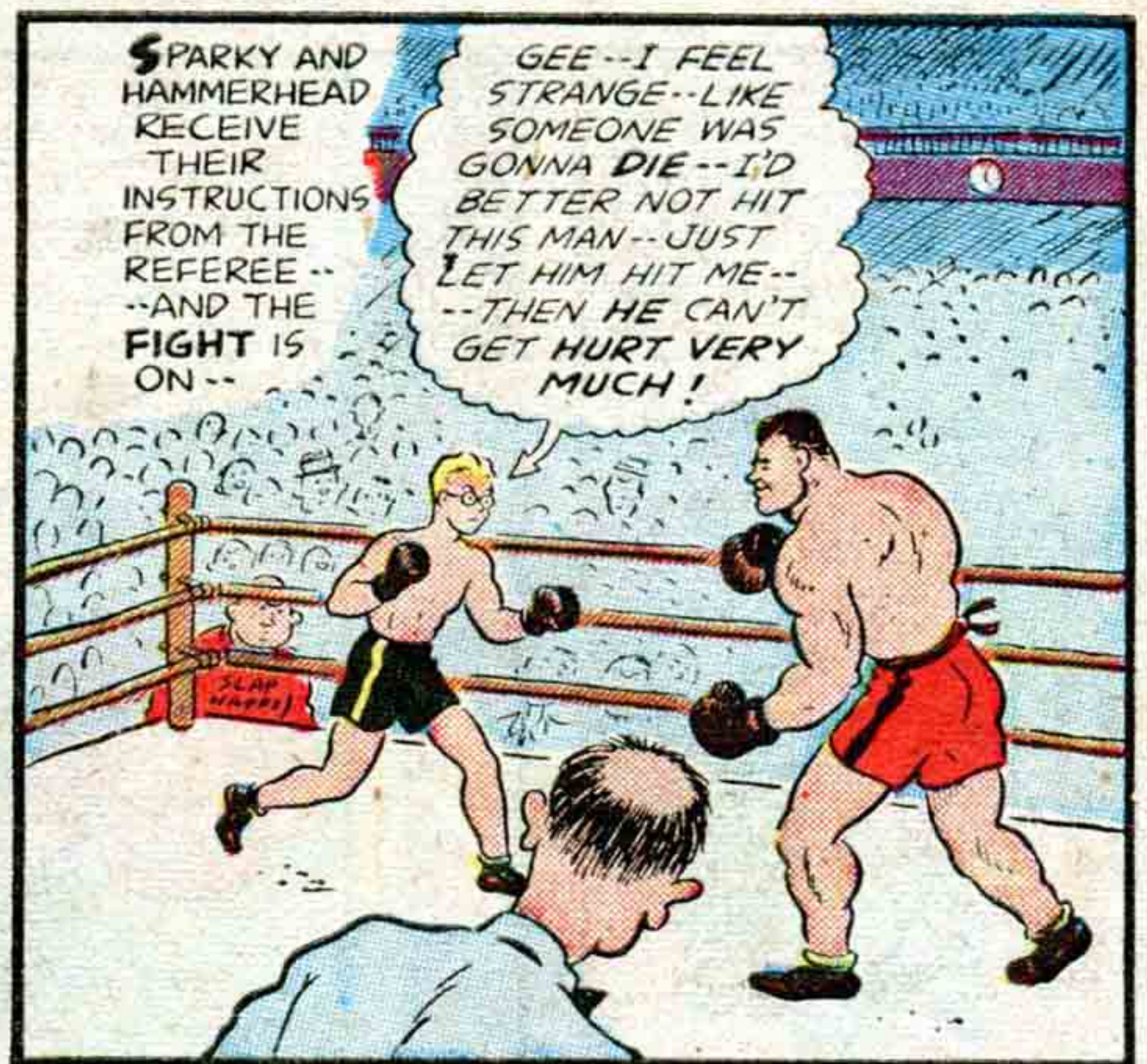
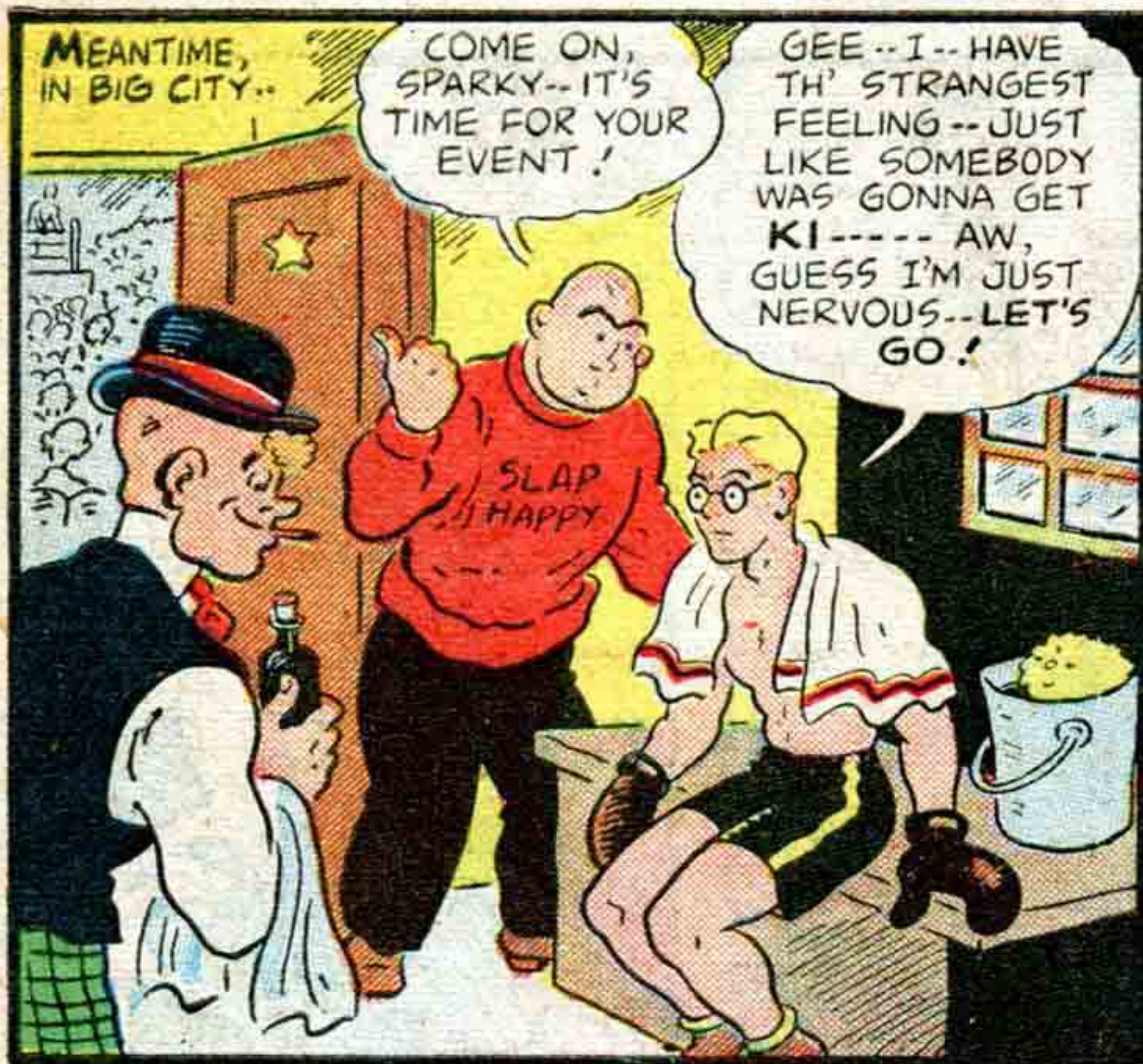


# BIG SHOT COMICS



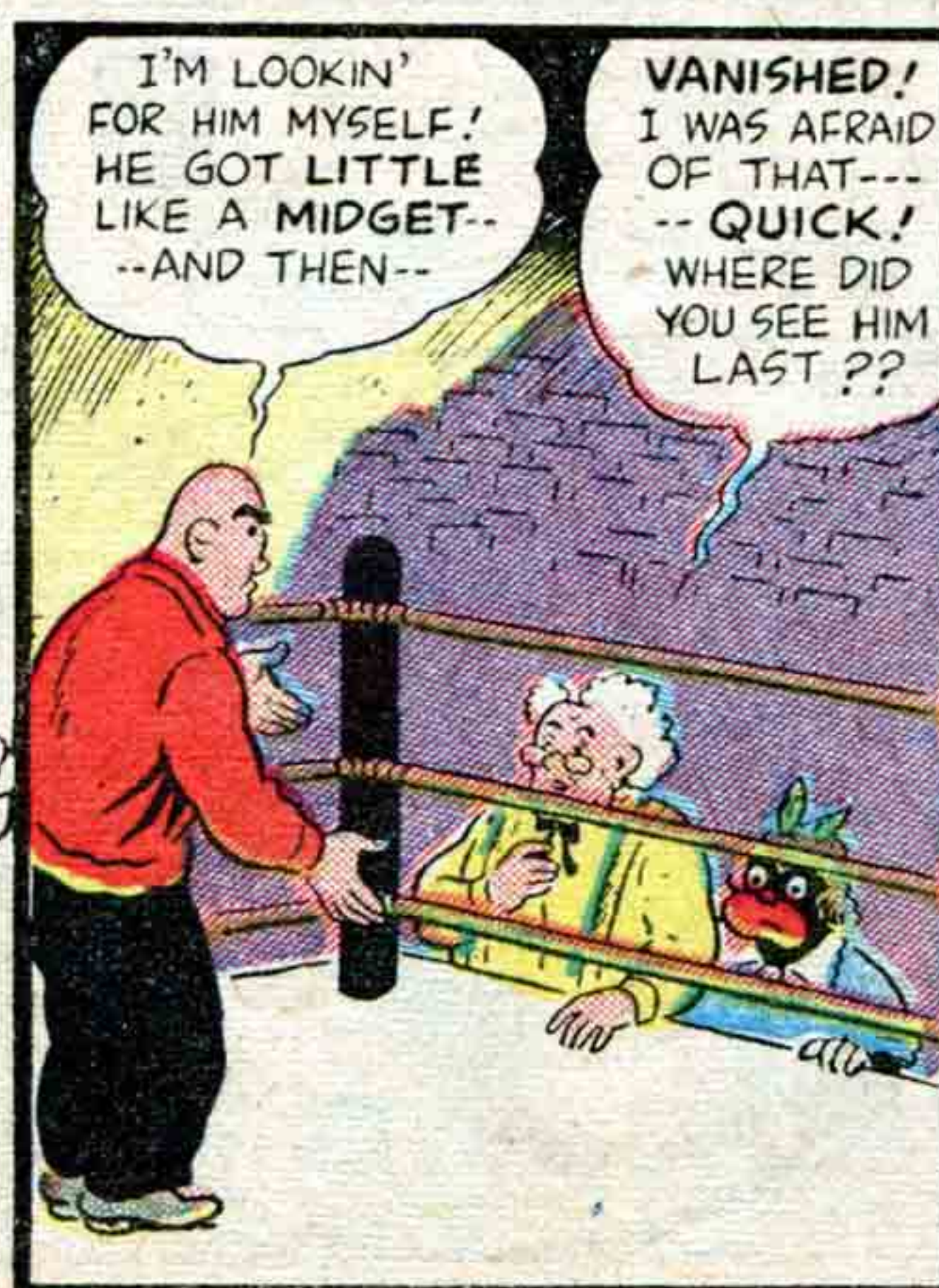
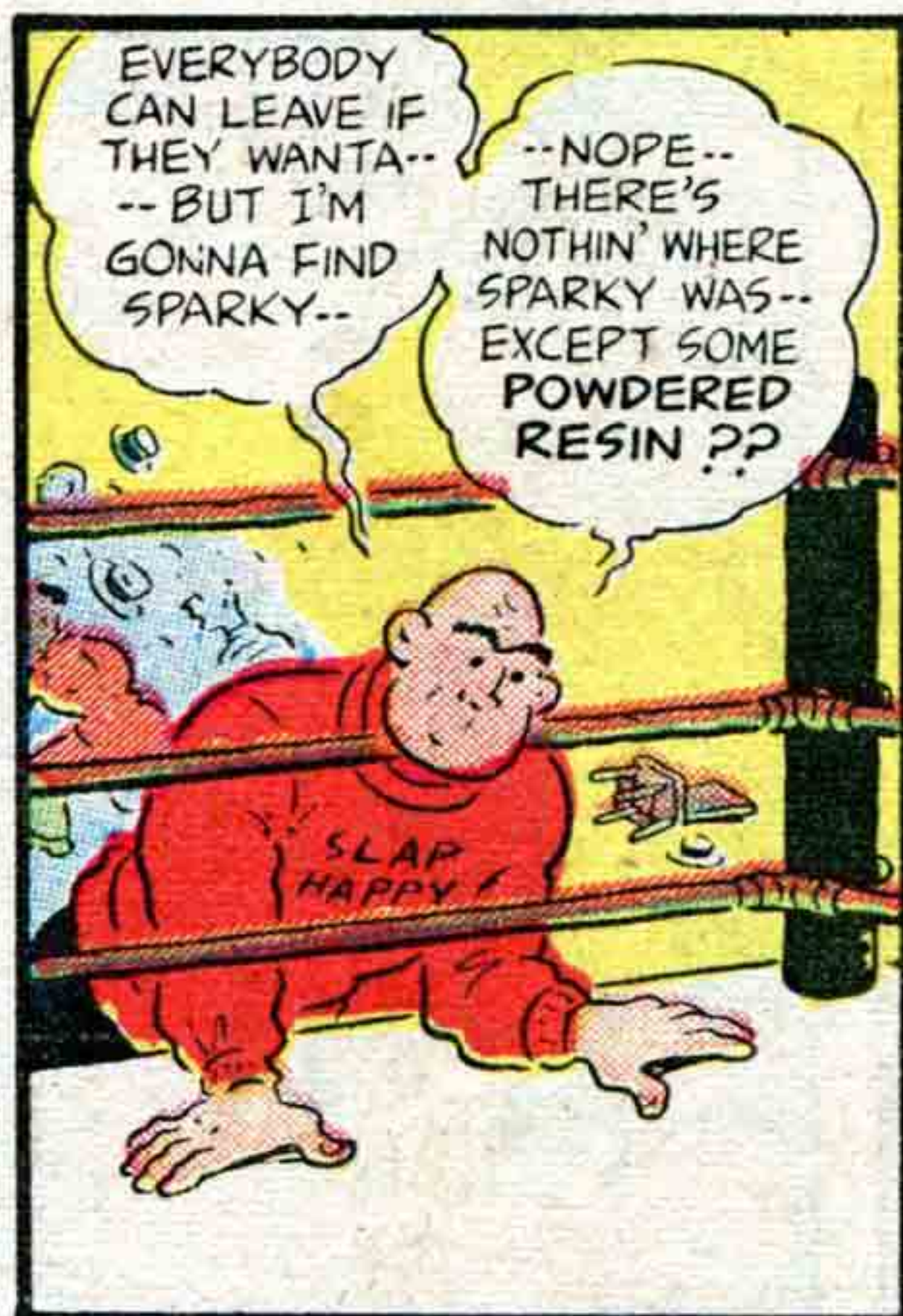
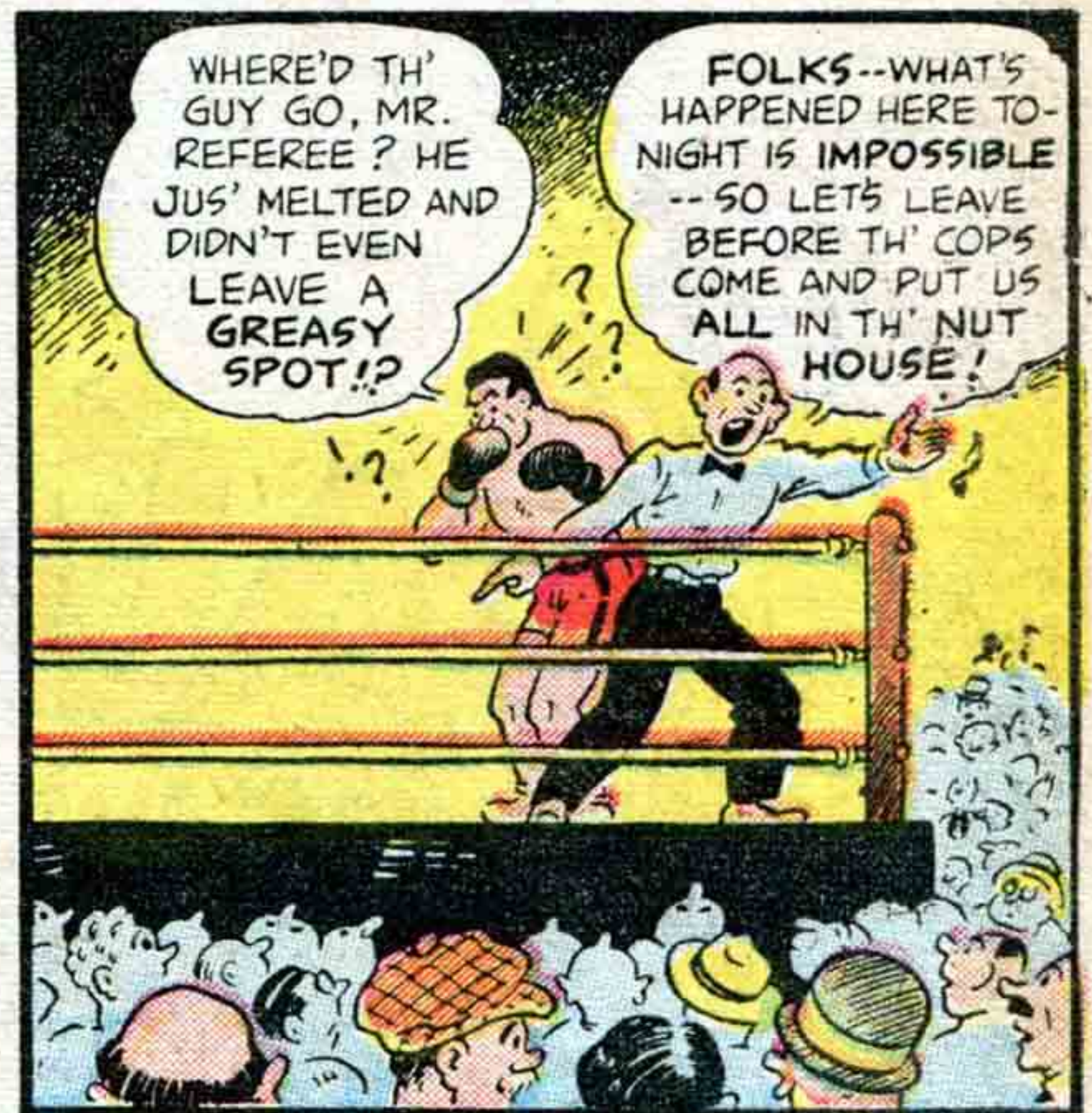


# BIG SHOT COMICS





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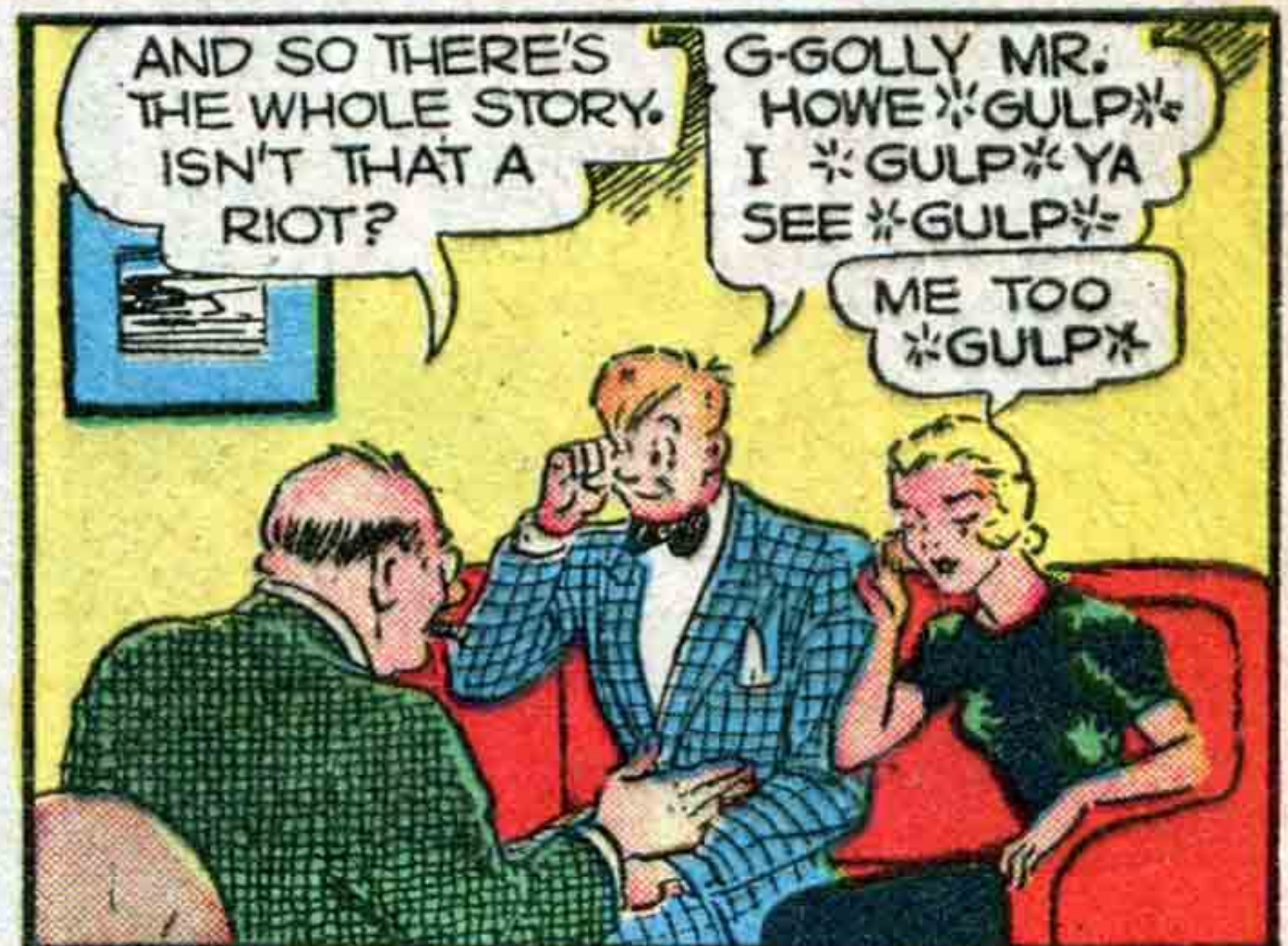
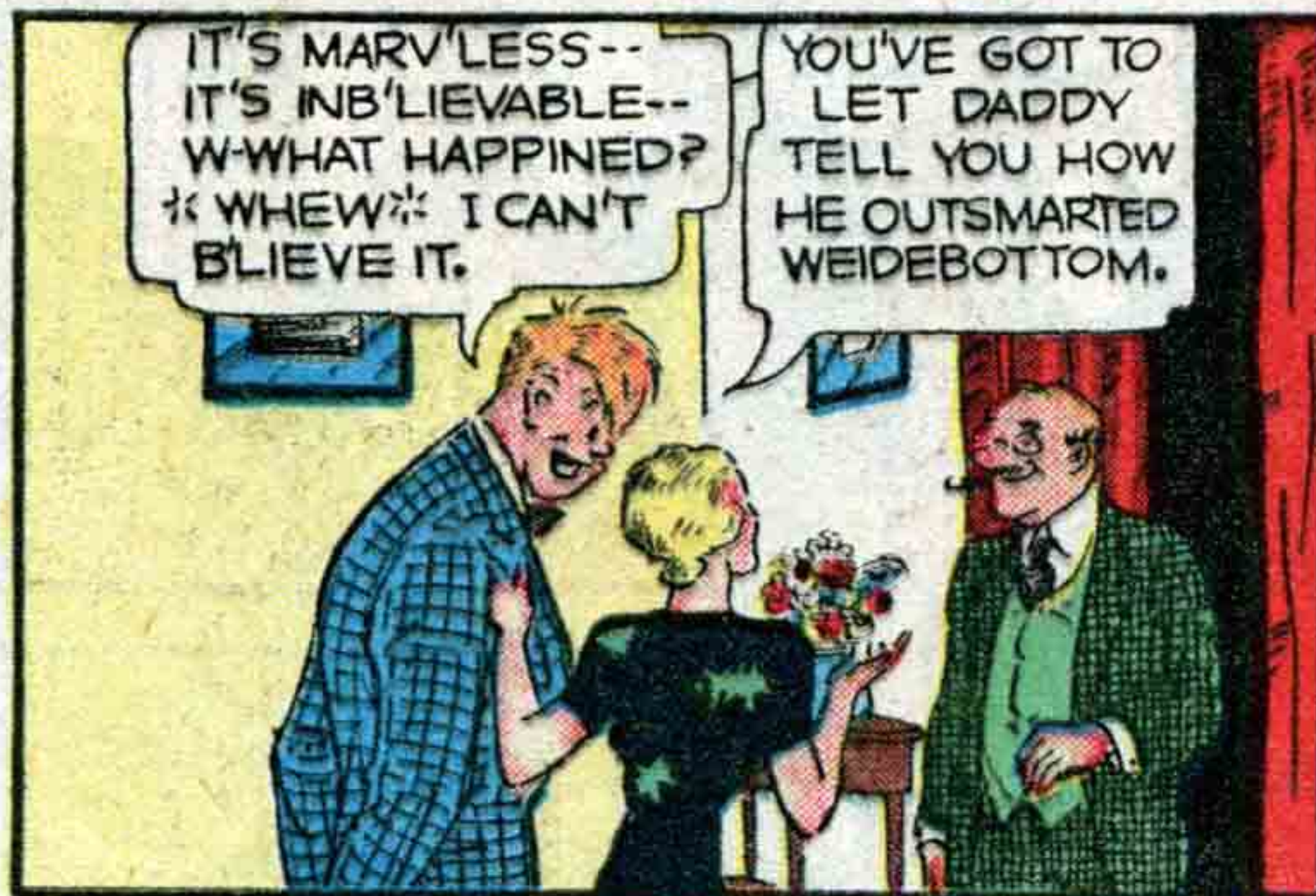
# JOE PALOOKA

AS A RESULT OF LOSS OF MEMORY, KNOBBY IS CONFINED IN A SANITARIUM... ANNS DAD BUYS JOES CONTRACT FROM WEIDEBOTTOM... JOE KNOWS NOTHING.





# BIG SHOT COMICS



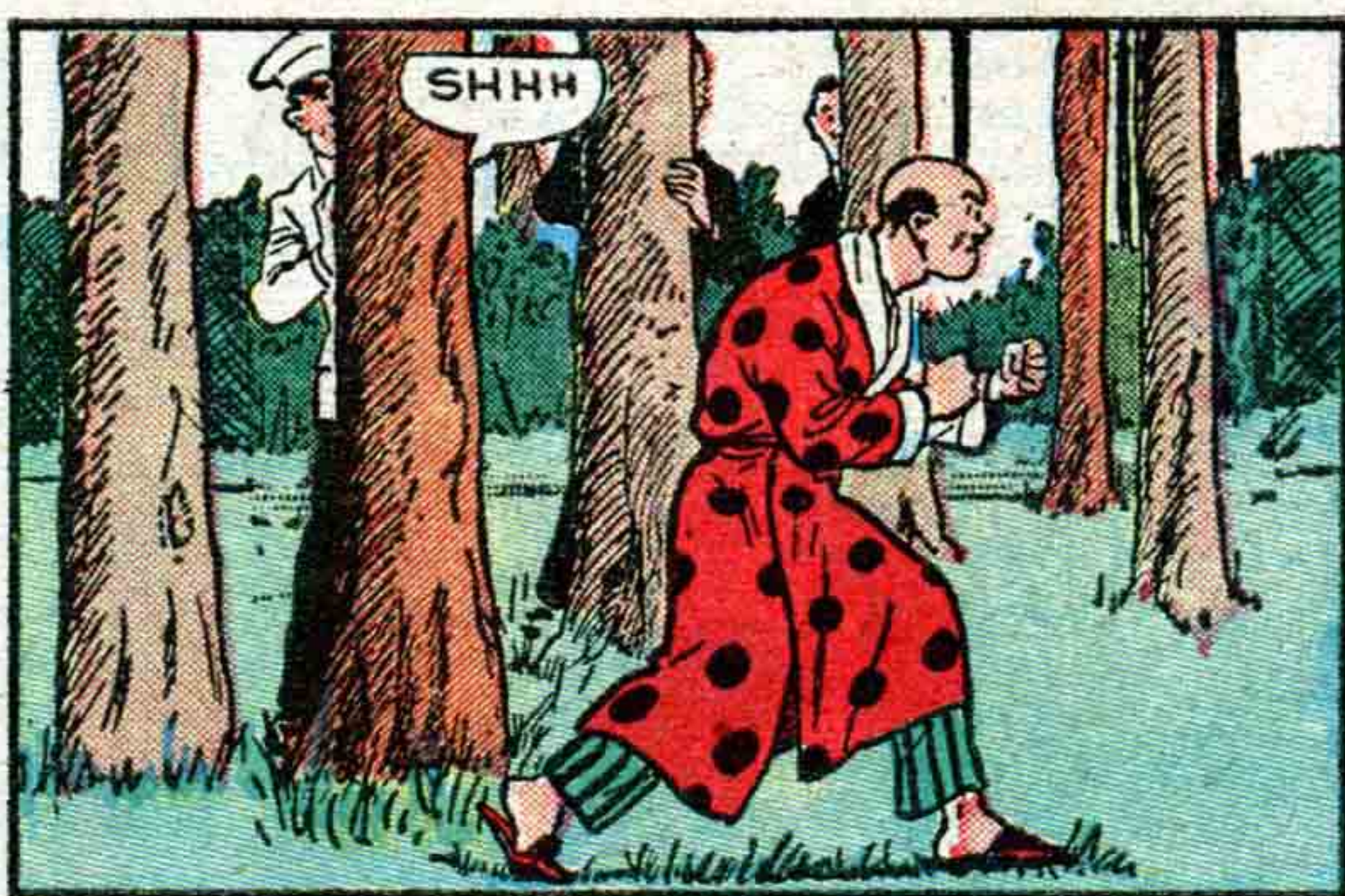
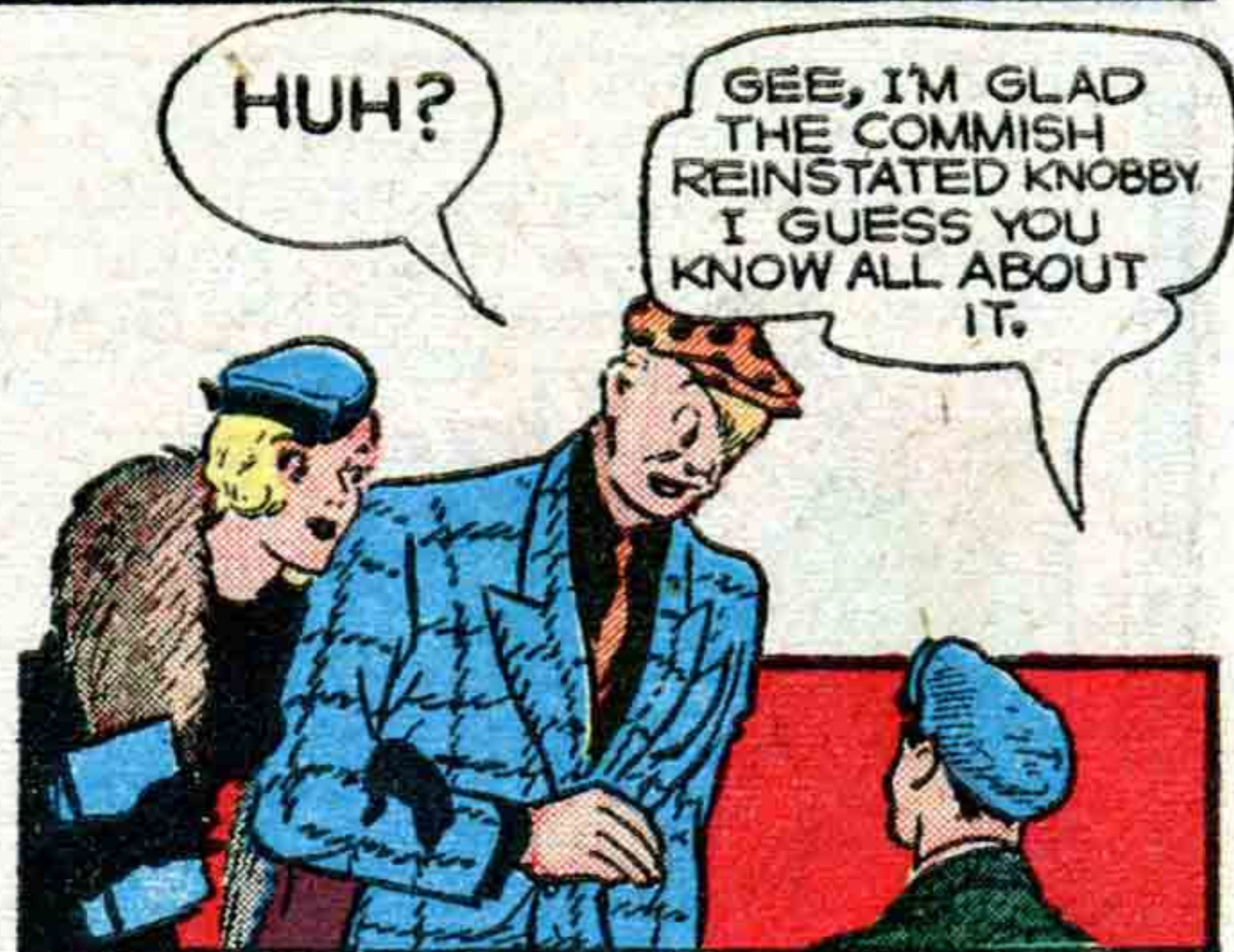
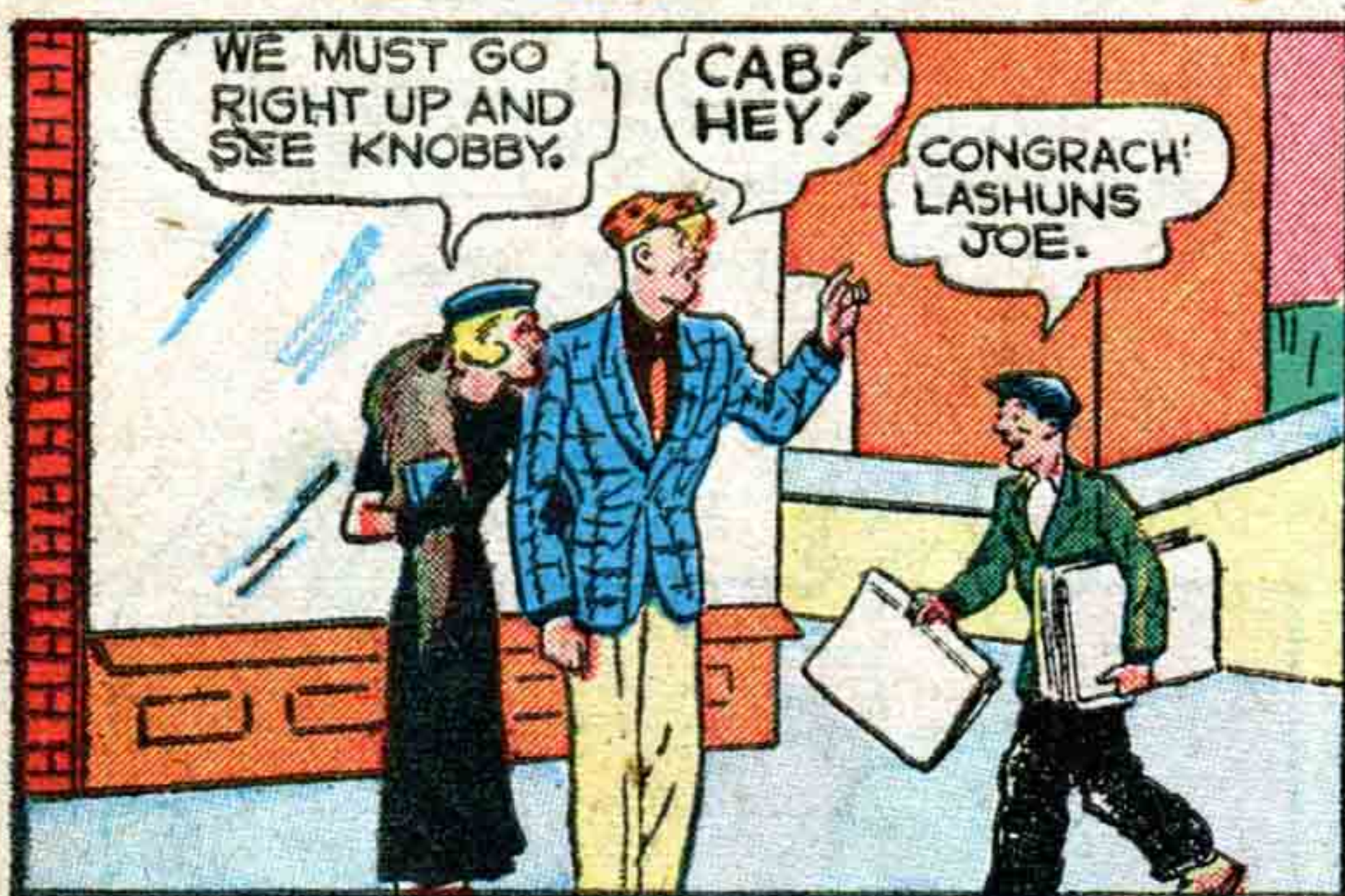
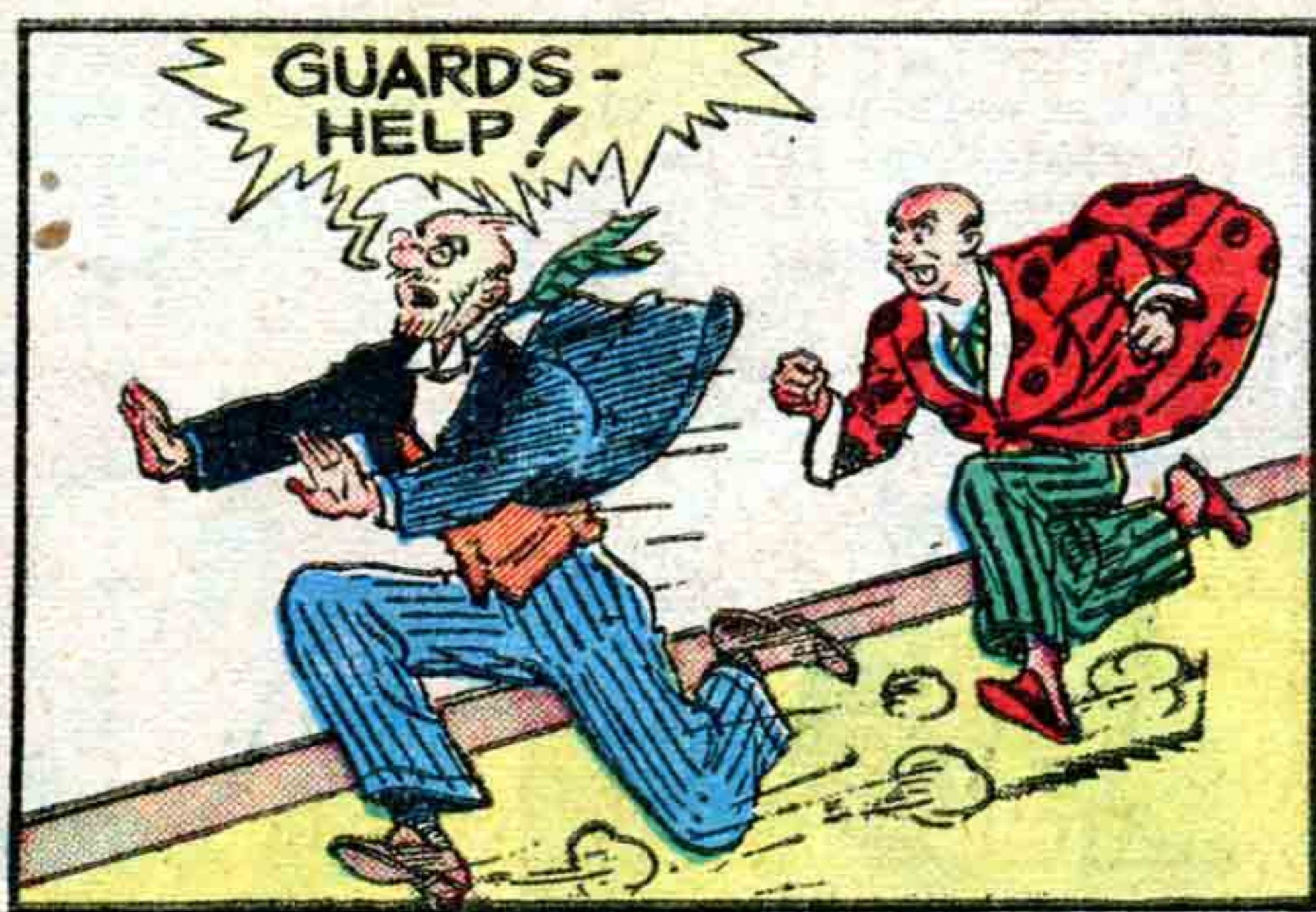
**S**OMETHING HAS CHANGED IN KNOBBY'S MIND. HE NOW STALKS THE MALE ATTENDANTS AND DOCTORS. HE'S ACCOMPLISHED TWO KAYOS TODAY.

2.



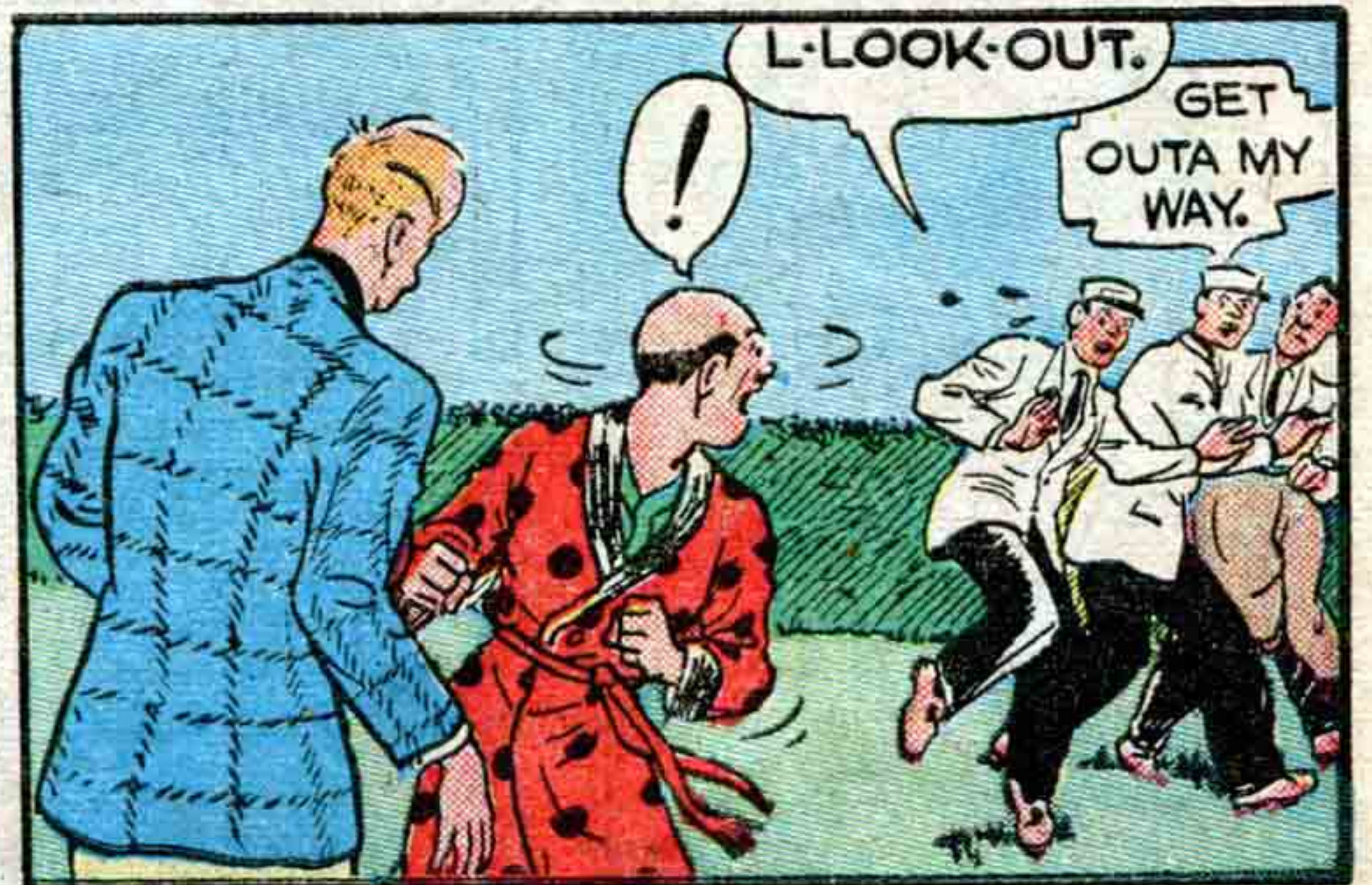
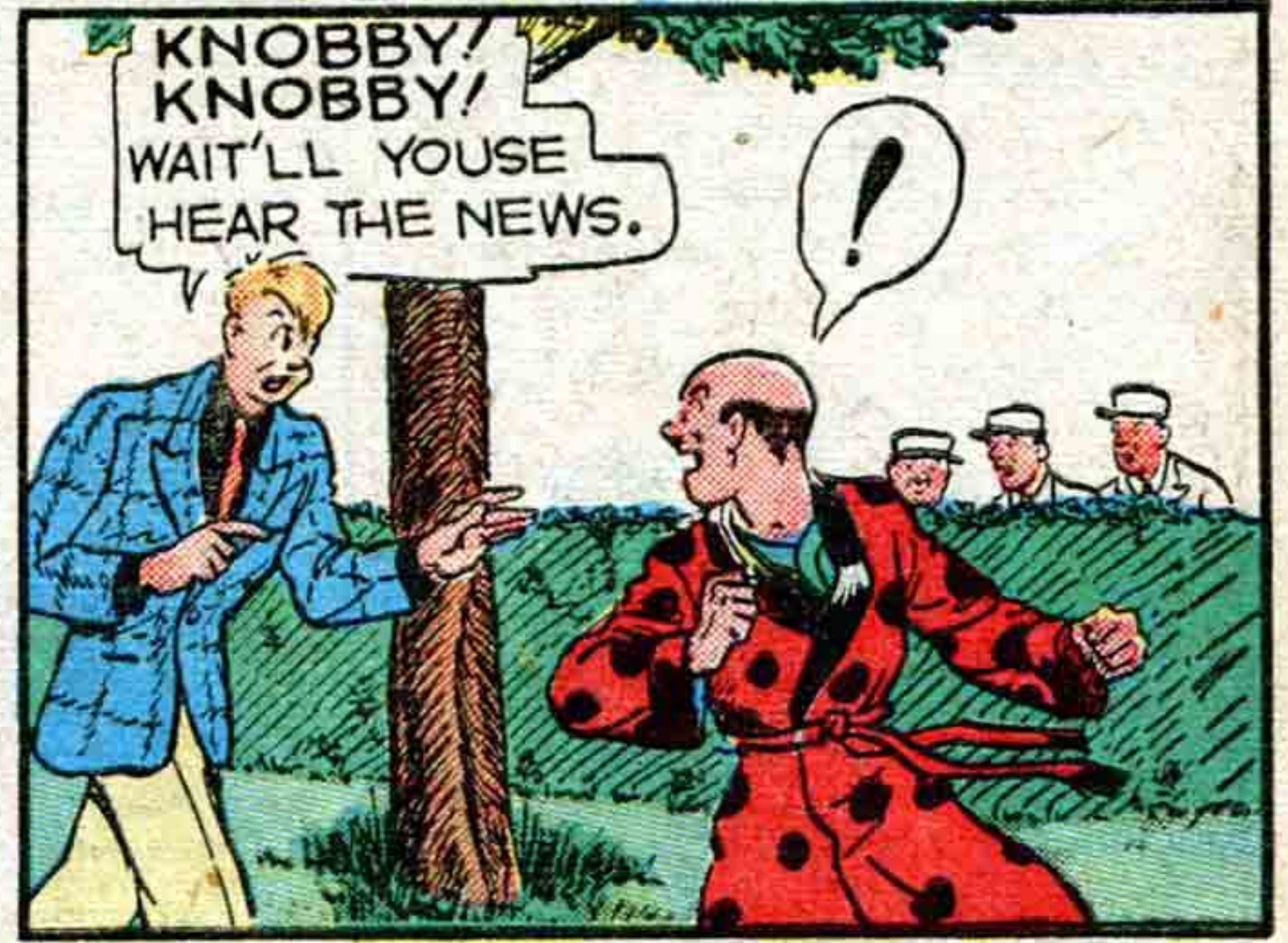
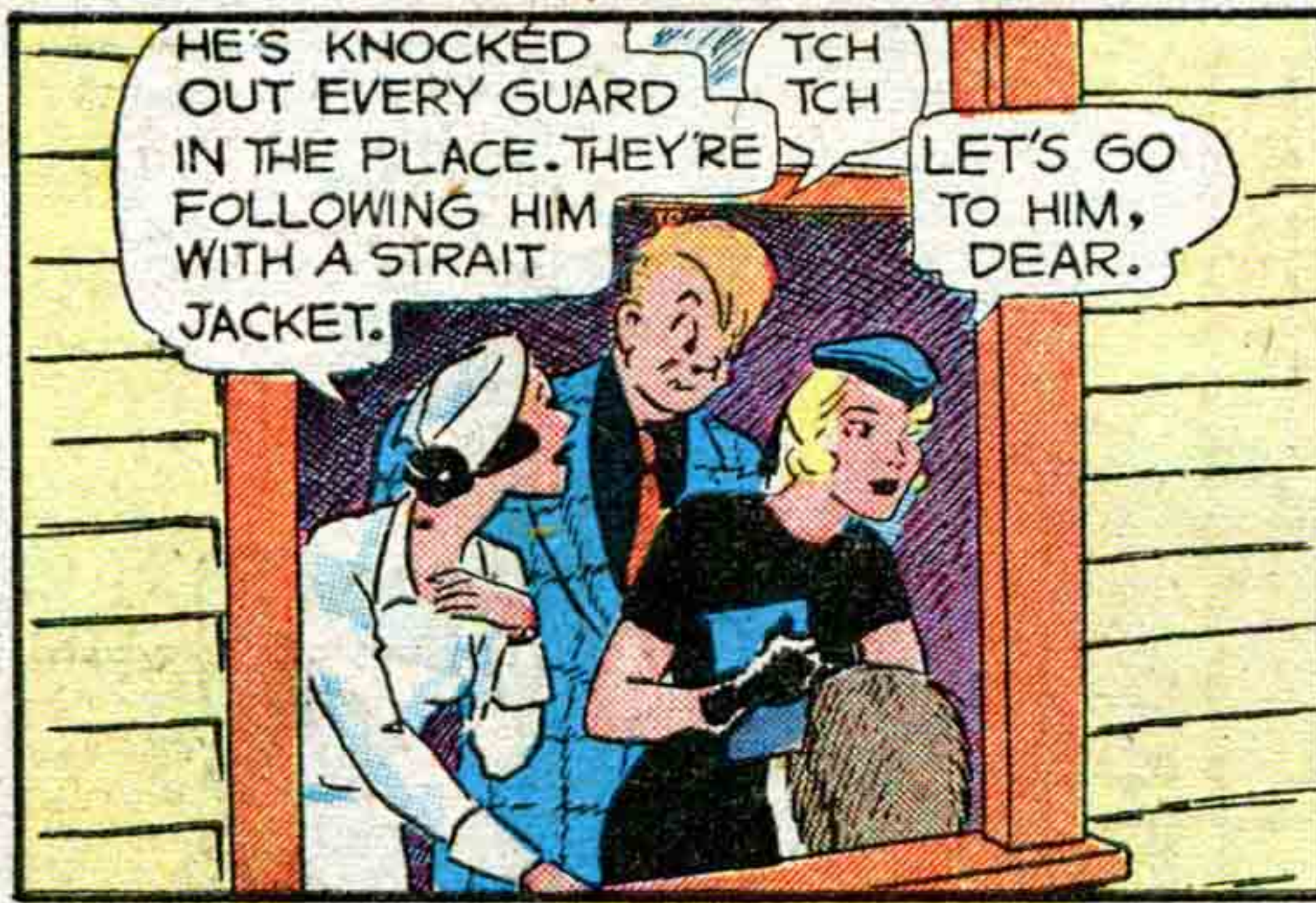
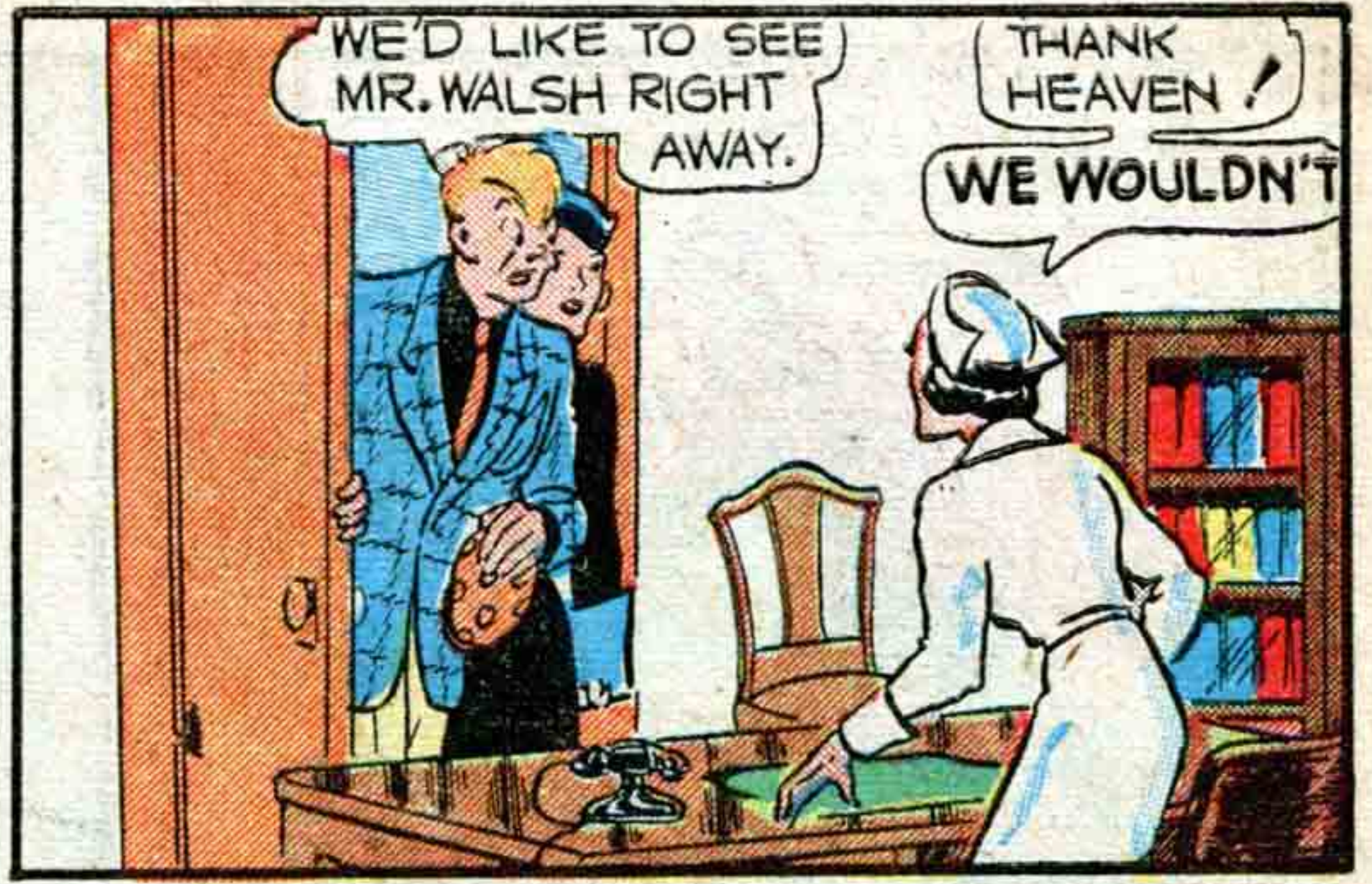
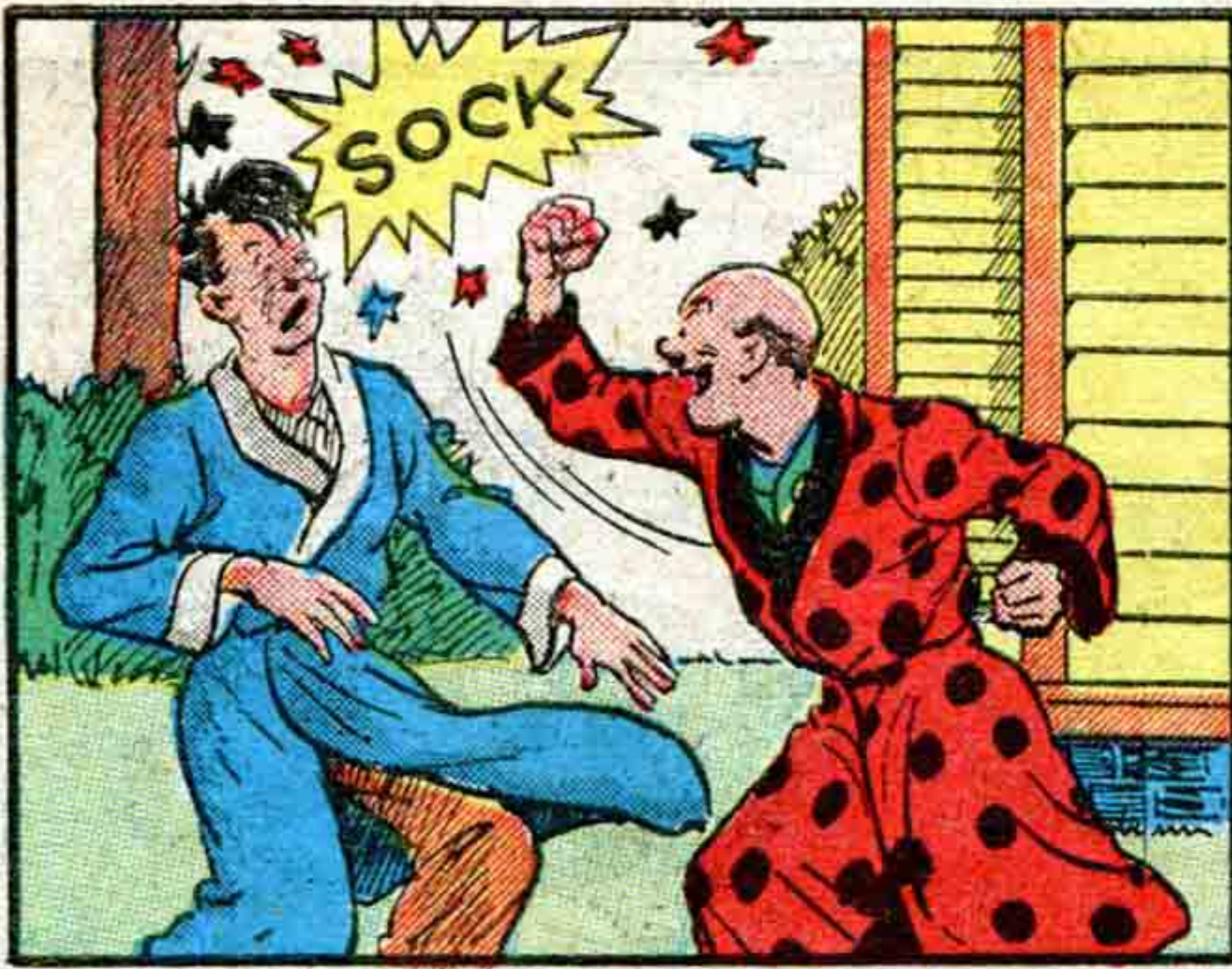


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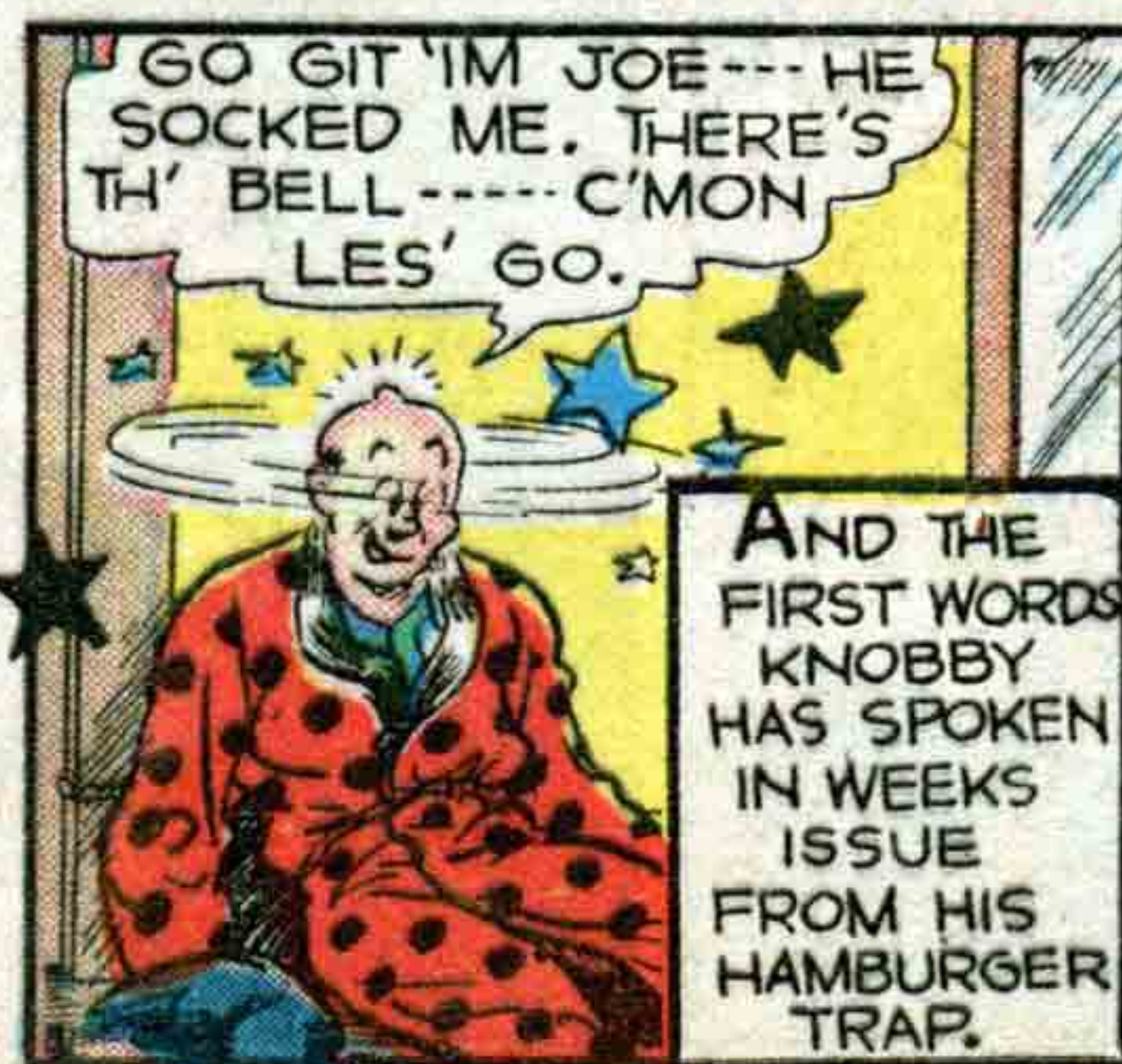


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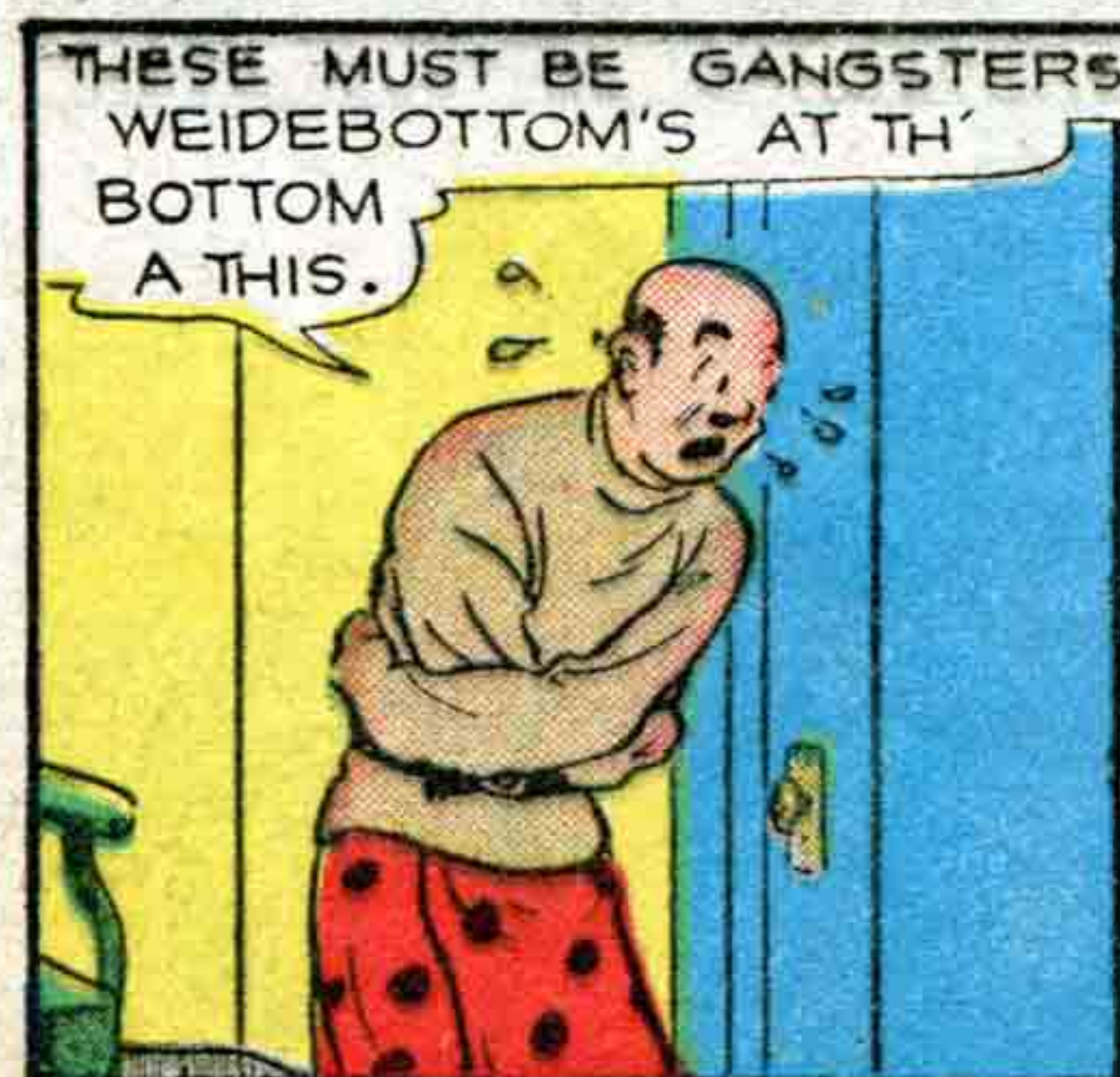
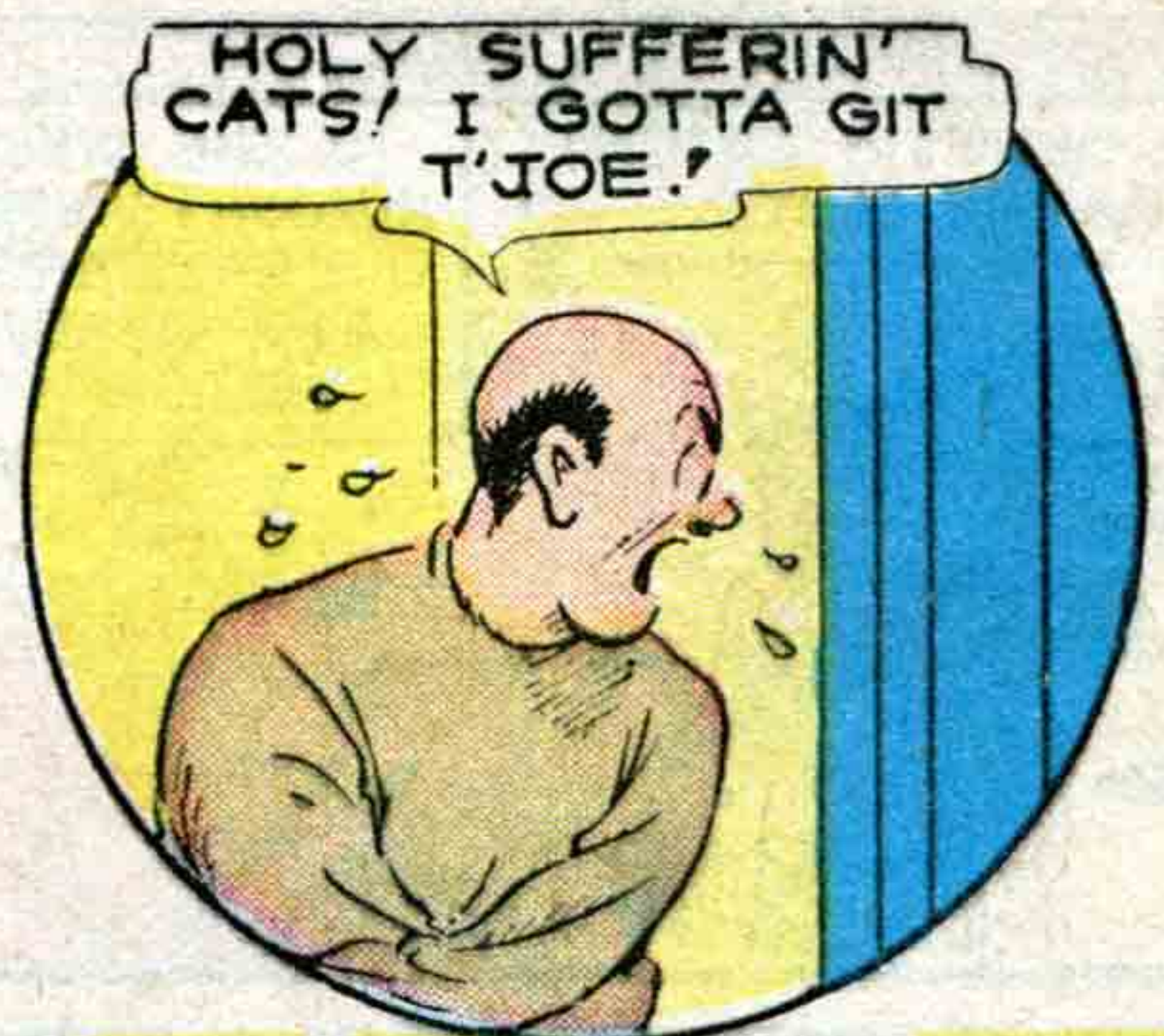
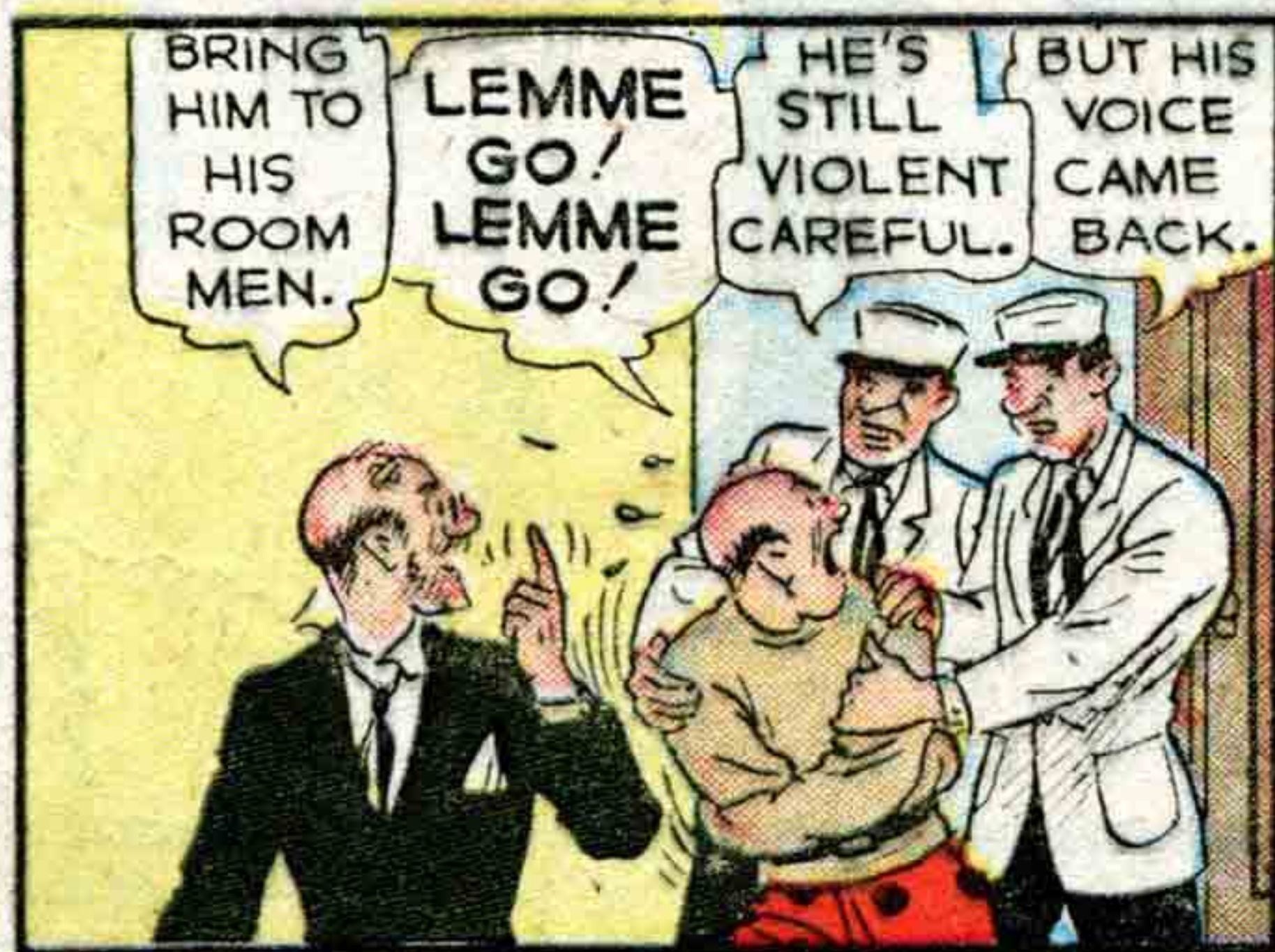
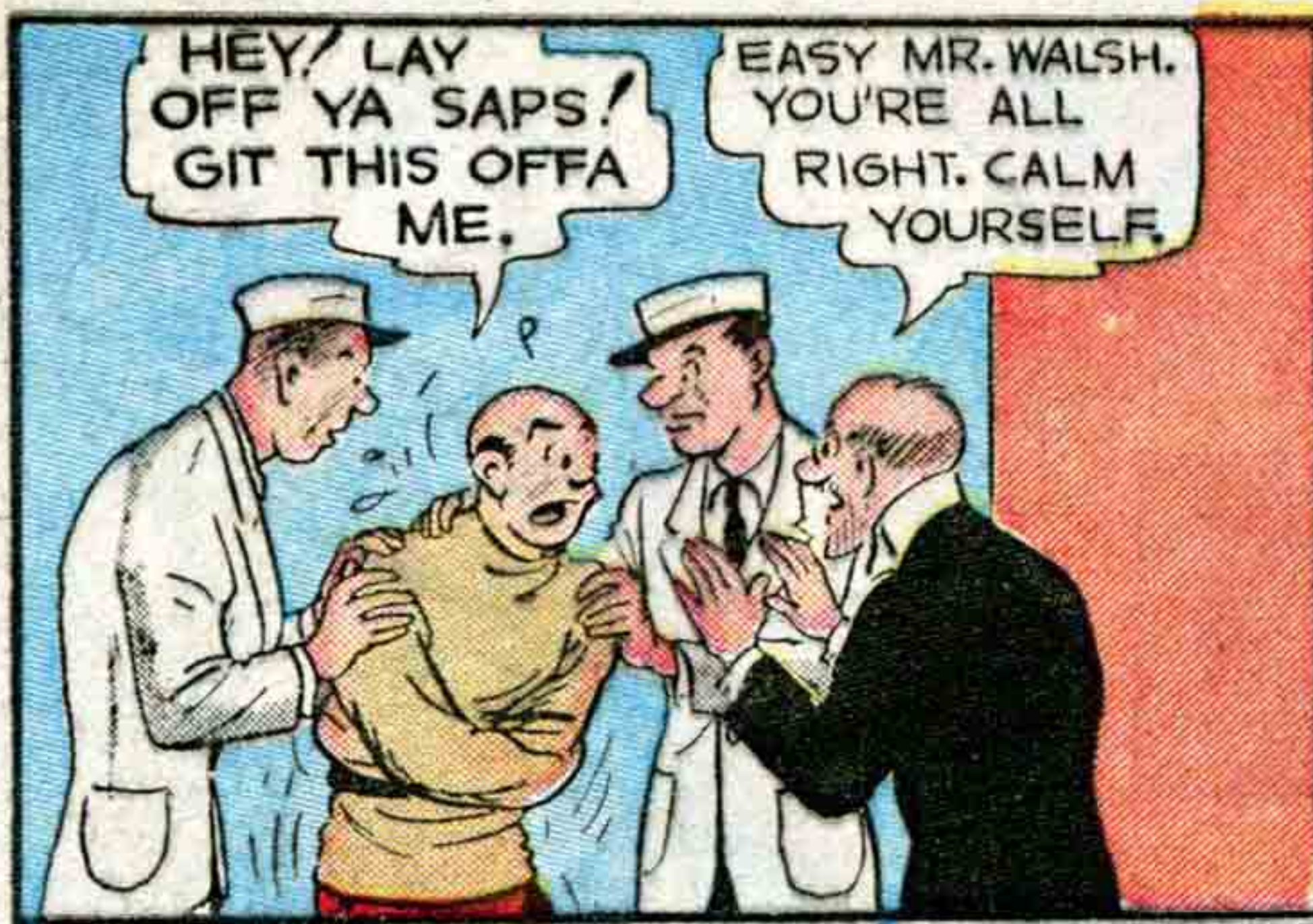


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# ROCKY RYAN



FROM CHINA BY SWIFT PLANE TO THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF INDIA'S NORTHERN MOUNTAINS COMES ROCKY RYAN TO MEET STRANGE ADVENTURE IN THE HILLS OF THE HINDU KUSH ---

AT AN AIRPORT IN LAHOR ---

THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.  
WHERE IS IT?

TO THE WEST,  
HUZOOR! WHERE  
THE BANNERS  
ARE DYED  
YELLOW!



TEN DOLLAR  
SAHIB!

ALL RIGHT. HAVE IT CARTED  
OVER TO THE AIRPORT. I'LL  
NEED IT WHEN I FLY TO  
CALCUTTA!



AS HE SHOPS BUSILY, HE FAILS TO NOTICE DARK BROODING EYES THAT STARE AT HIM!

THE RAJAH  
GURKA!

NO. NOT THE RAJAH  
BUT - HIS DOUBLE!

Y'ALLAH! WE  
WOULD BE WELL  
REWARDED!

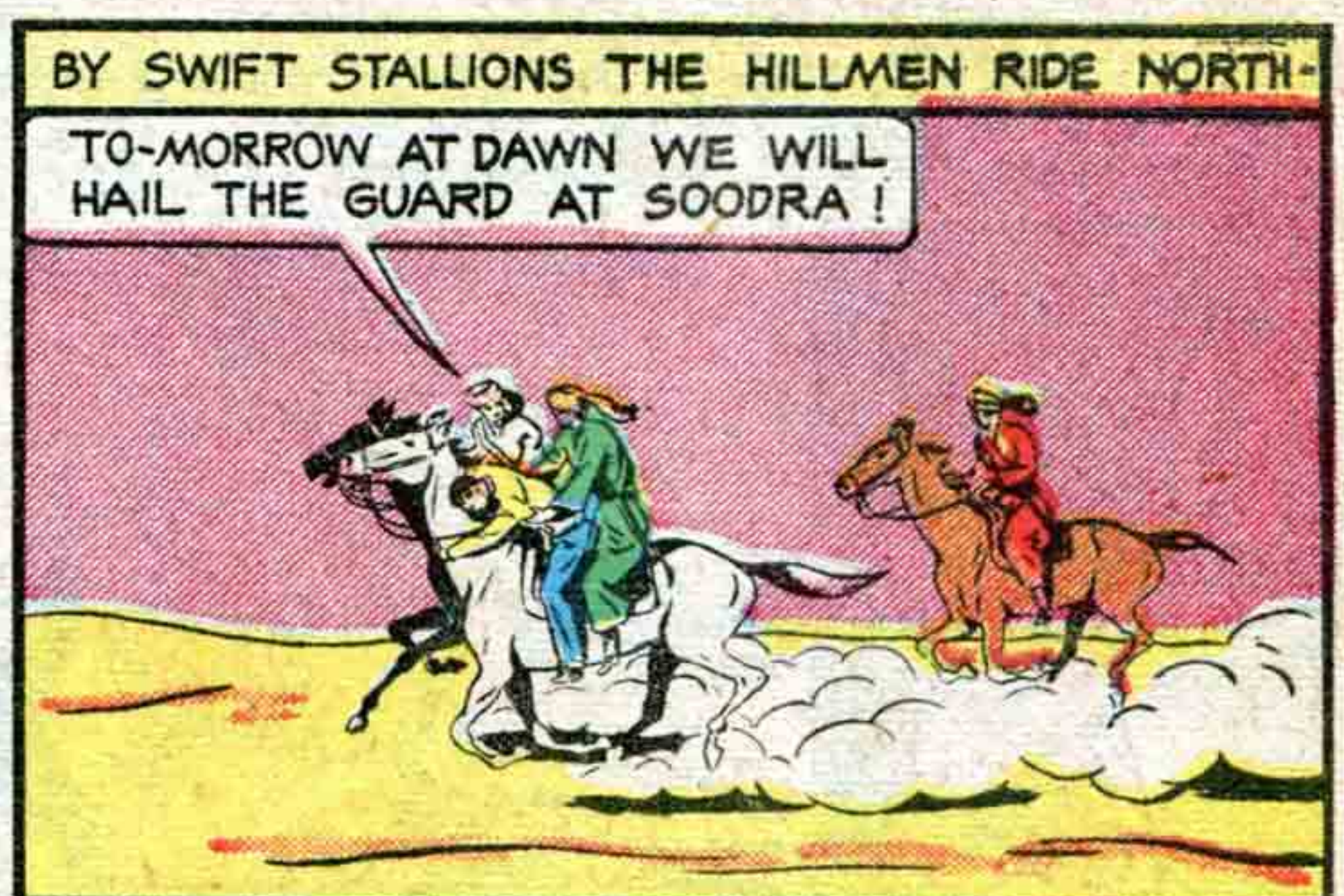
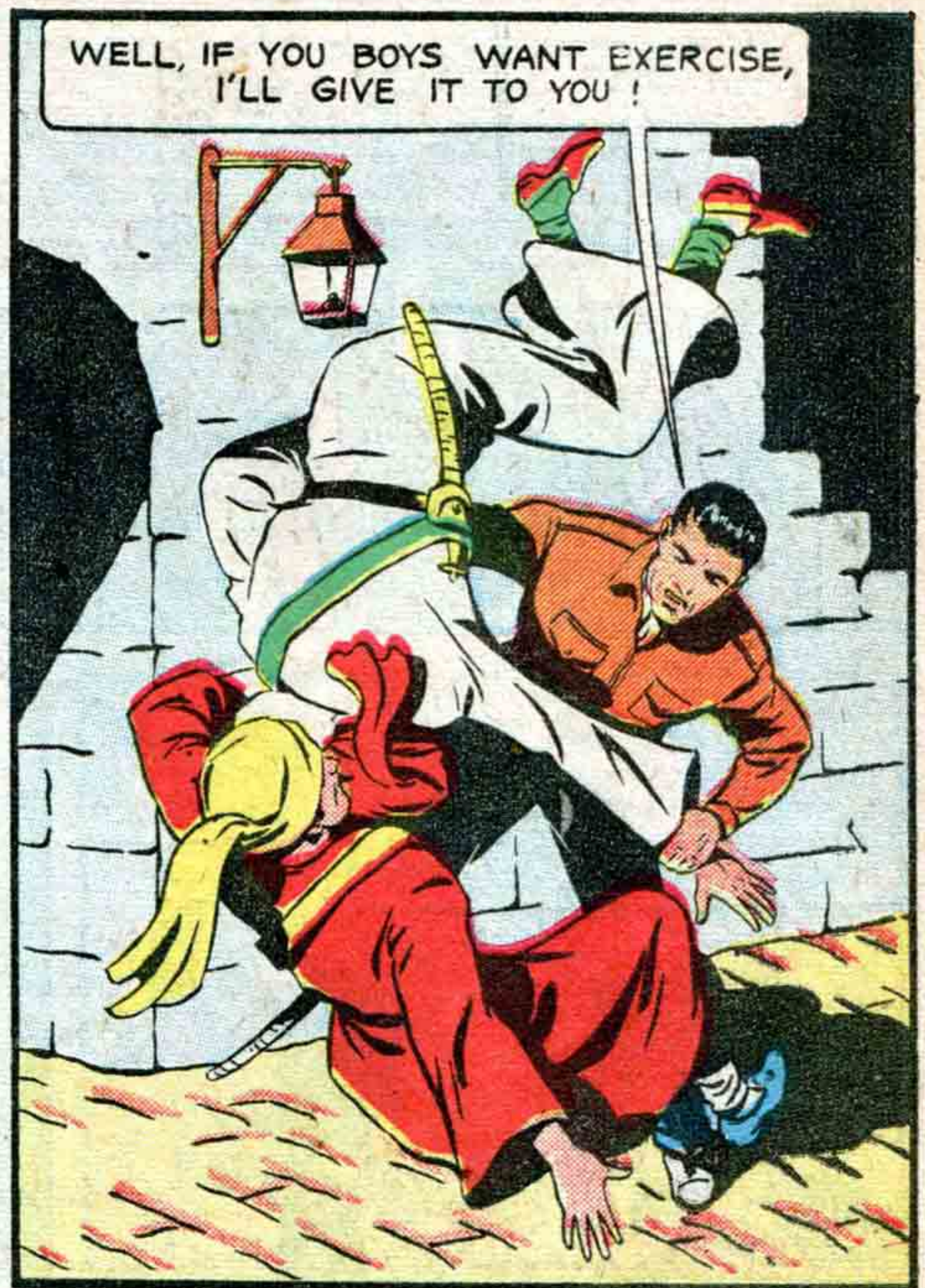




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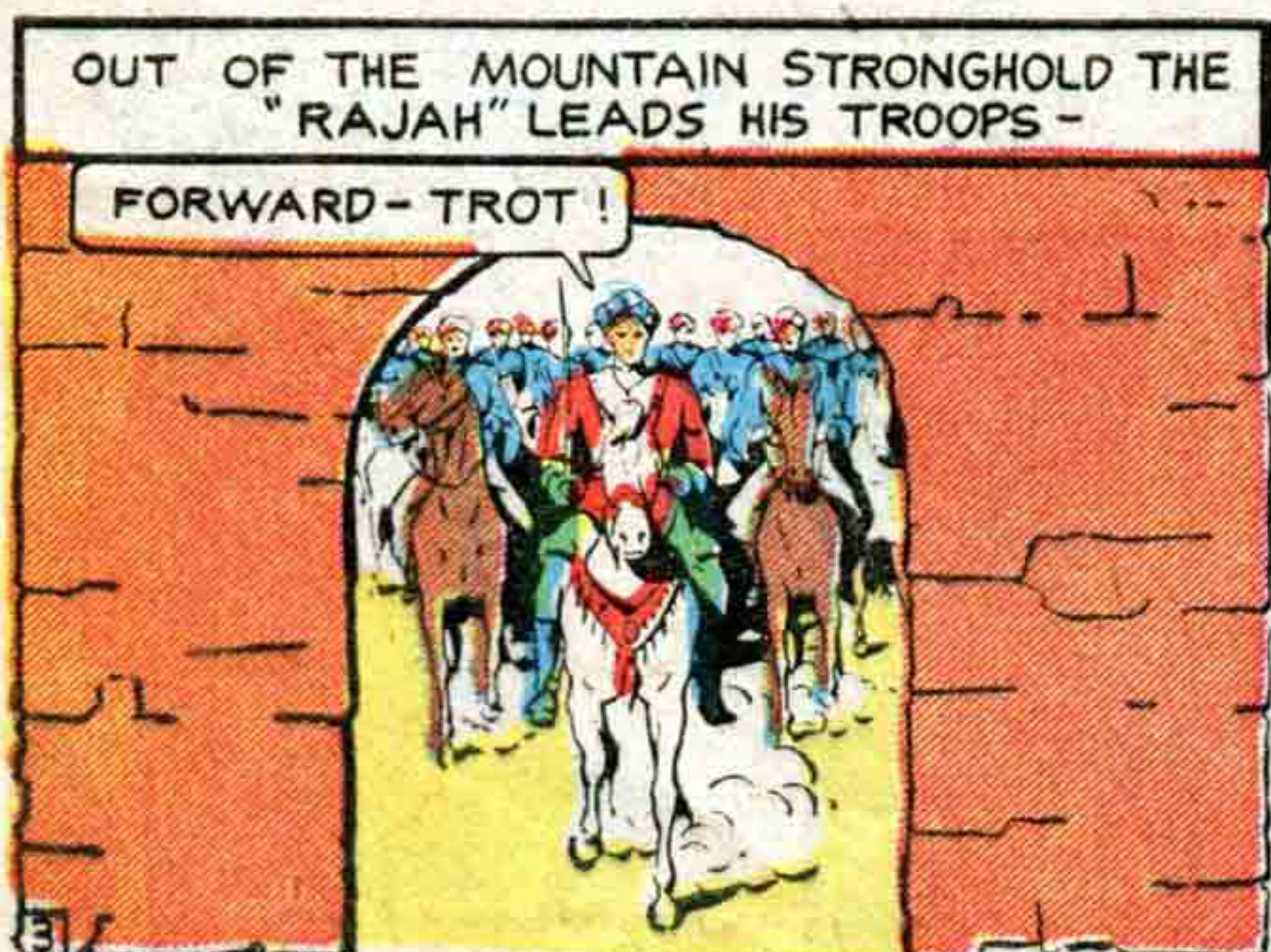


THE REMAINING ASSAILANT HITS HARD - JUST ONCE !



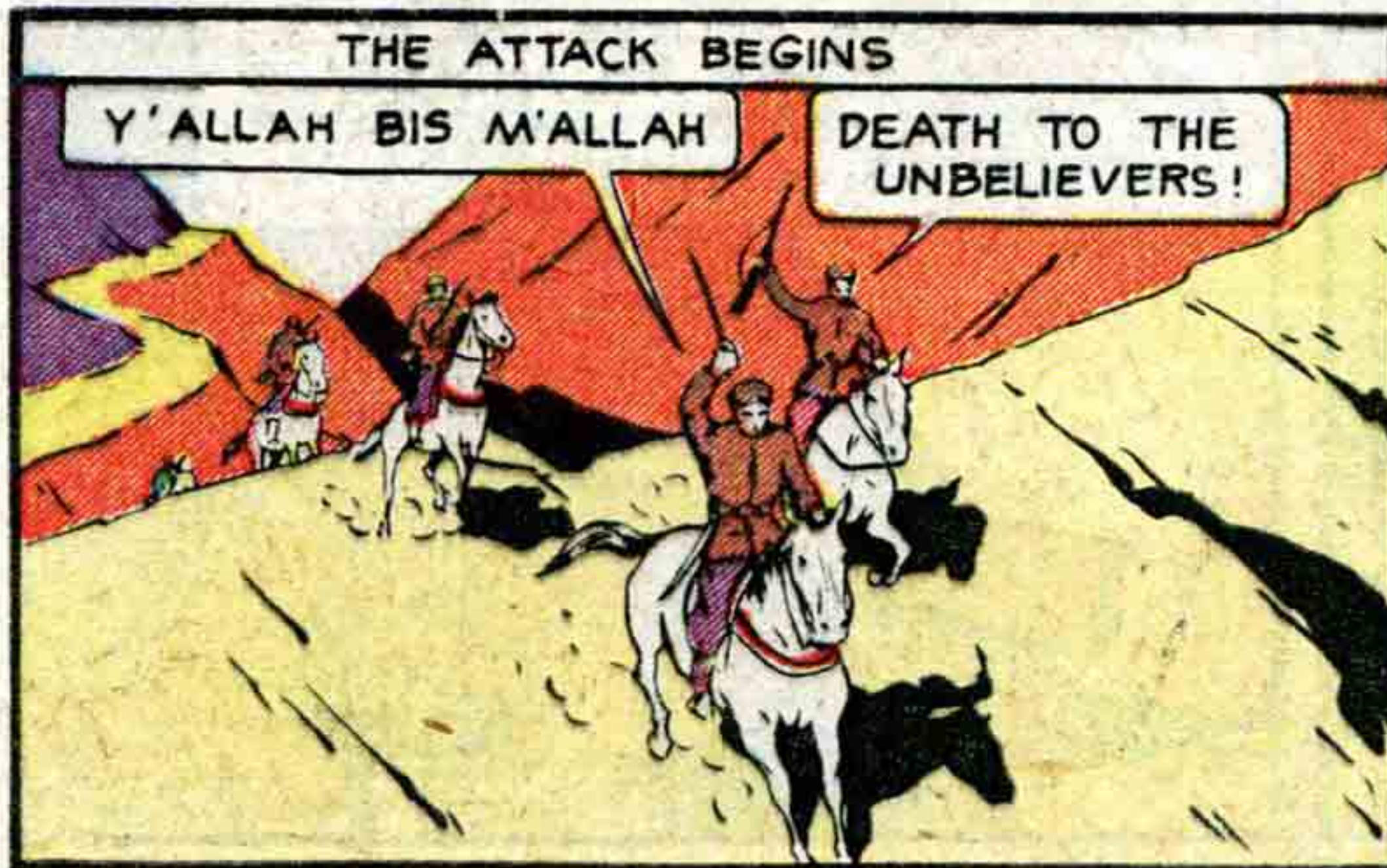


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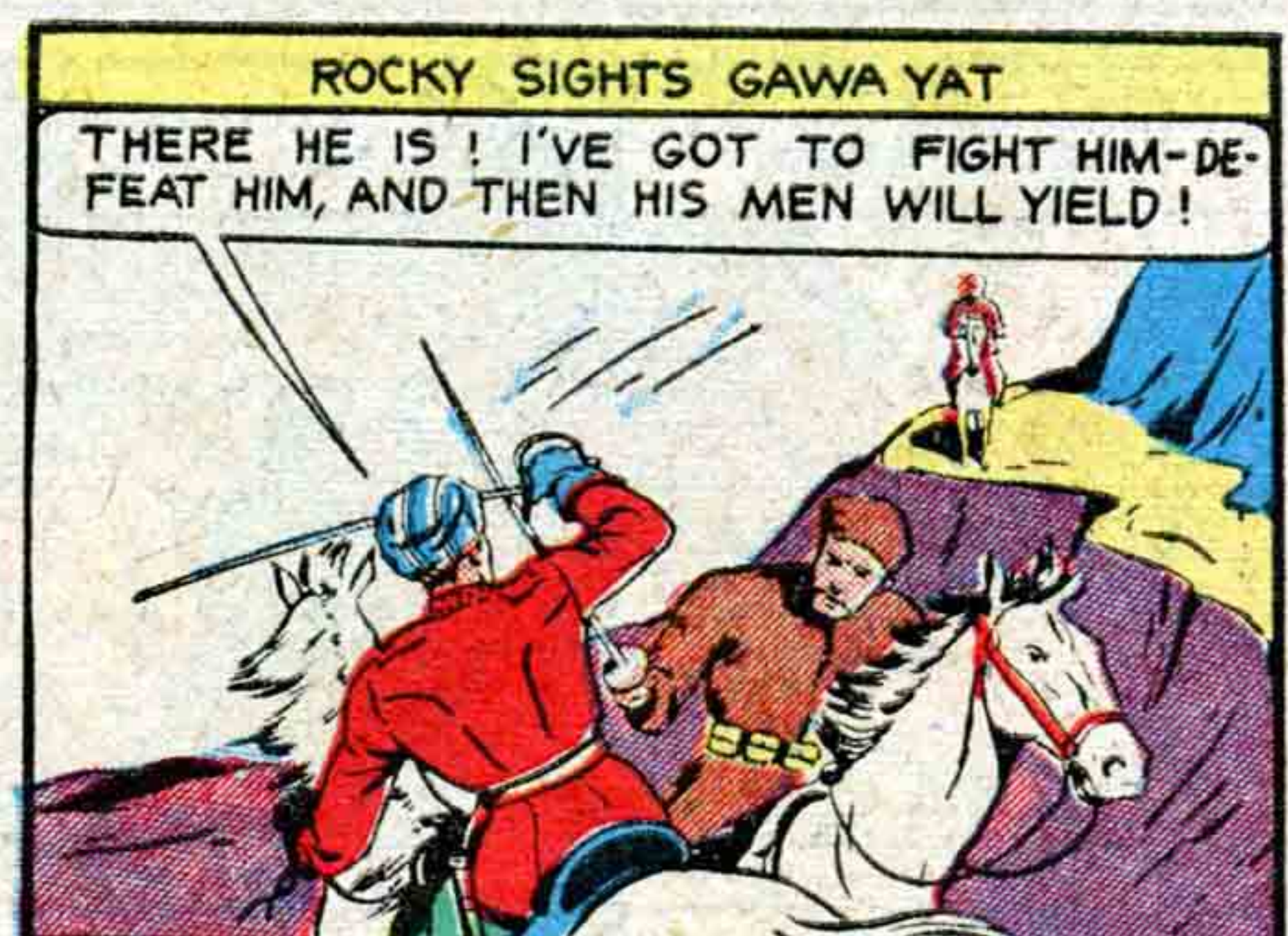
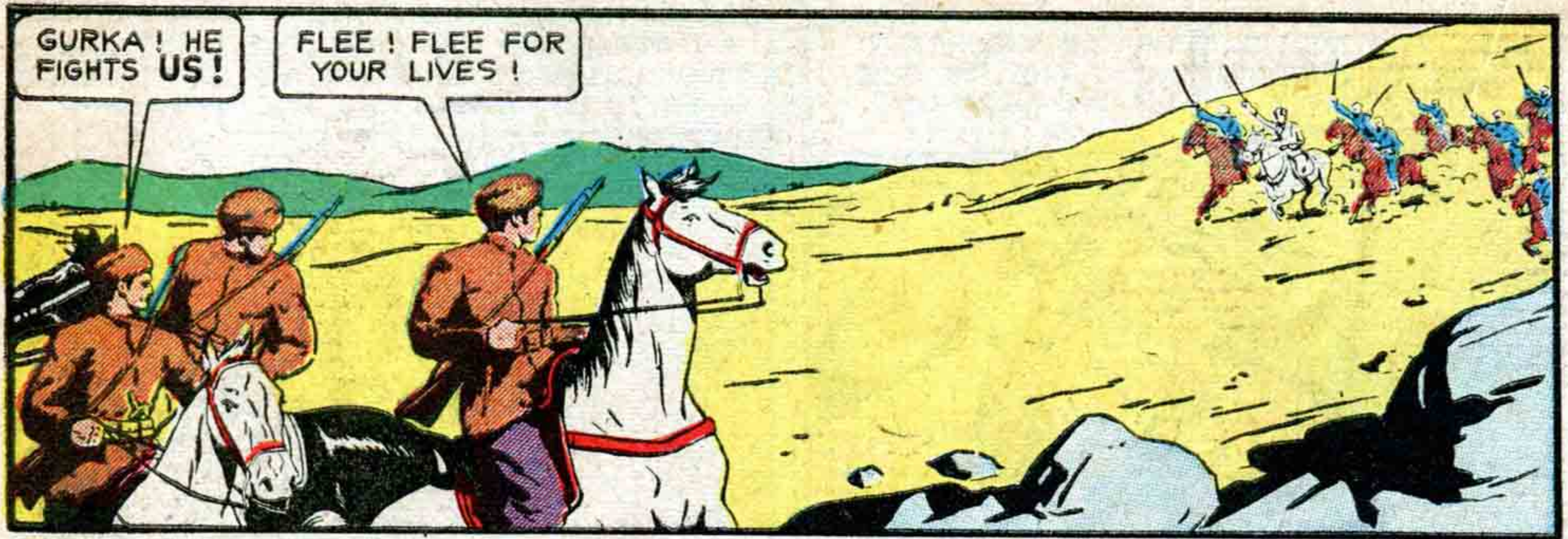


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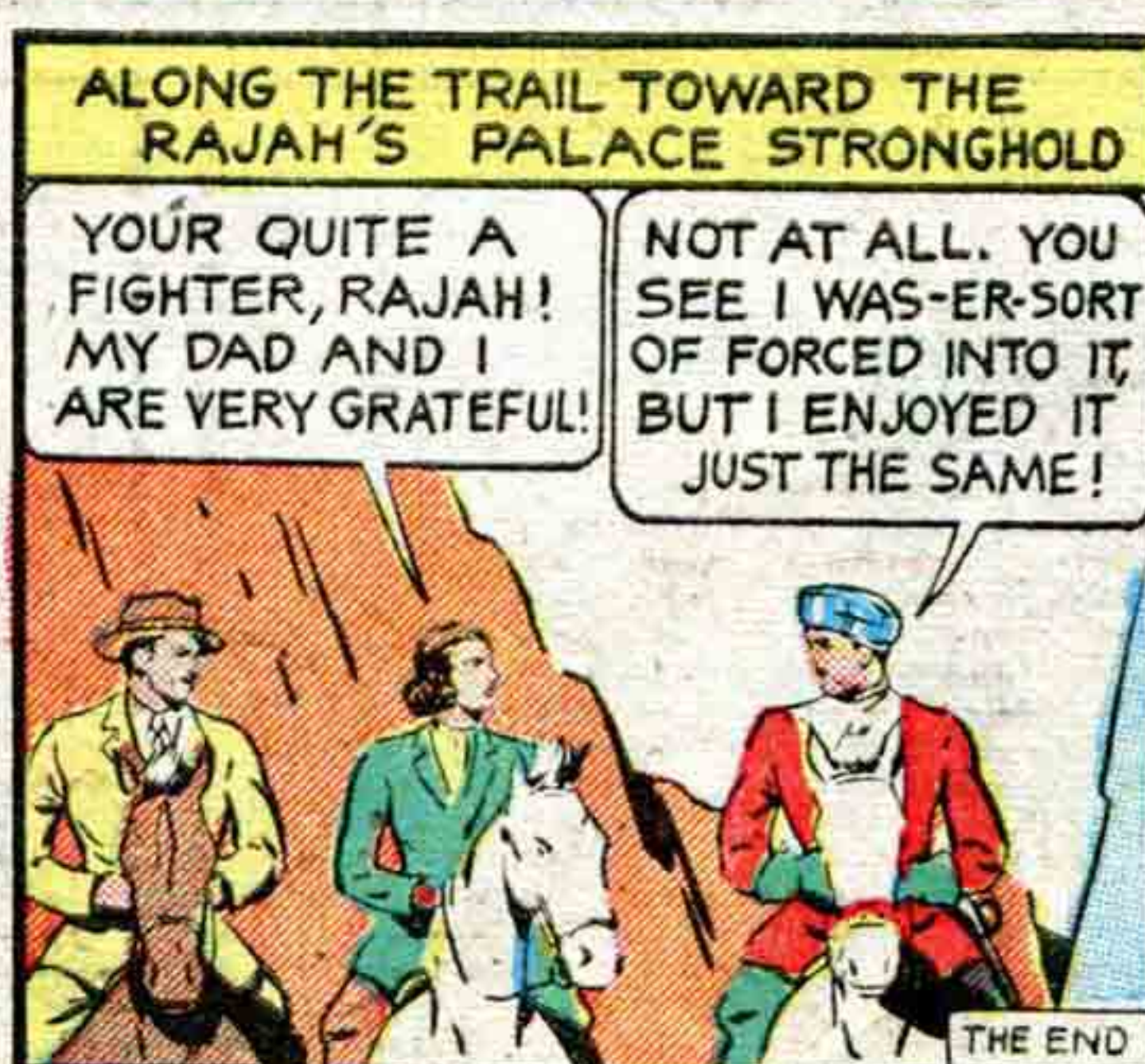
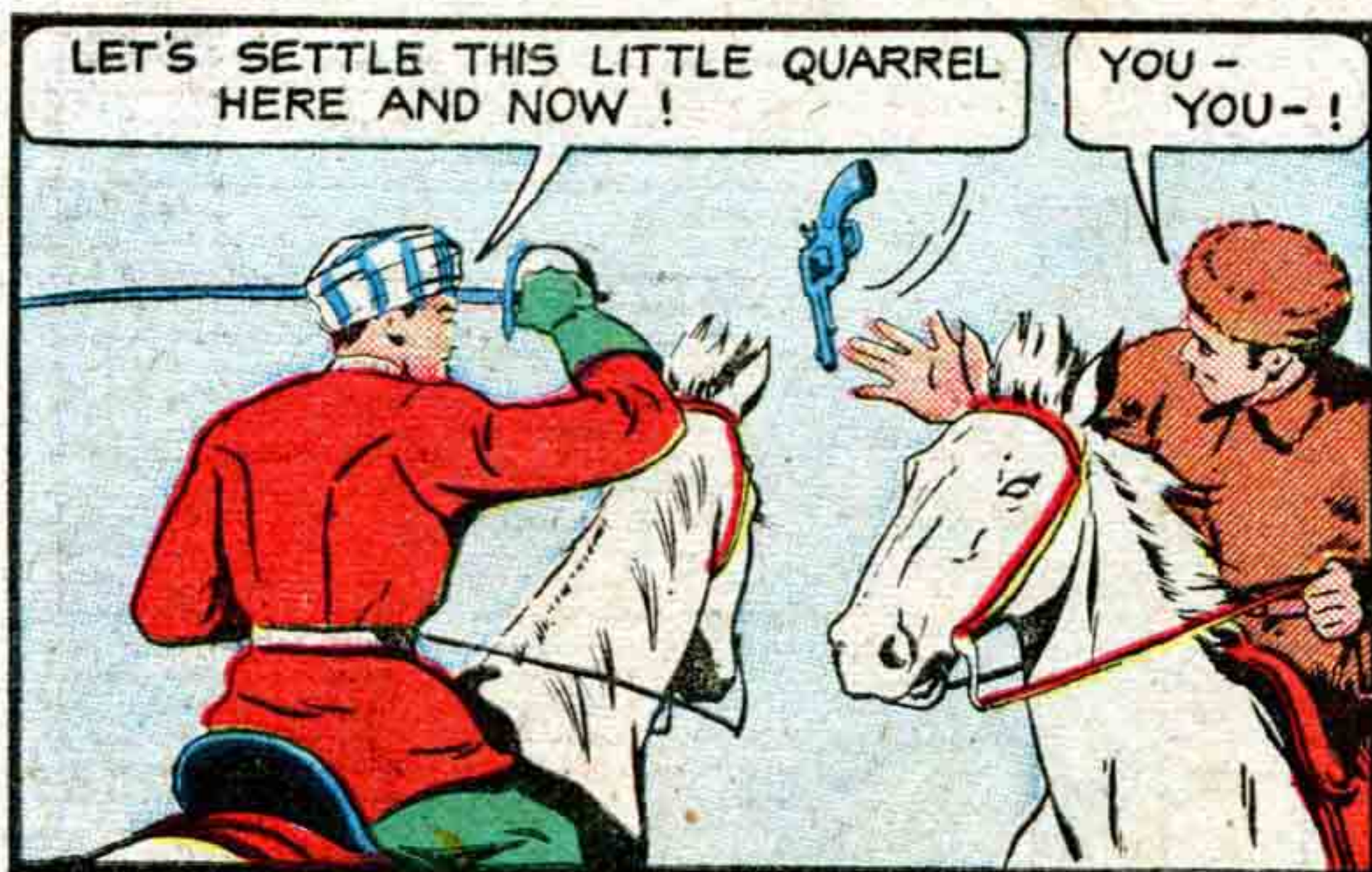
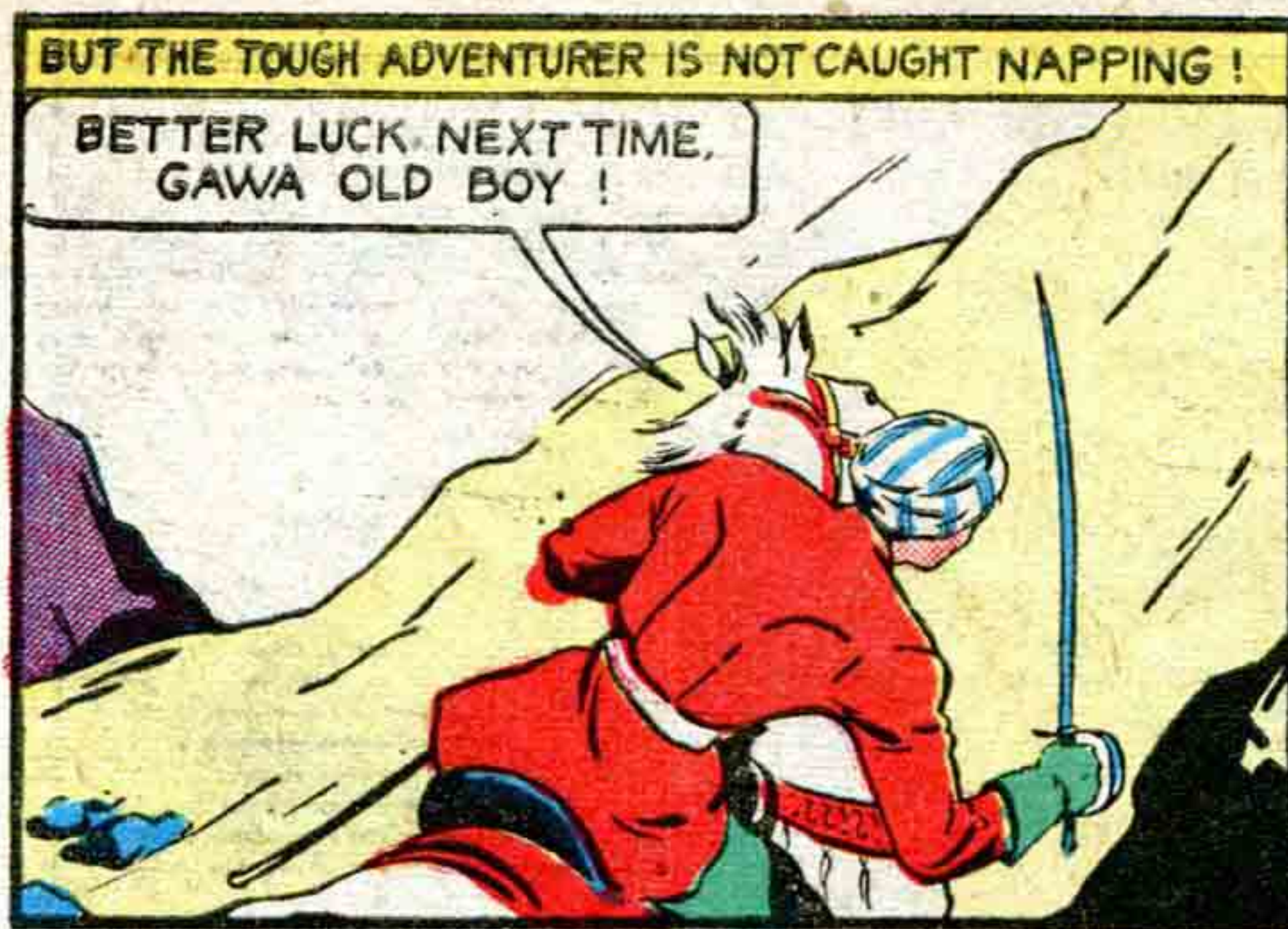


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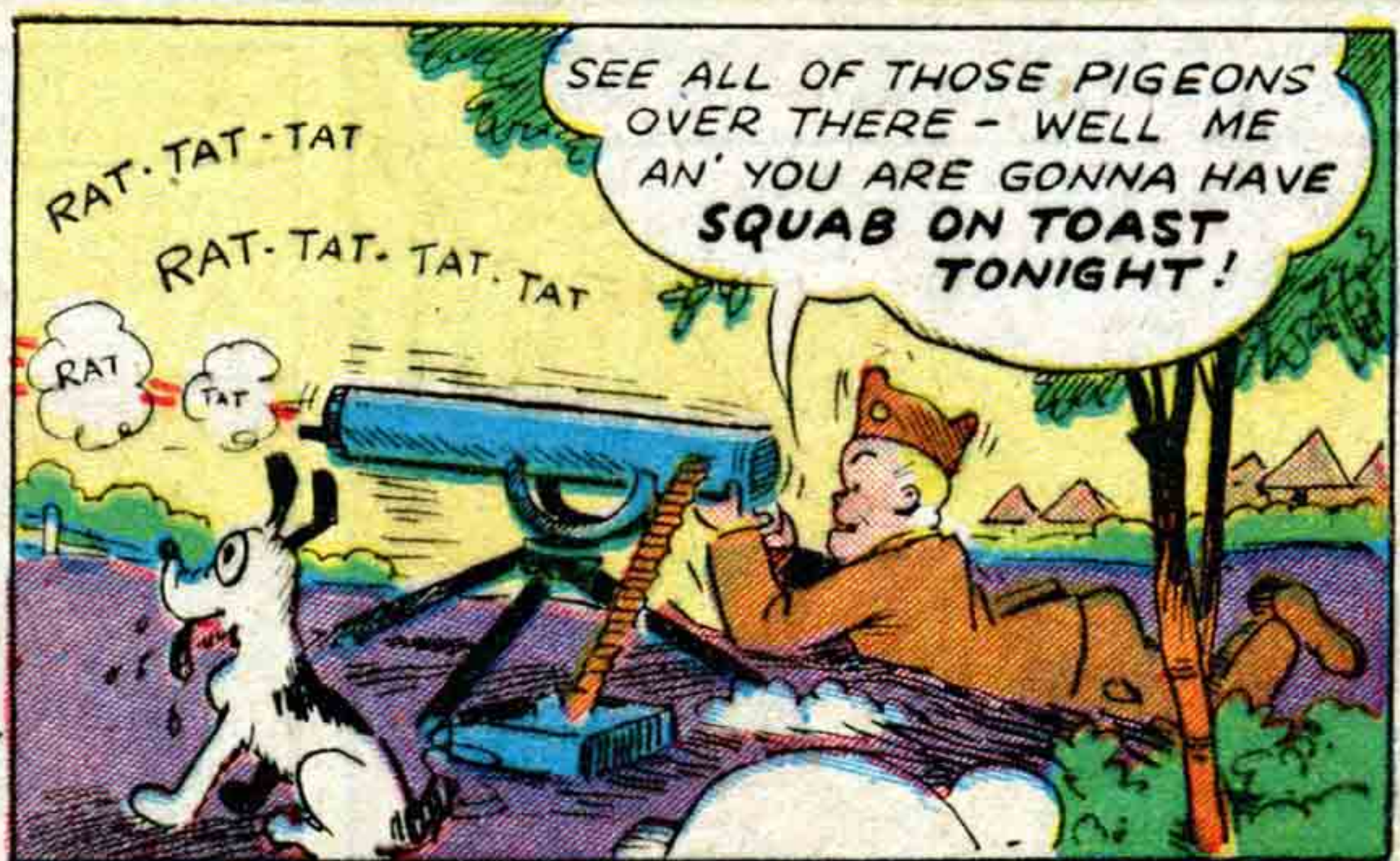
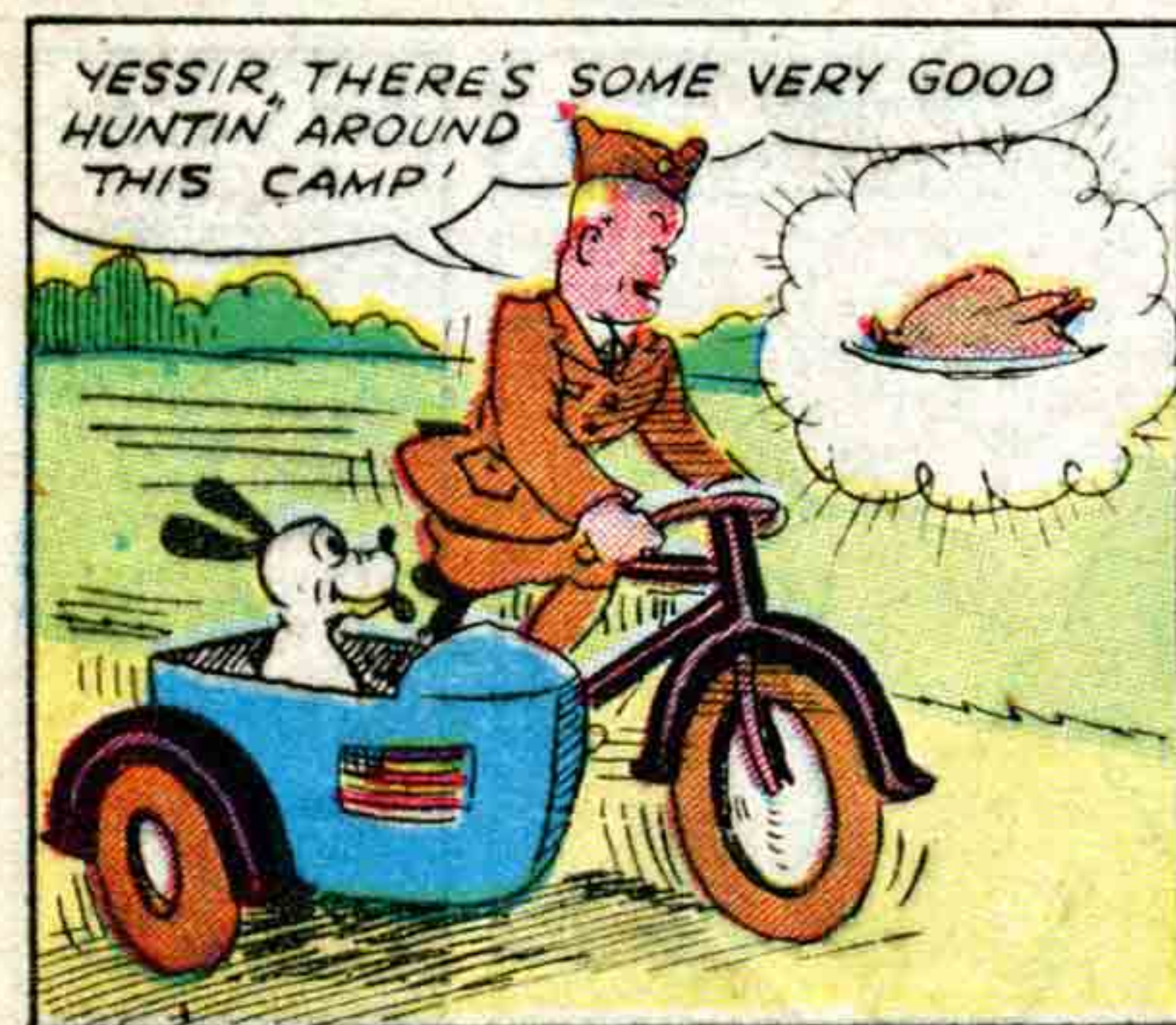
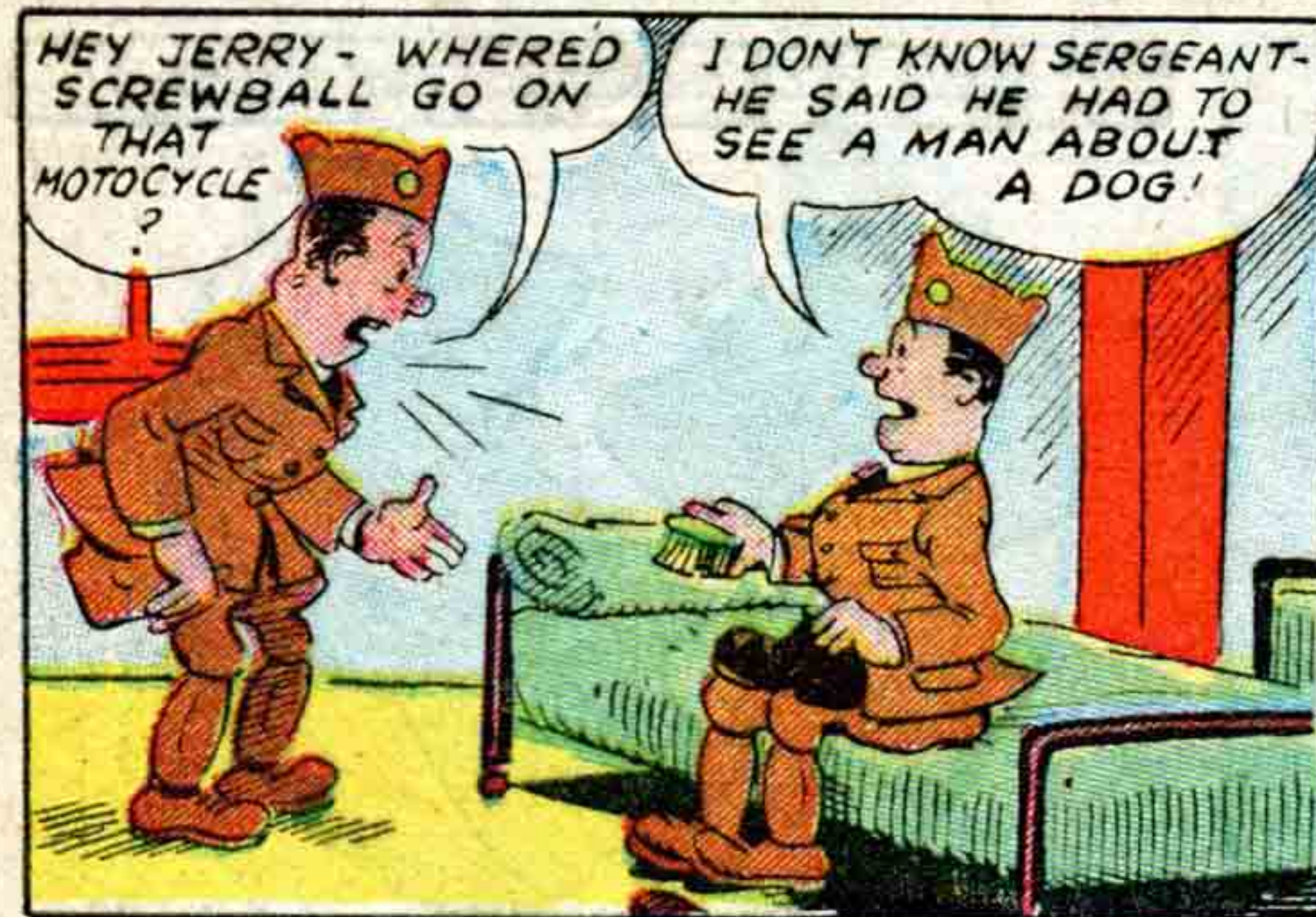
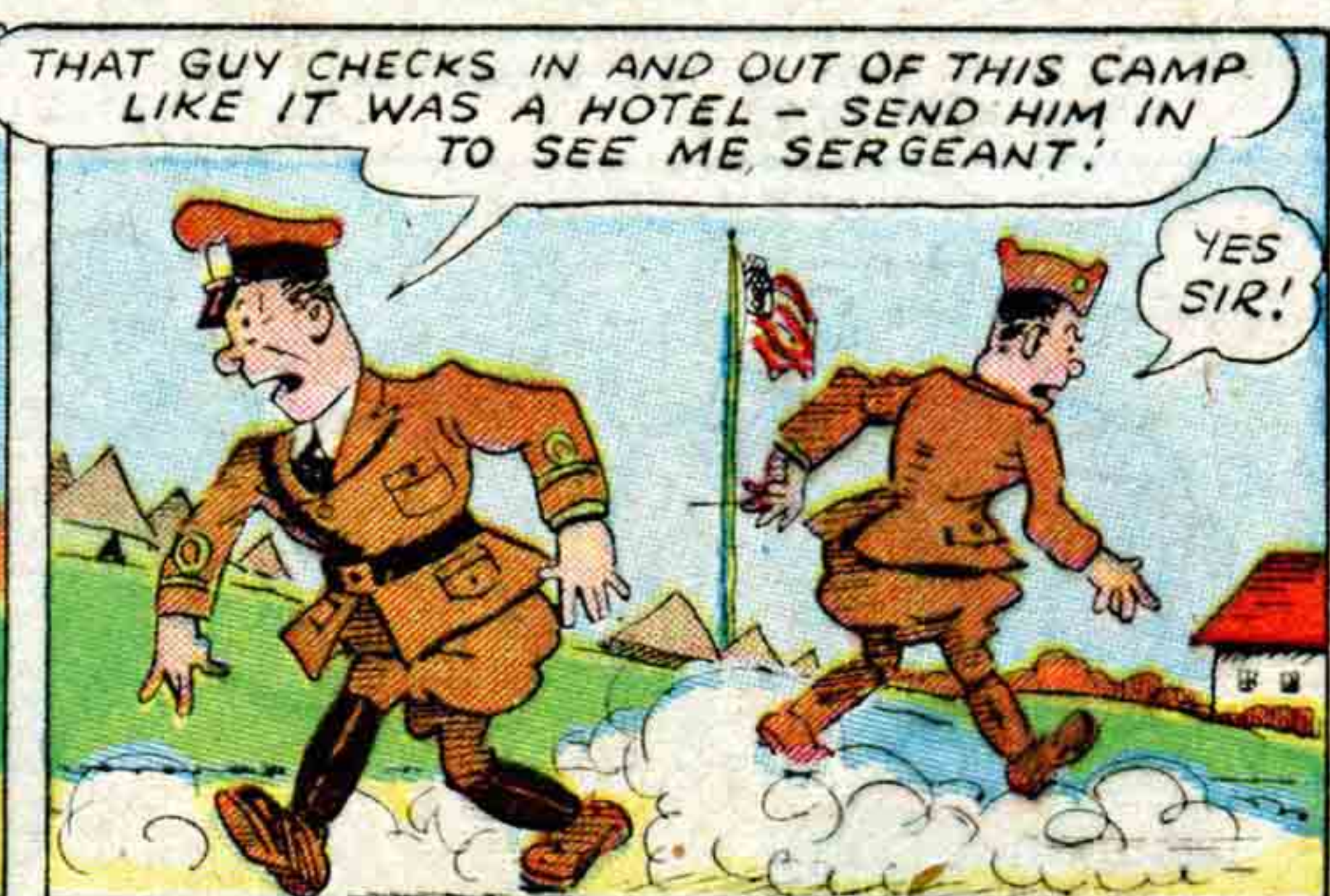
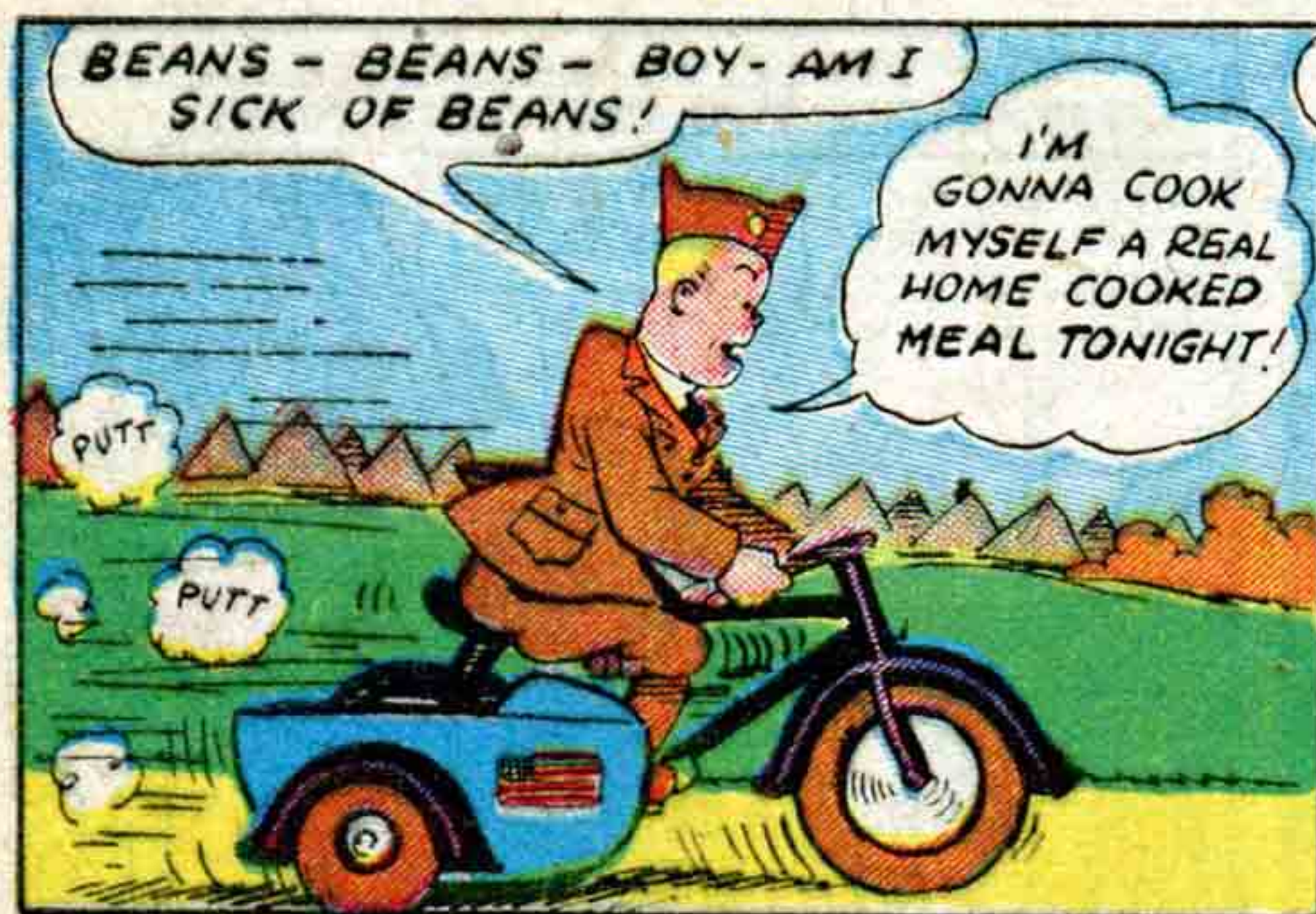
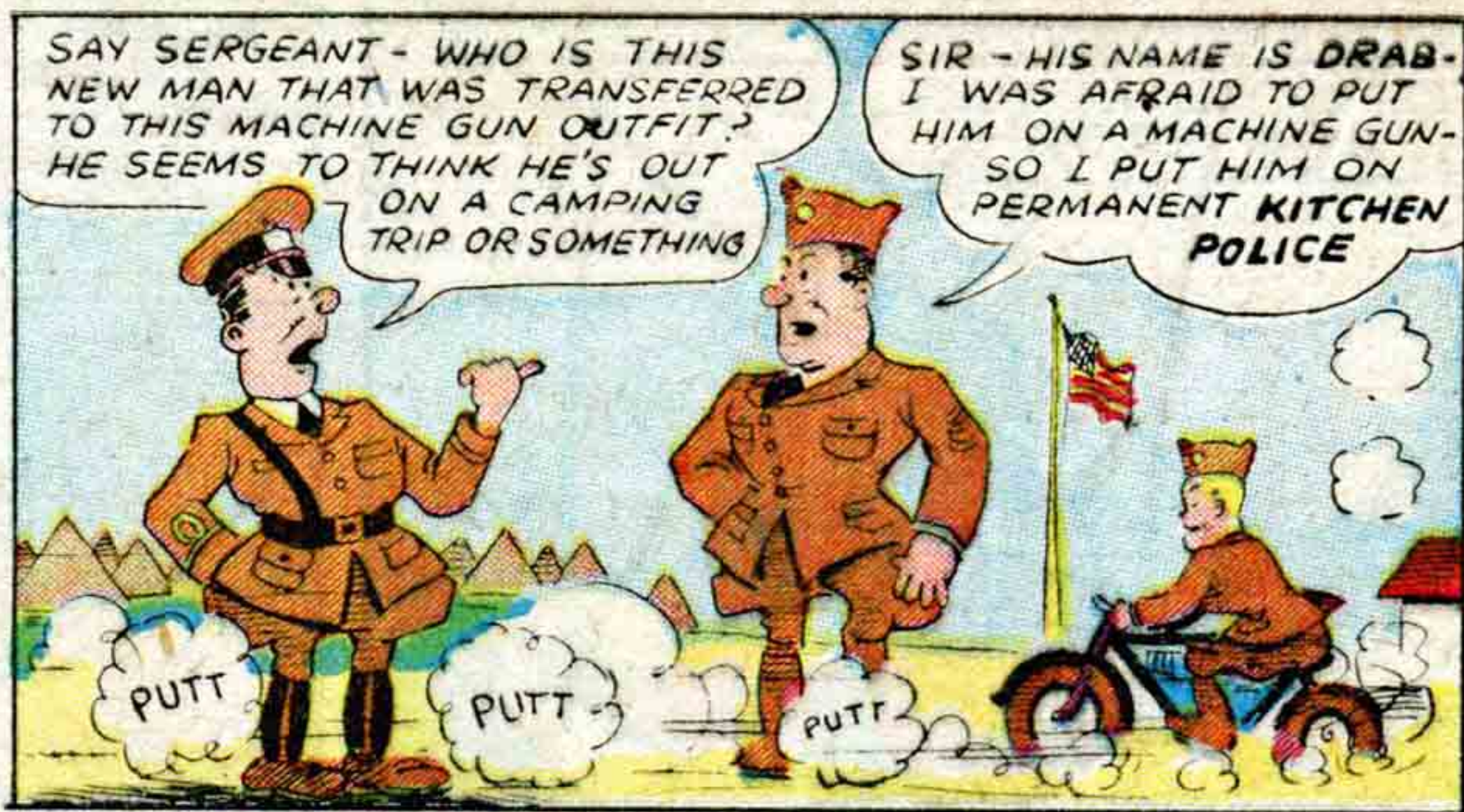
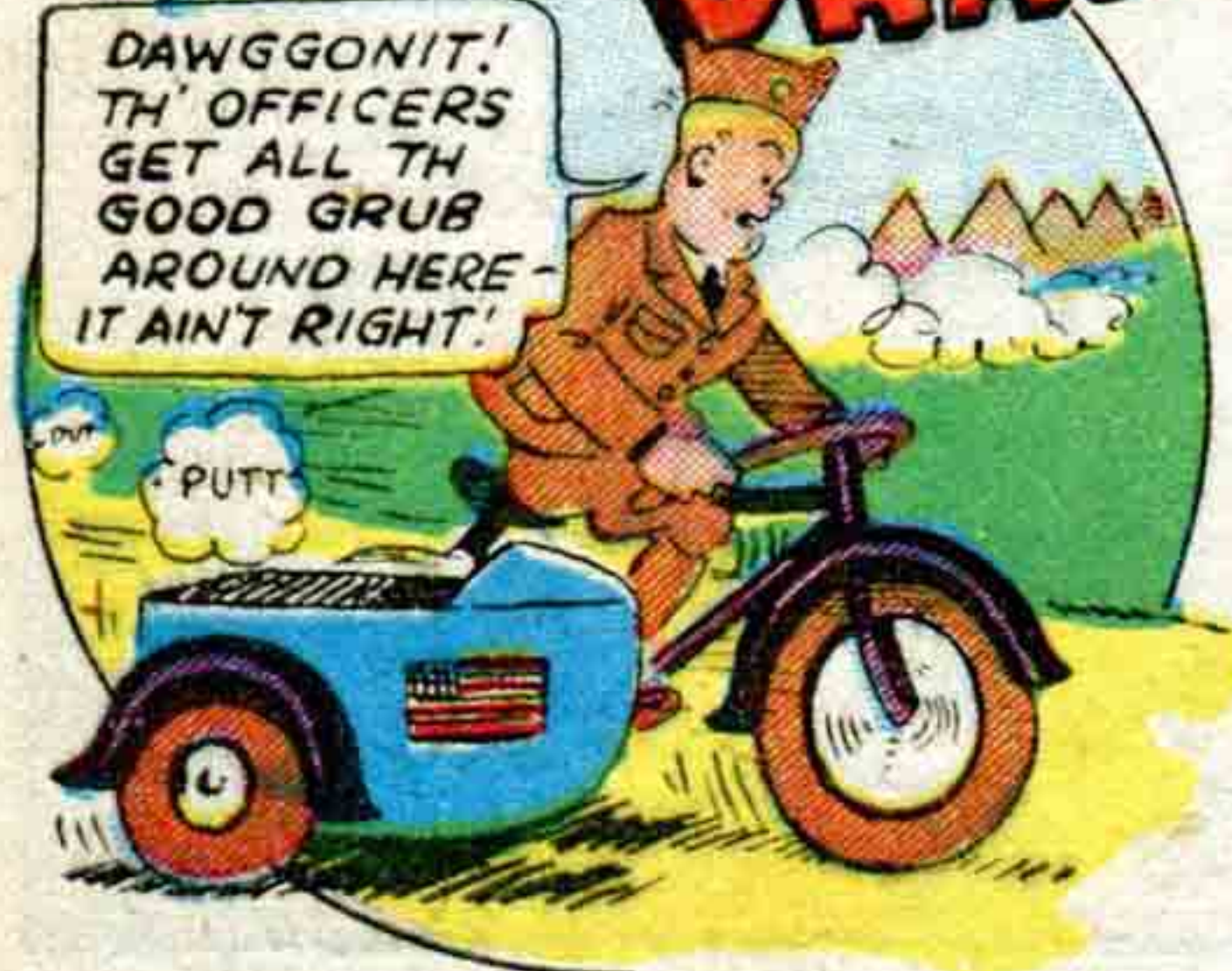
# BIG SHOT COMICS





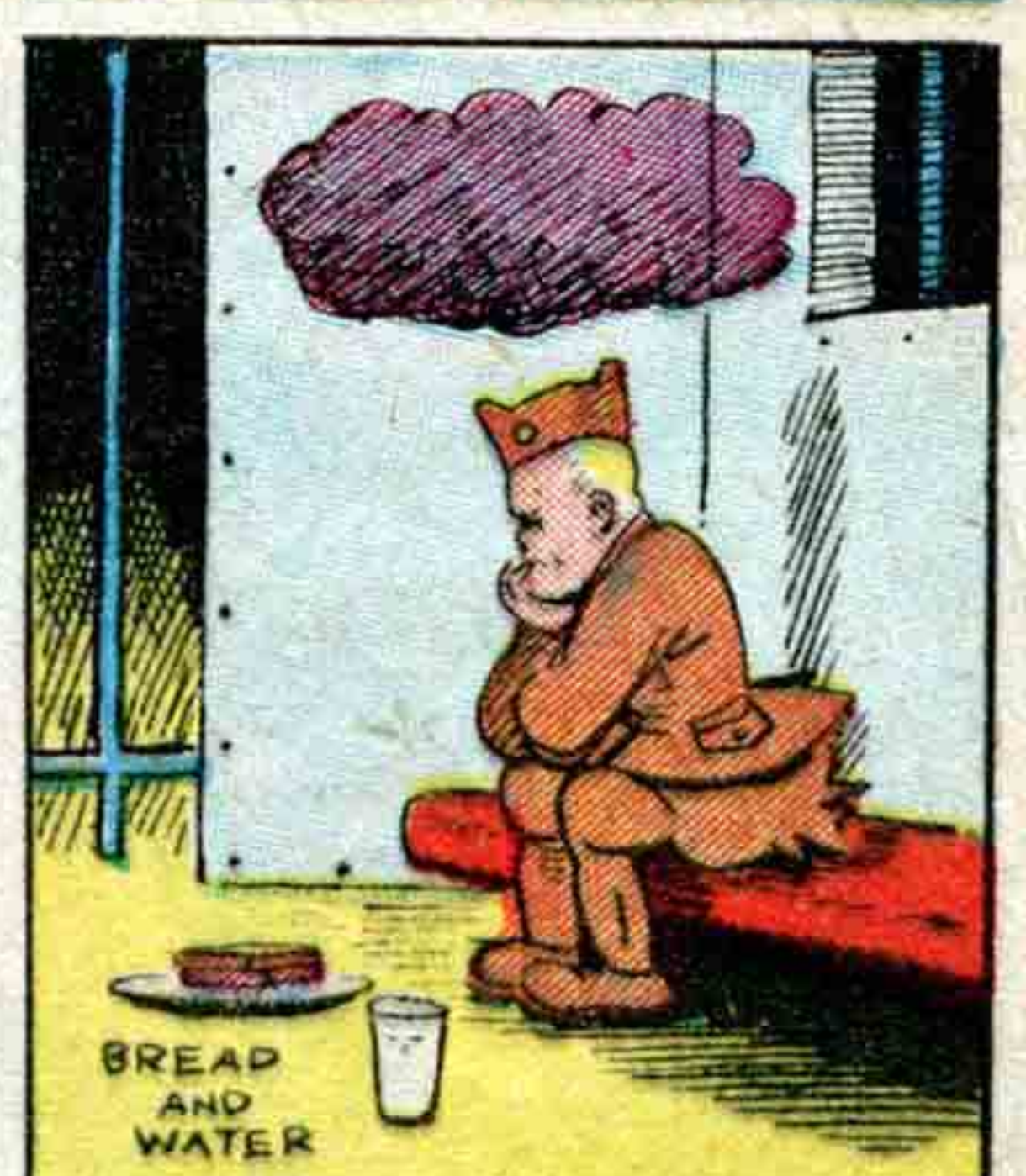
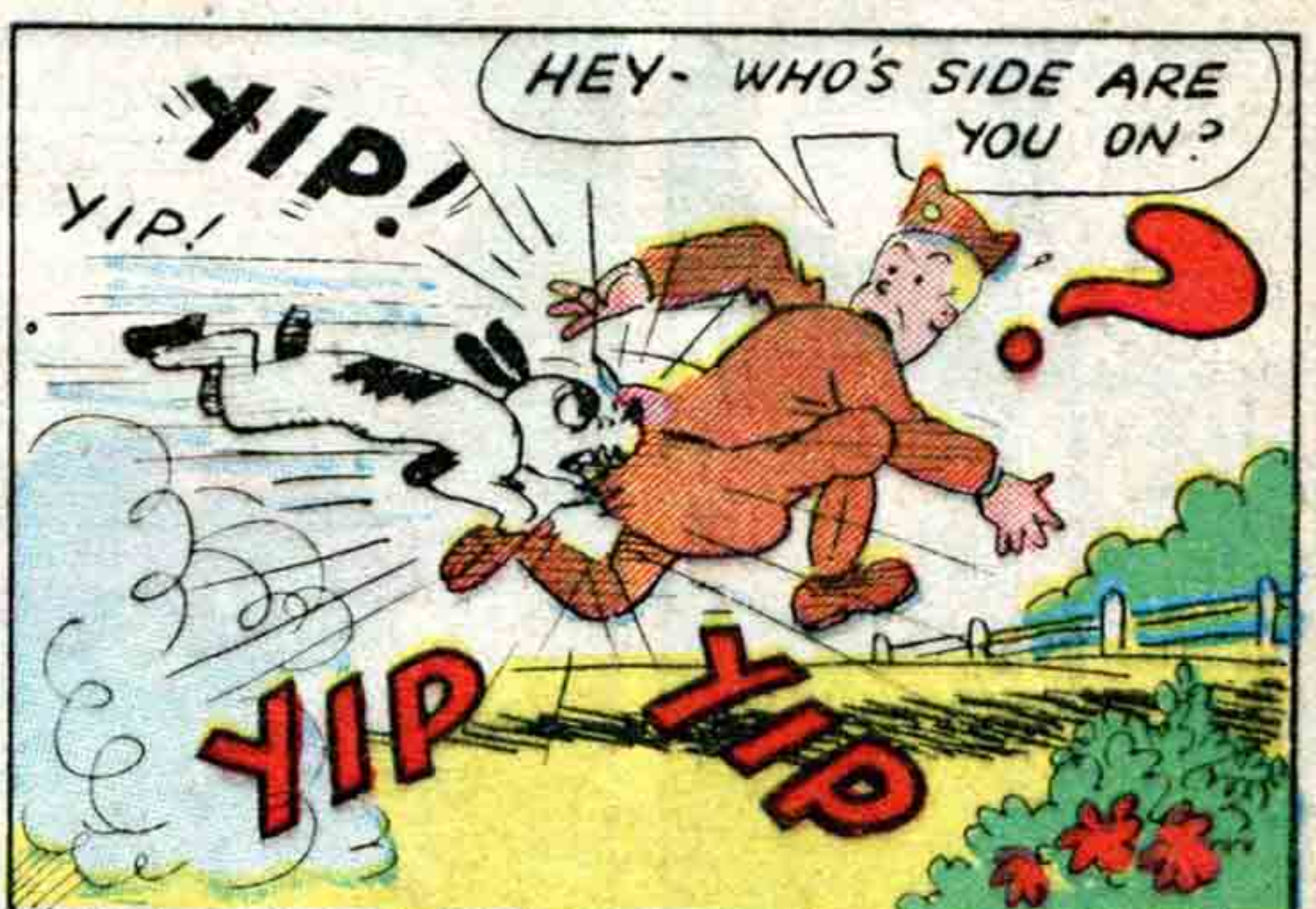
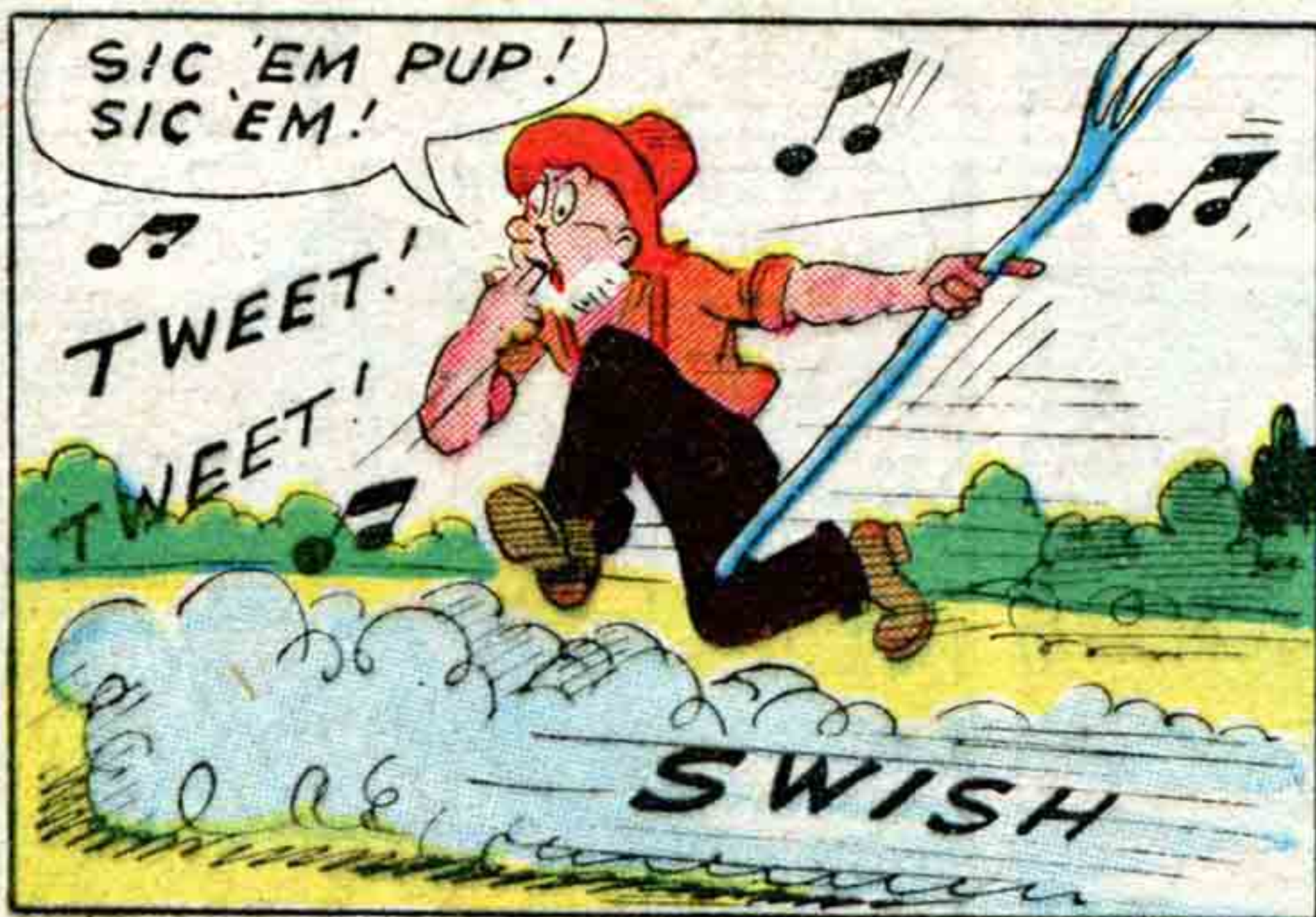
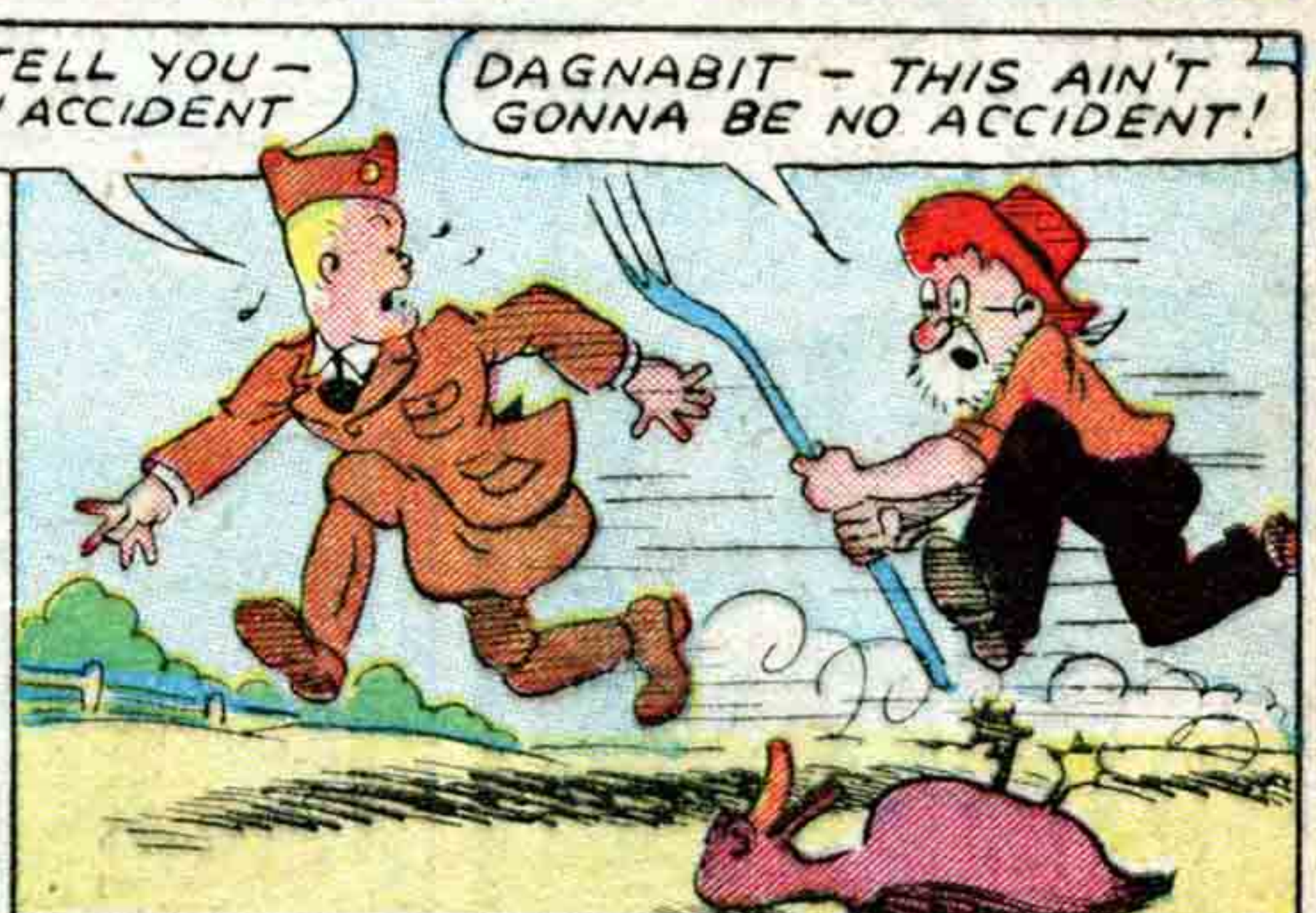
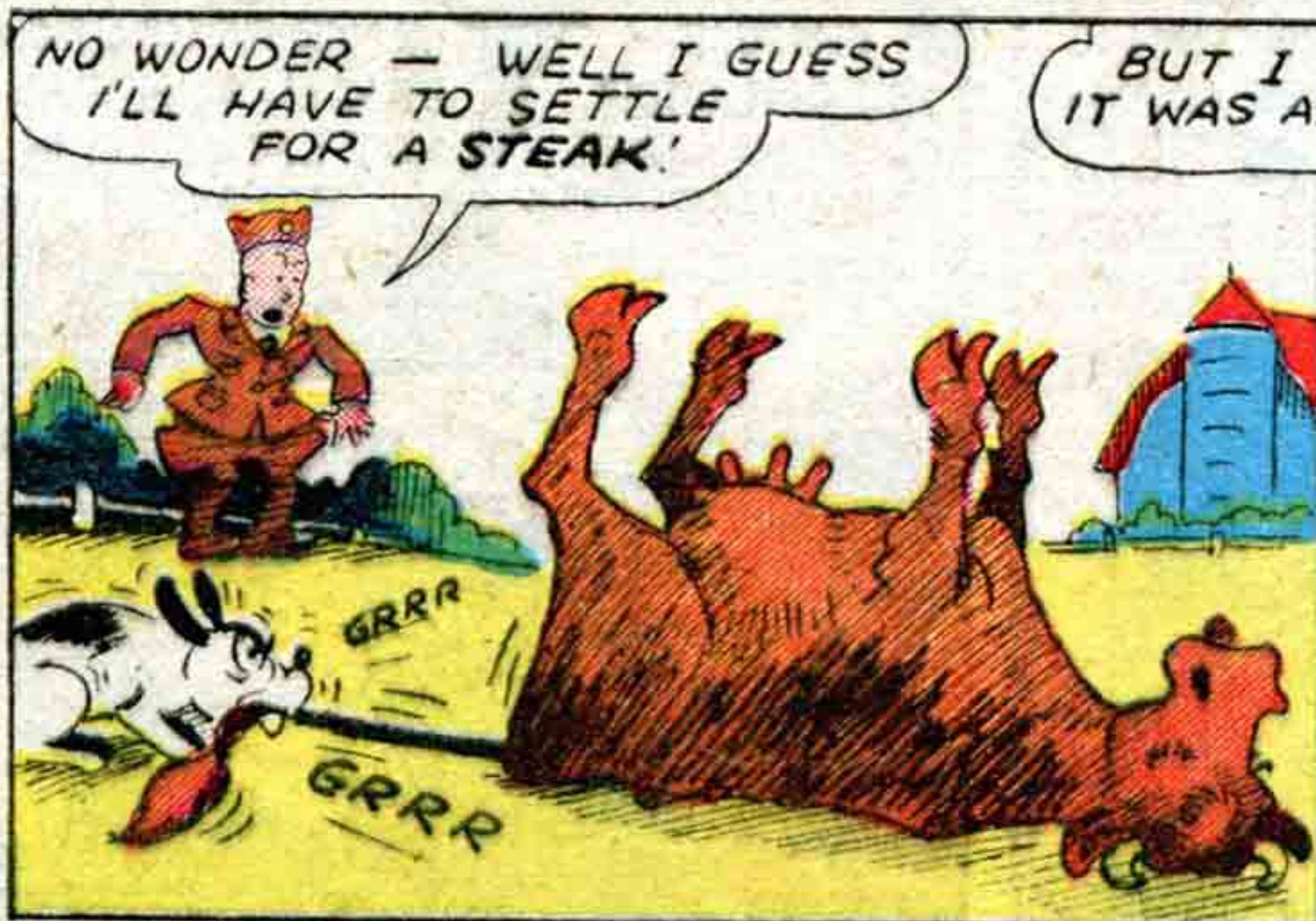
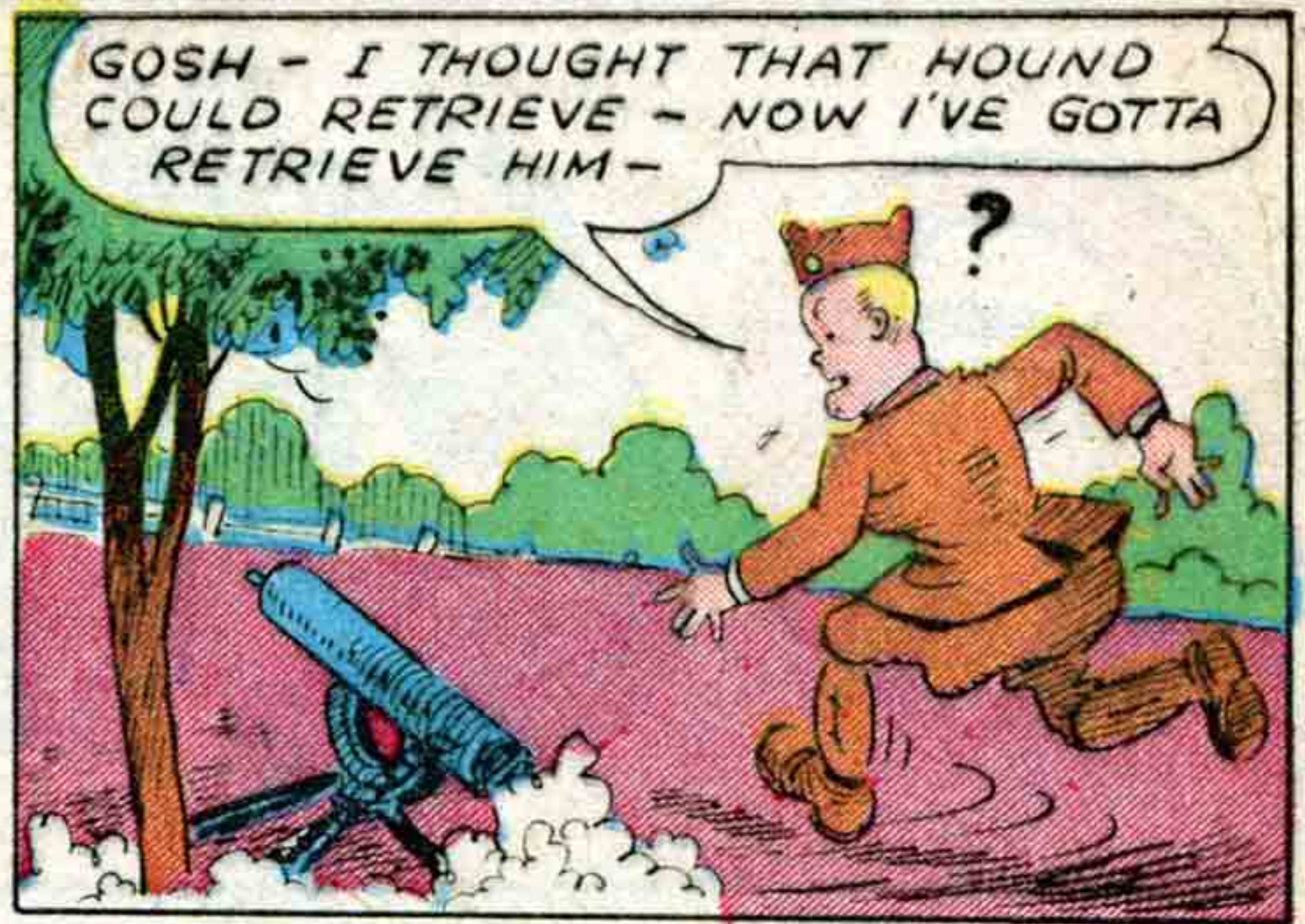
# BIG SHOT COMICS

## OLIVER DRAB





# BIG SHOT COMICS







# Charlie CHAN

MARY CONWAY'S FRIEND, ERIC, HAS BEEN FRAMED FOR MURDER. SHE HAS ASKED CHARLIE CHAN TO HELP CLEAR HIM.....  
ERIC'S IN JAIL.

AT LEAST LET ME GET WORD TO MY FRIENDS OR A LAWYER!

YOU'LL GET NOTHING BUT THE TOUGH END OF A RUBBER HOSE UNTIL YOU CONFESS!

MEANWHILE CHARLIE CHAN IS STILL TWENTY MILES AWAY...  
- AND WHOEVER ROBBED THE HOTEL ROCKINGHAM SAFE LEFT ERIC'S GLOVE!

HAH! ETHIOPIAN LURKS IN WOOD PILE!

CHARLIE- YOU CAN STOP CHIEF HAYCOXE FROM ARRESTING ERIC, CAN'T YOU?

MAKE RESOLUTION ERIC MARLIN WILL NOT LANGUISH IN BASTILLE!

JAILER! LET ME GET WORD TO MARY OR CHAN!

PIPE DOWN!

THAT CARNIVAL MANAGER, MARLIN, ROBBED OUR BANK AND SHOT POOR JIMMY OLSON!

THAT'S THE SECOND MURDER IN FOUR DAYS! LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MARLIN OUGHT TO BE HUNG!

LET'S STRING HIM UP!

THAT'S IT! THE SOONER THE BETTER!

GET A ROPE!

HERE'S ONE!

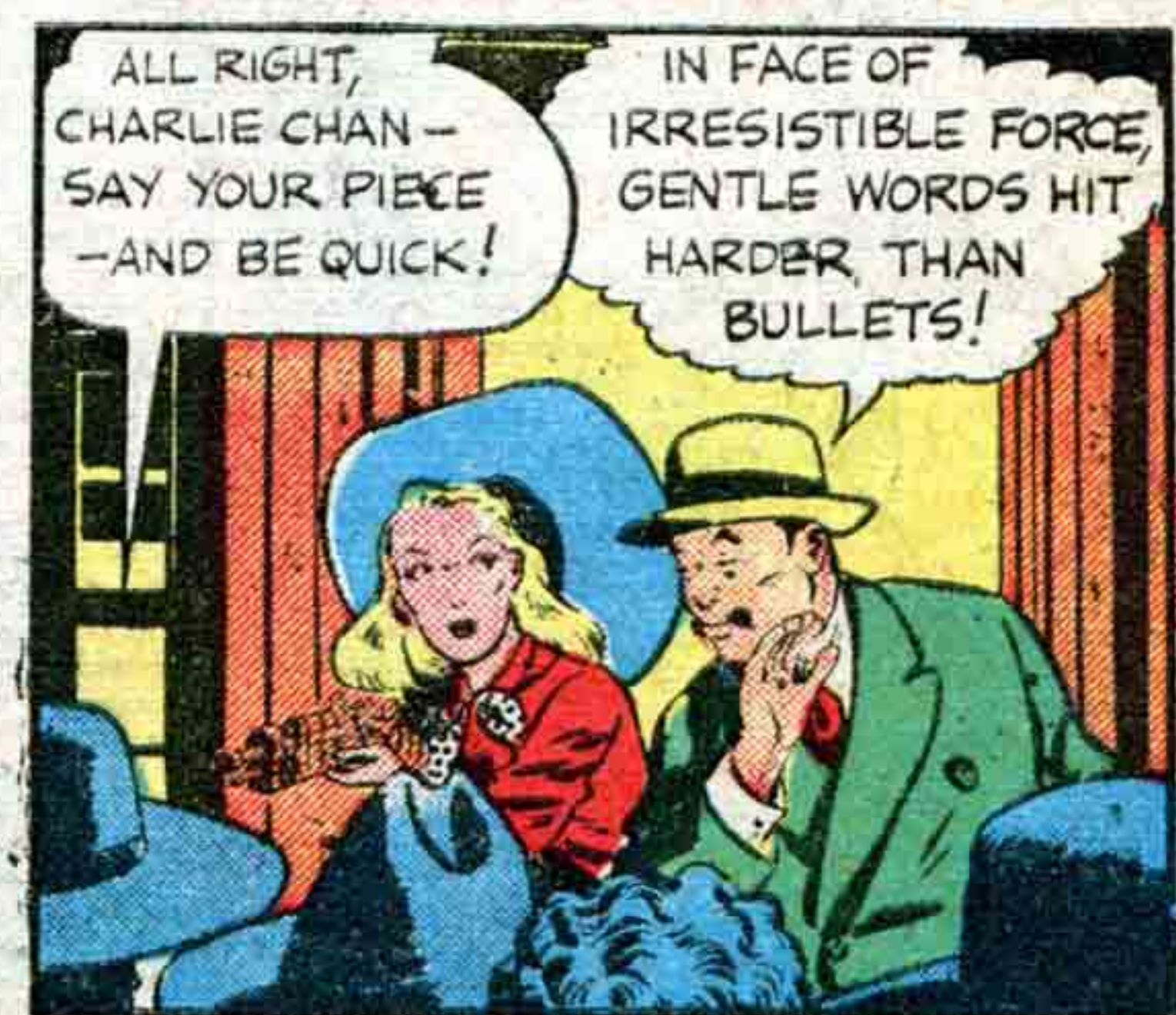
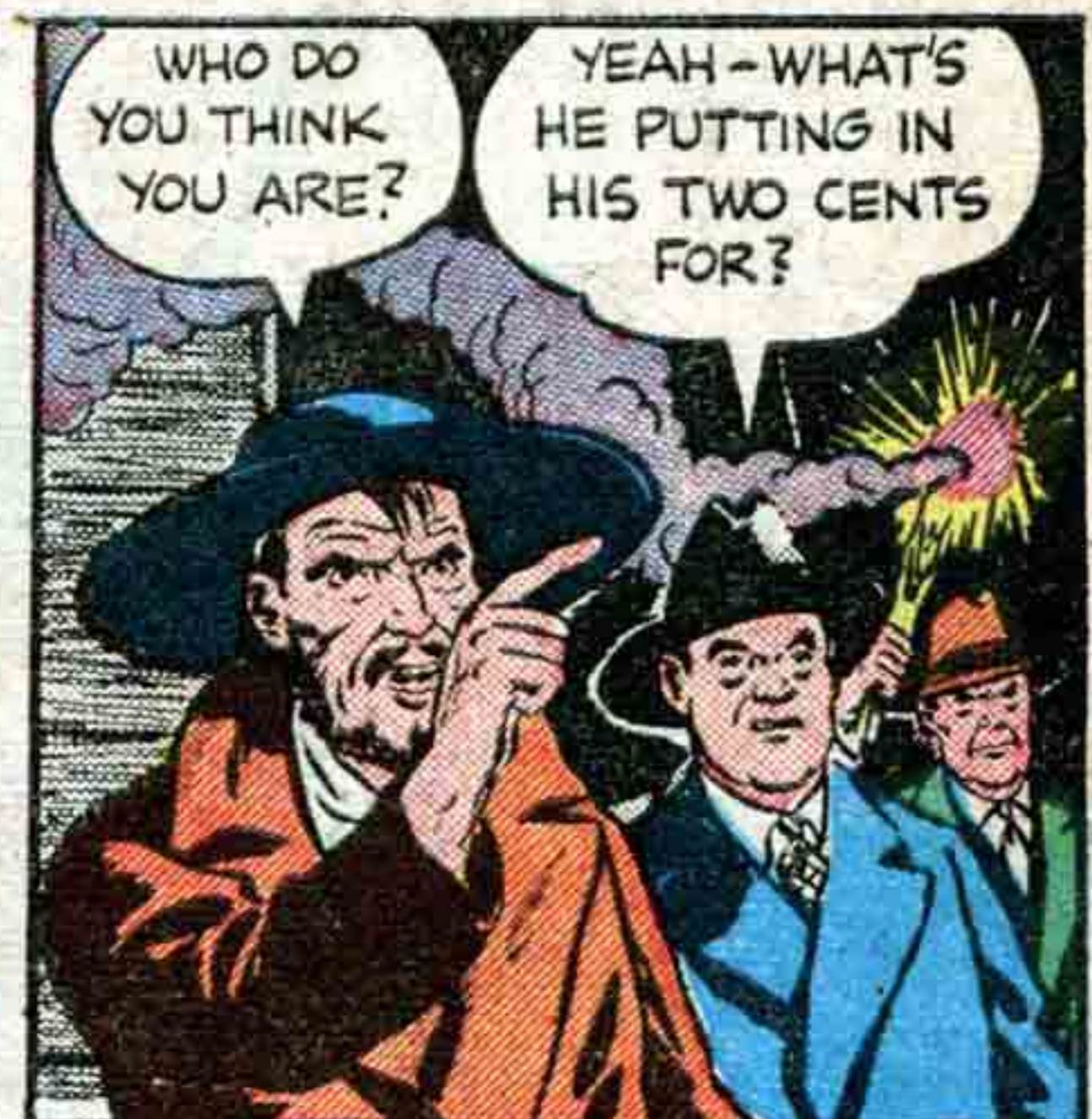
As CHARLIE CHAN AND MARY CONWAY REACH ROCKINGHAM, THE TOWNSPEOPLE STORM THE JAIL TO LYNCH HER FIANCE, ERIC MARLIN

LYNCH ERIC? OH, CHARLIE! WE MUST STOP THEM!

MOB CANNOT THINK - CAN ONLY ACT!



# BIG SHOT COMICS

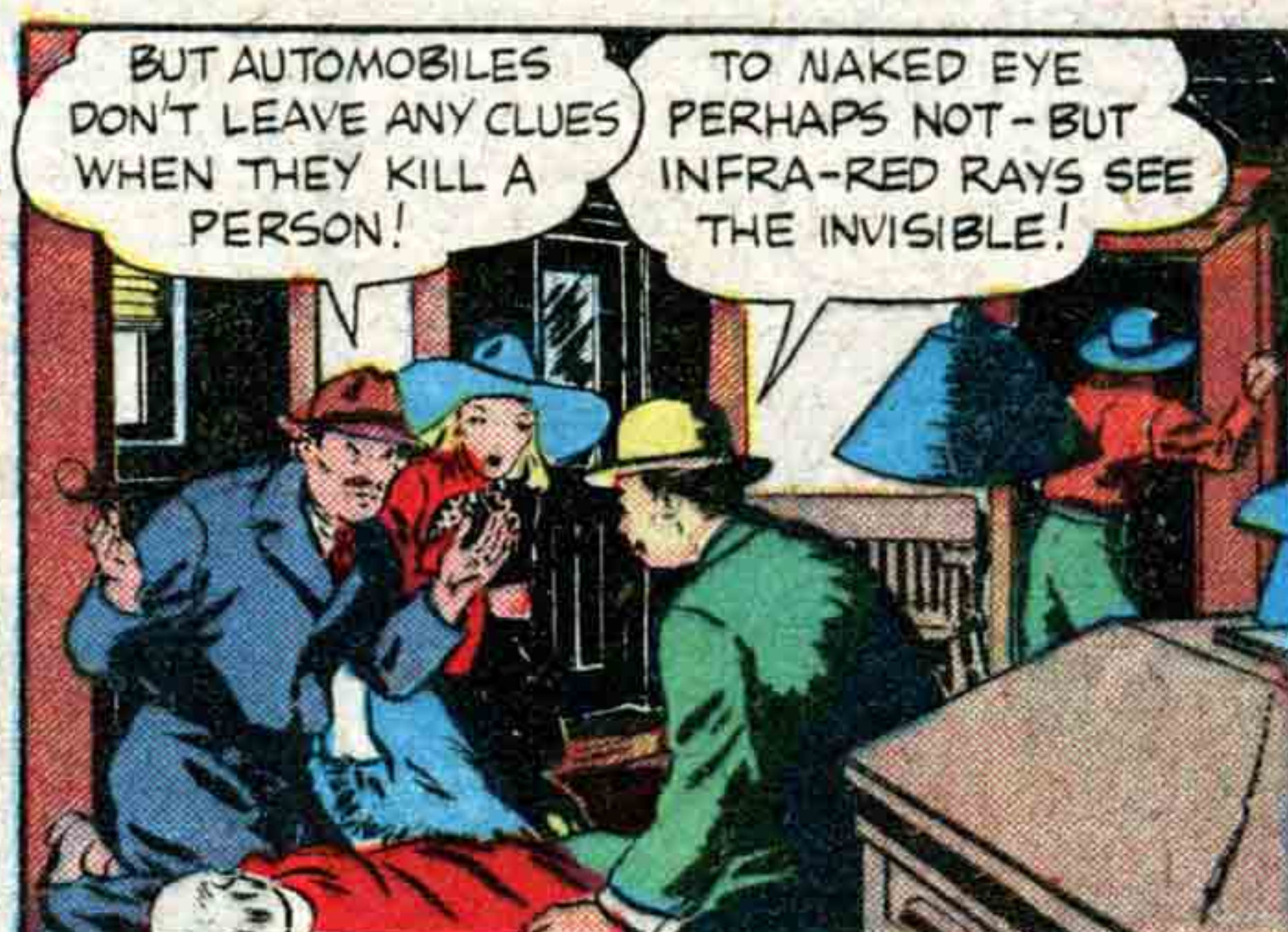




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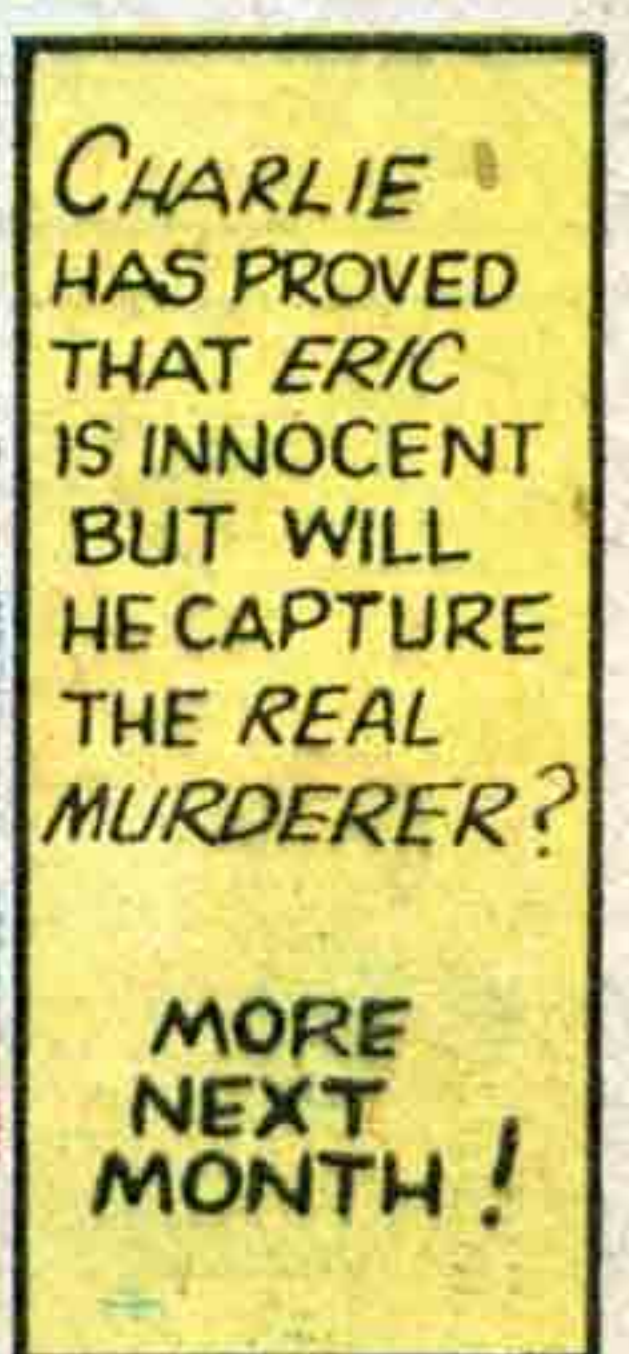


HAVING GAINED FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO PROVE ERIC MARLIN'S INNOCENCE, CHARLIE EXAMINES THE BODY OF THE MURDERED WATCHMAN...





# BIG SHOT COMICS





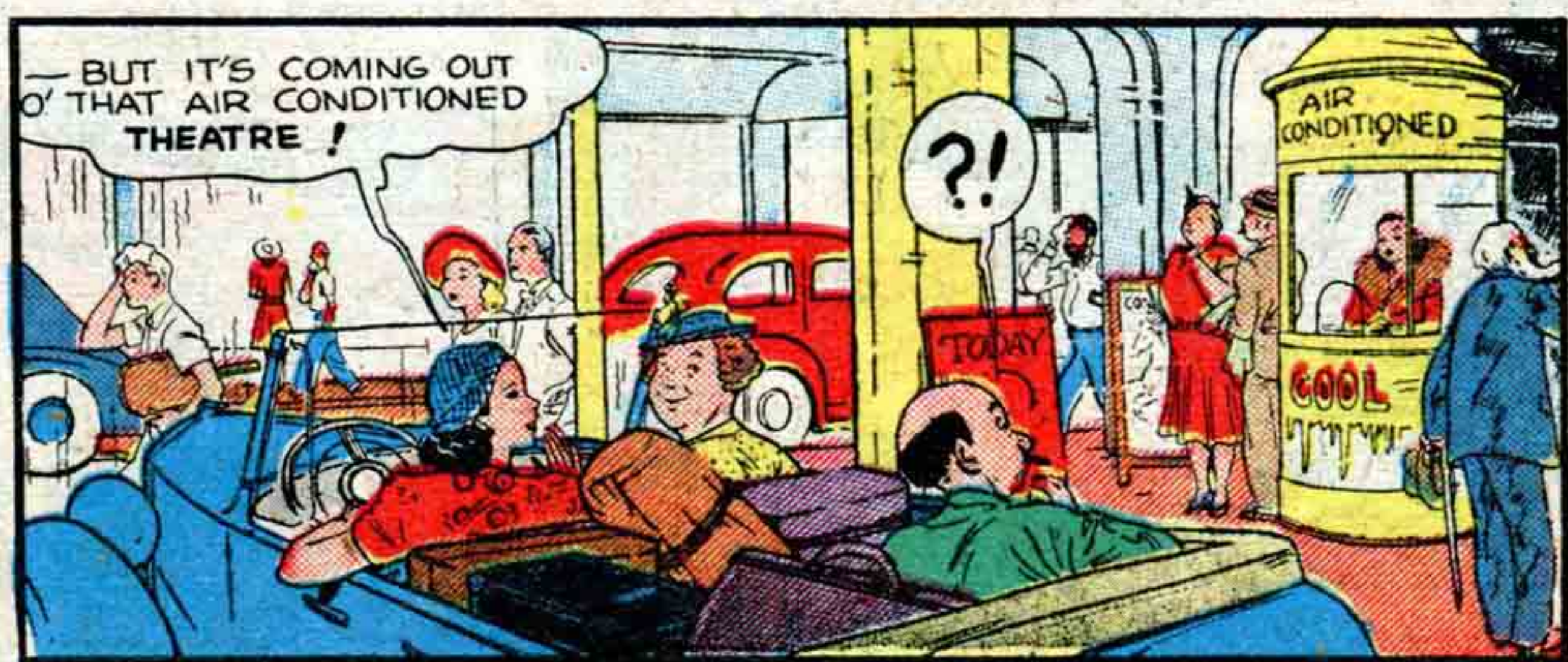
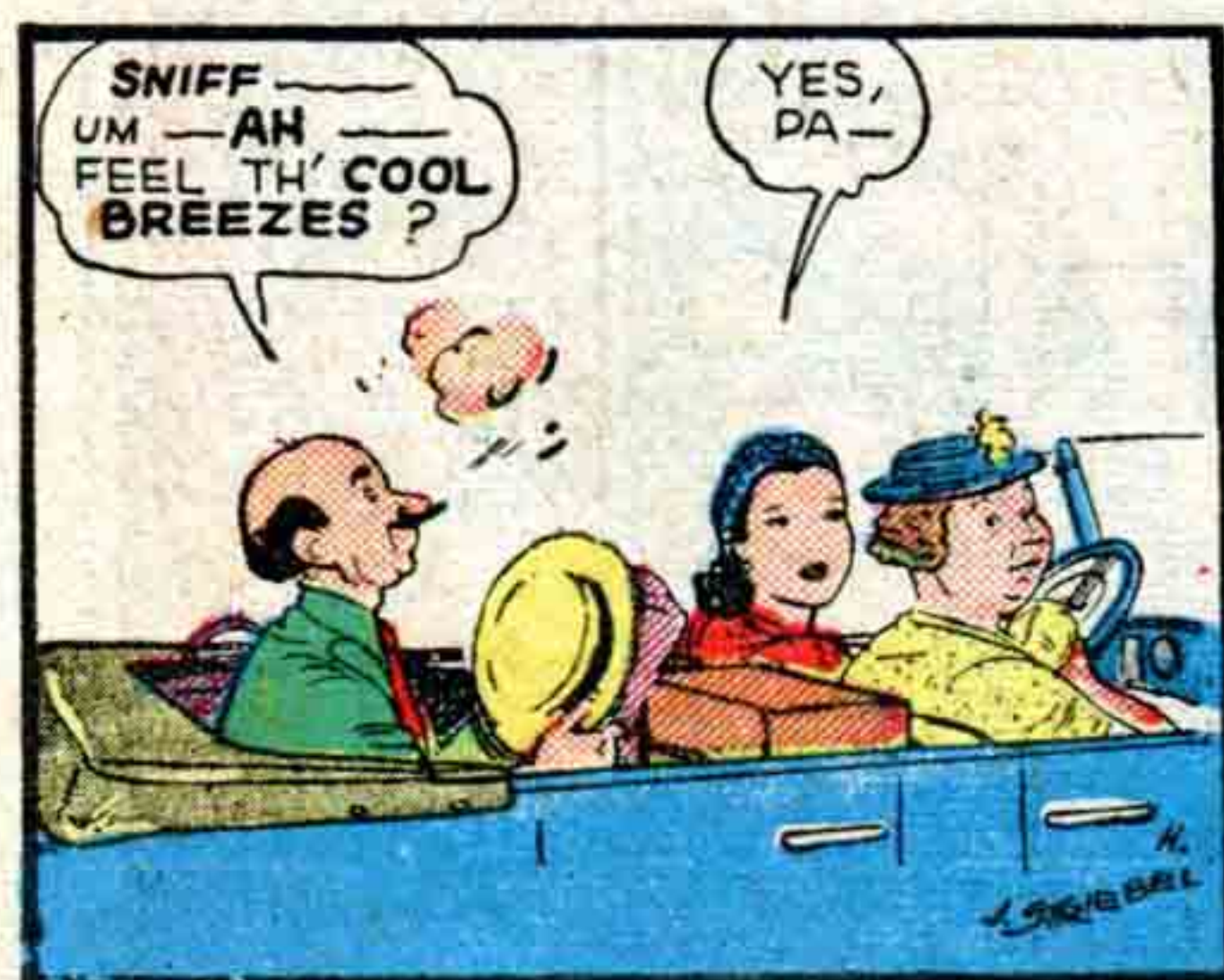
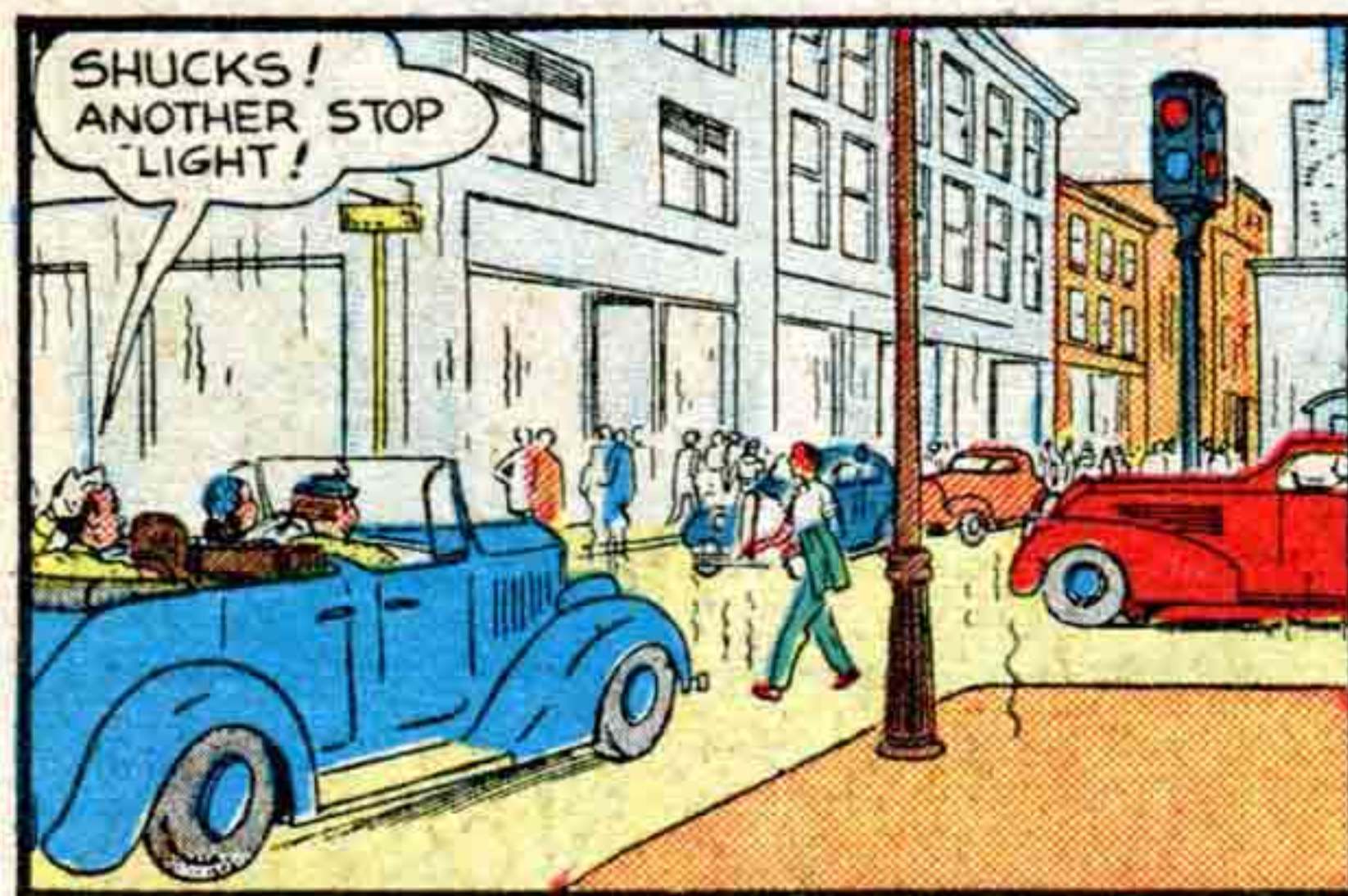
# BIG SHOT COMICS



## DIXIE DUGAN

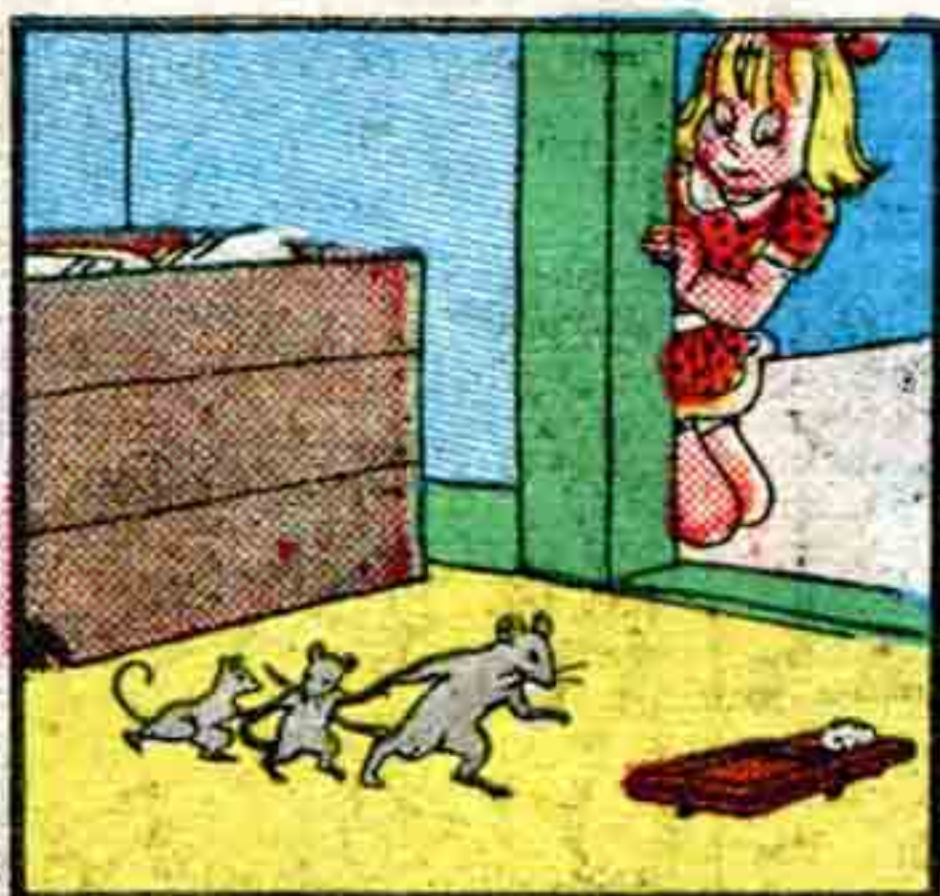
By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

THE DUGANS HAVE RENTED A COTTAGE AT THE BEACH!



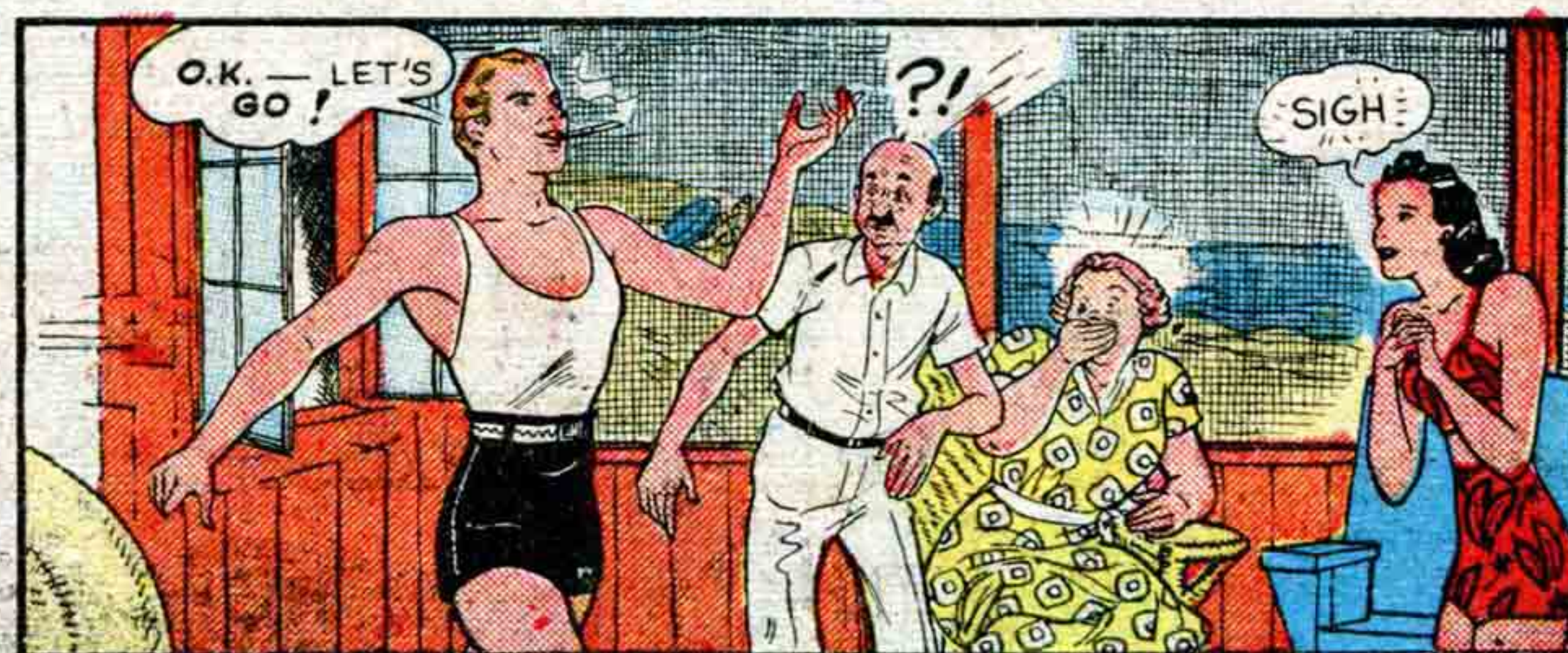
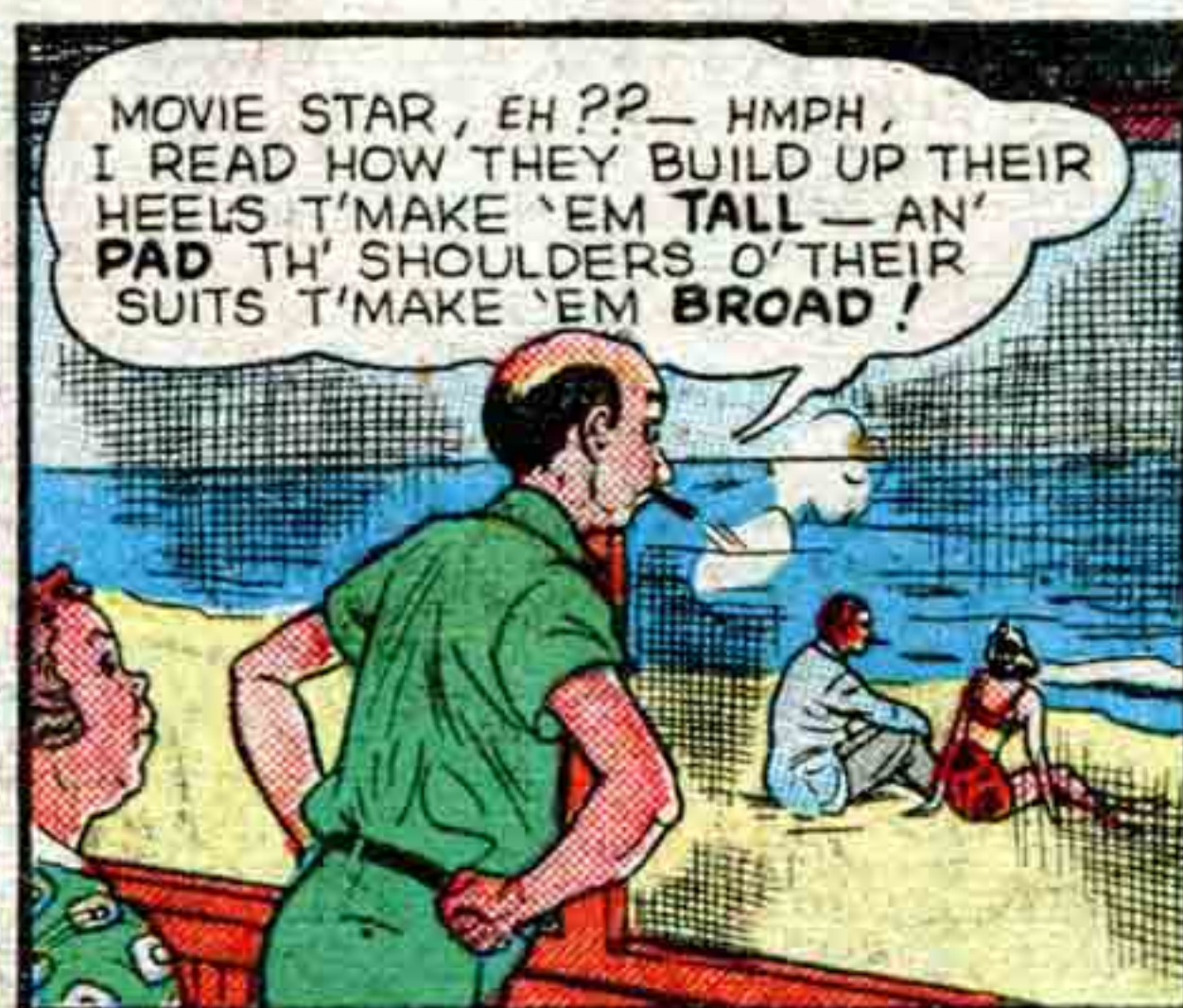
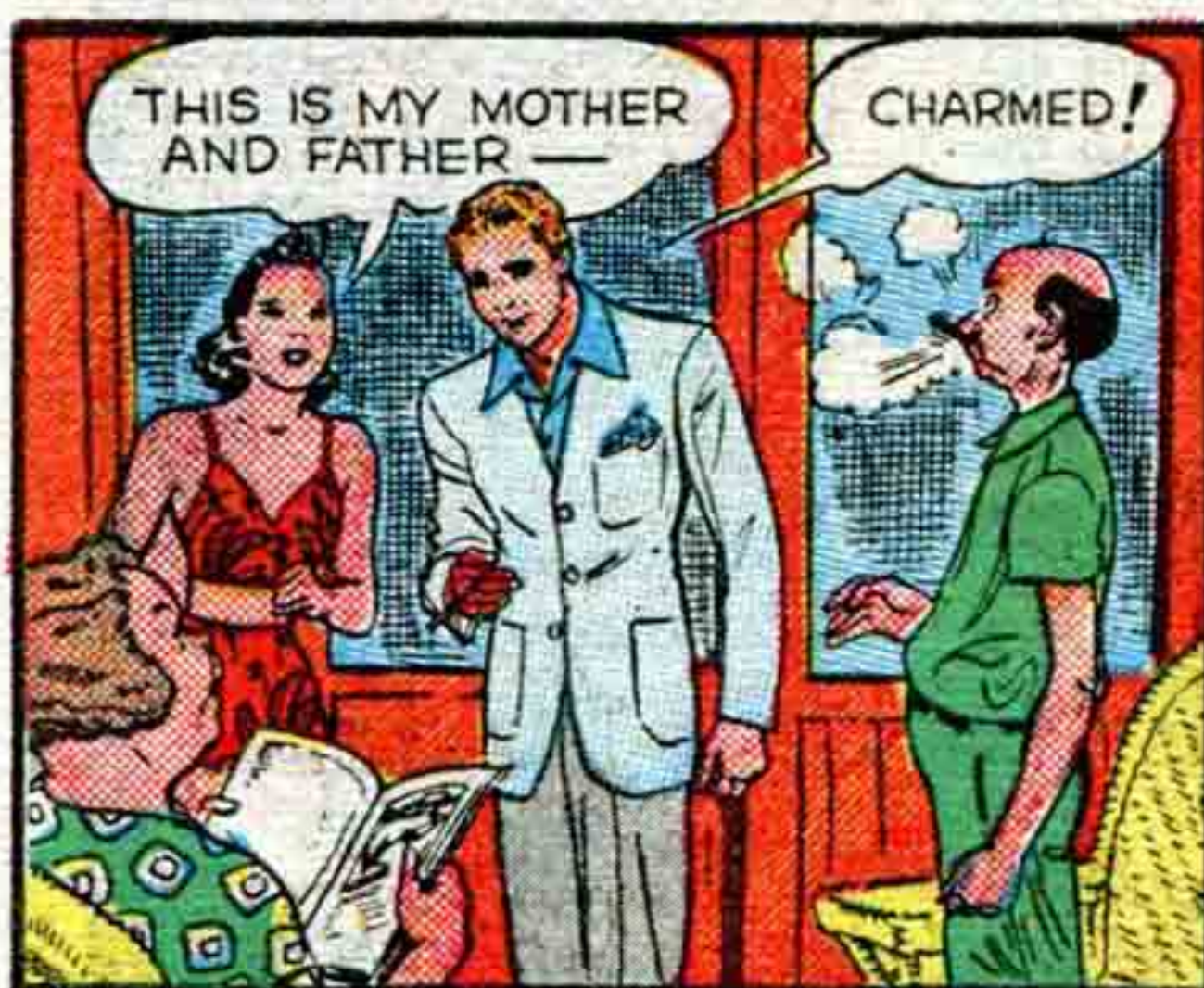


# BIG SHOT COMICS



## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



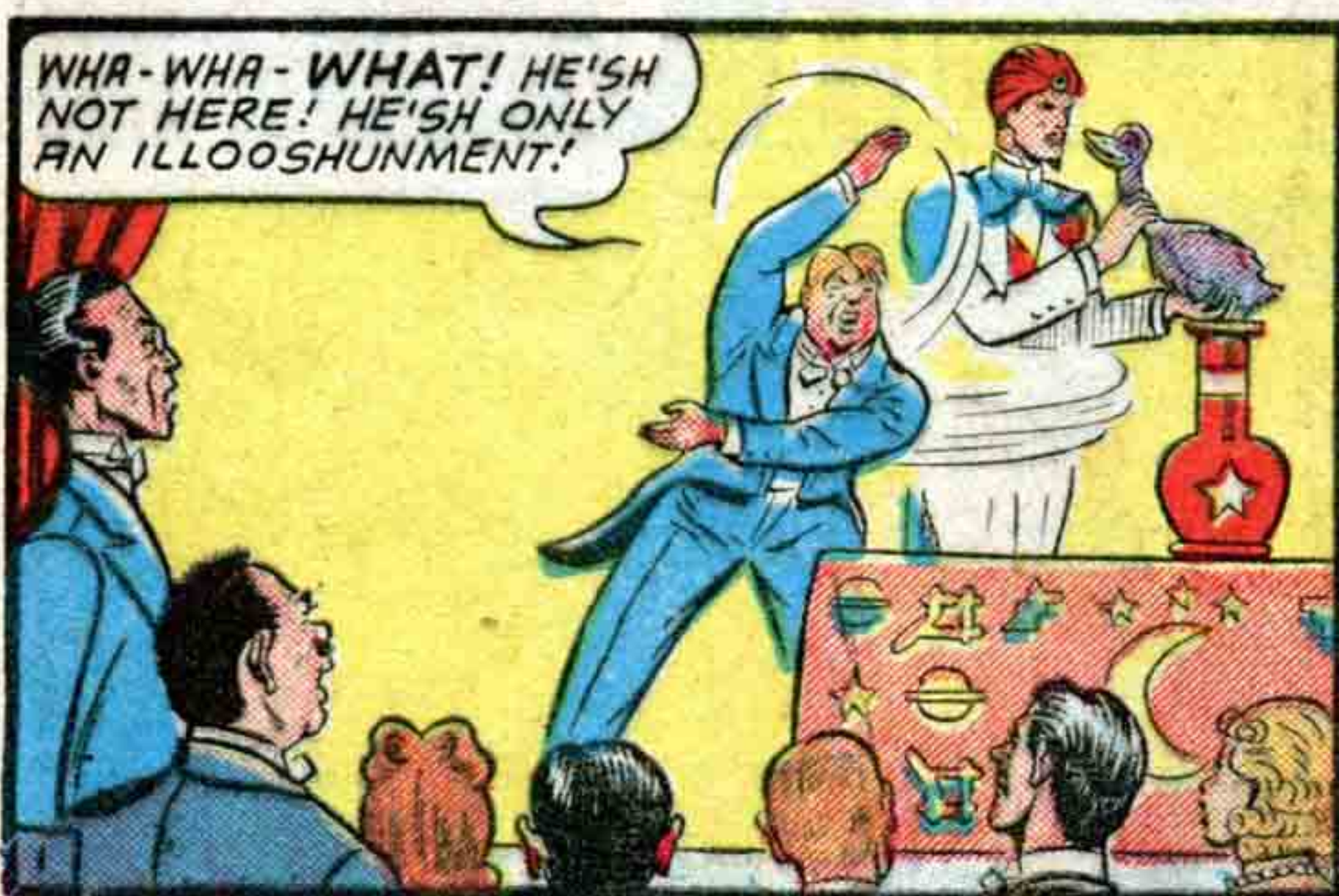
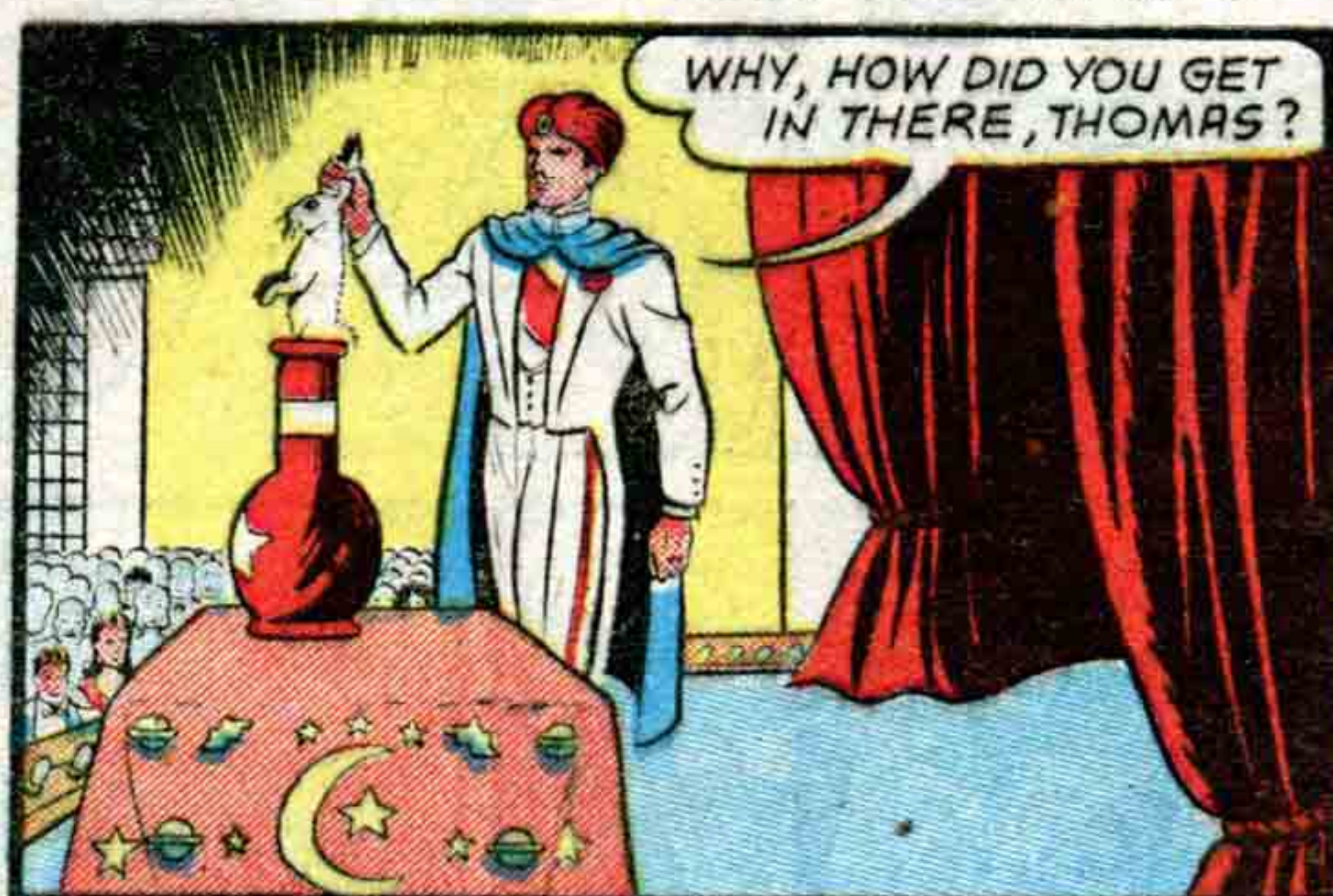


# MARVELO

## MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

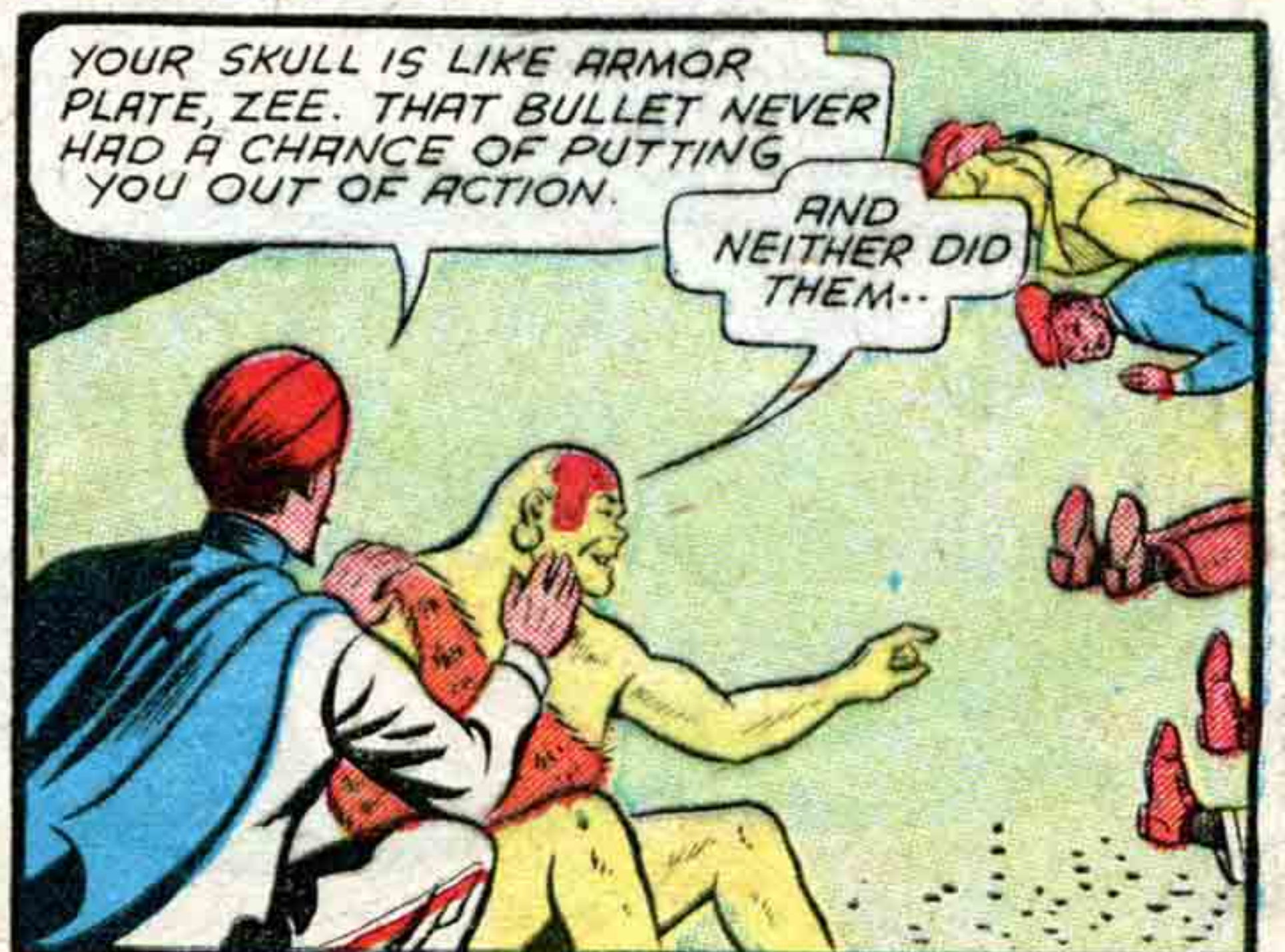
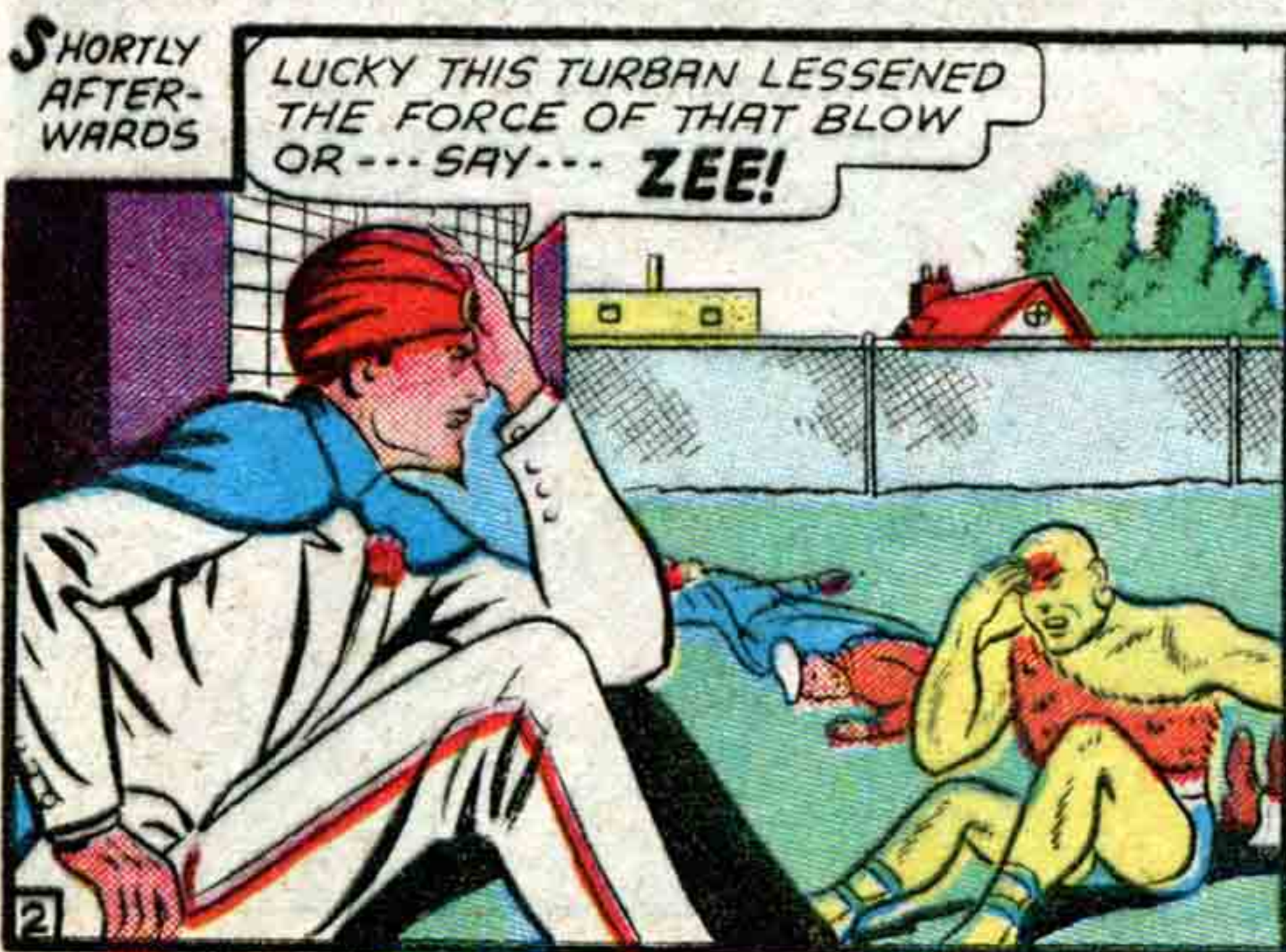
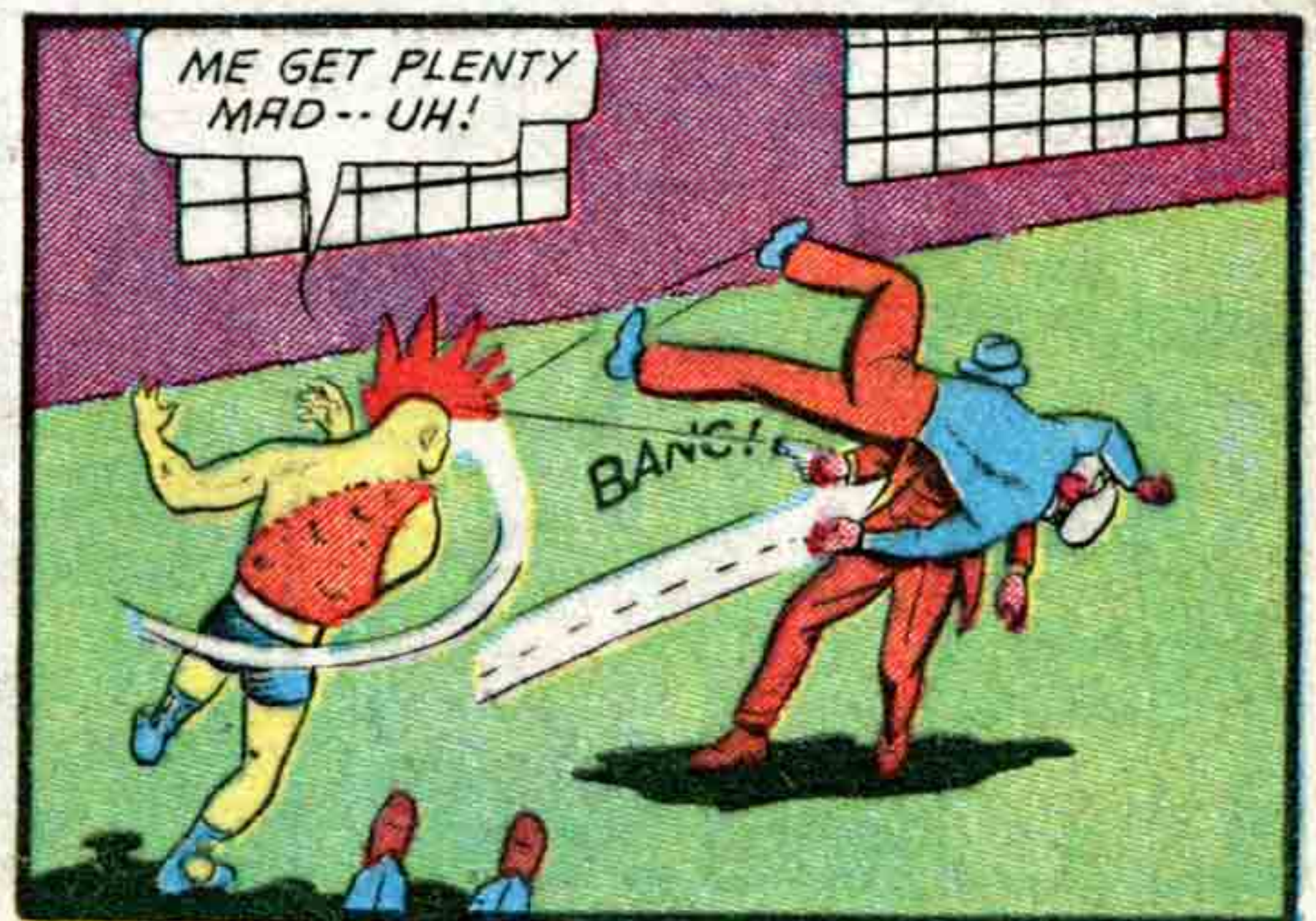
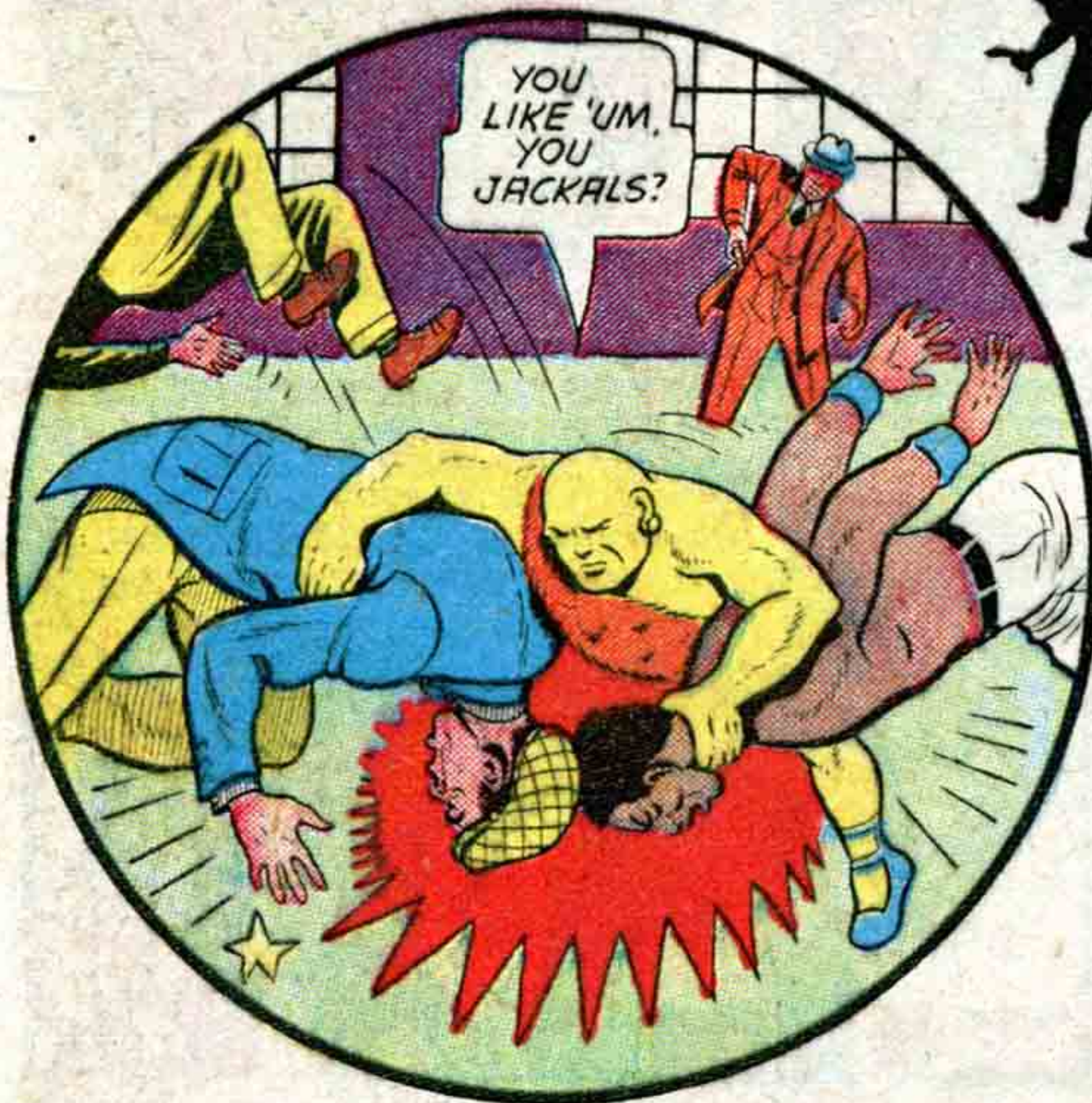
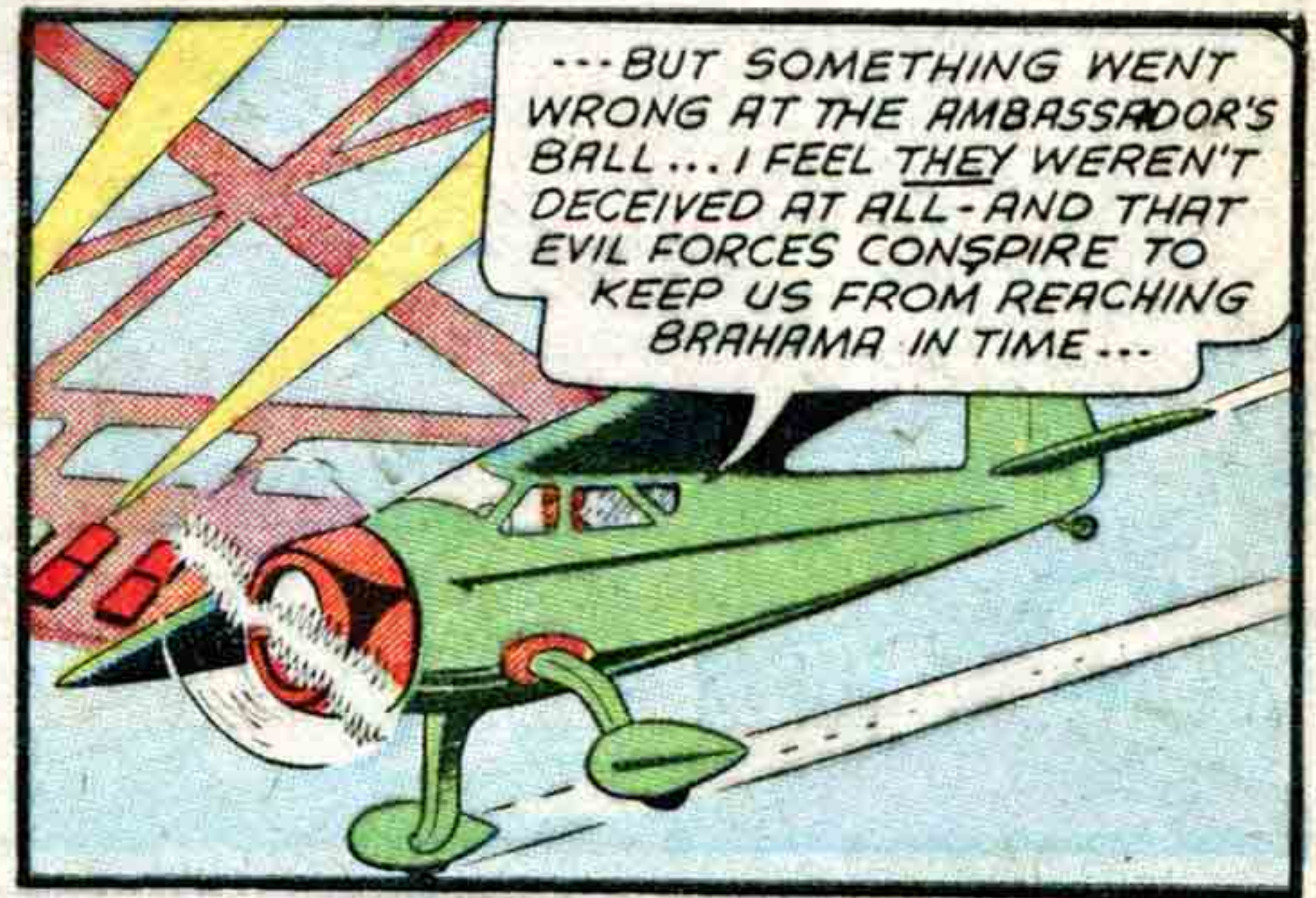


**BRAHAMA**—THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND WHERE NOT EVEN A KNIFE HAS BEEN USED IN ANGER FOR CENTURIES ---- IS THREATENED NOW WITH INVASION AND "PROTECTION." THE DISCOVERY OF VAST DEPOSITS OF TUNGSTEN, SO RARE AND NECESSARY IN THE PRODUCTION OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES, HAS DRAWN TO IT LIKE A LODESTONE THE IRON WARSHIPS OF TWO MIGHTY EMPIRES—





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

JUST AS THE GREAT CLIPPER PLANE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF...



ME NO UNDERSTAND, MASTER! WHY WE FLY LIKE SPARROW BEFORE HAWK?

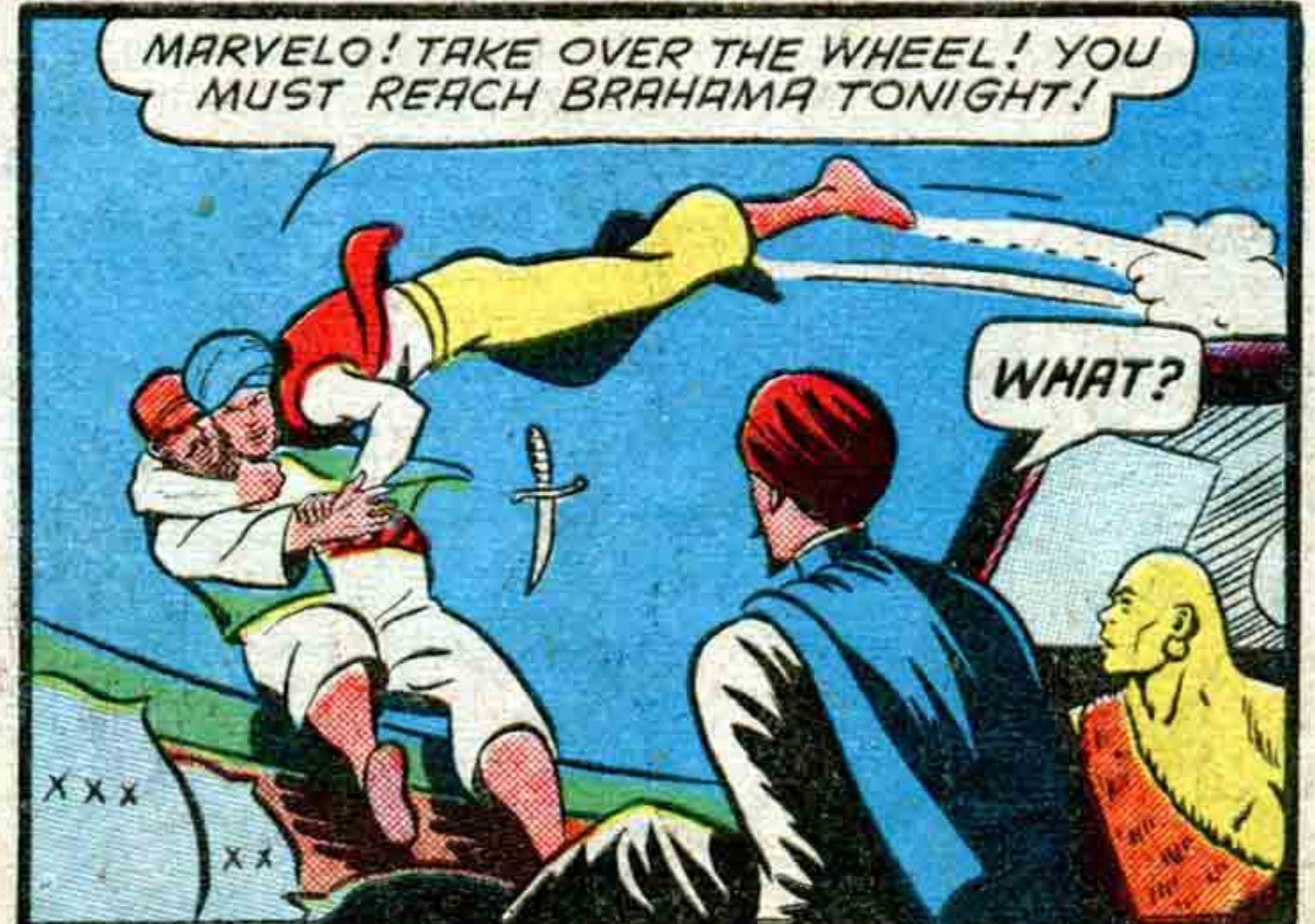
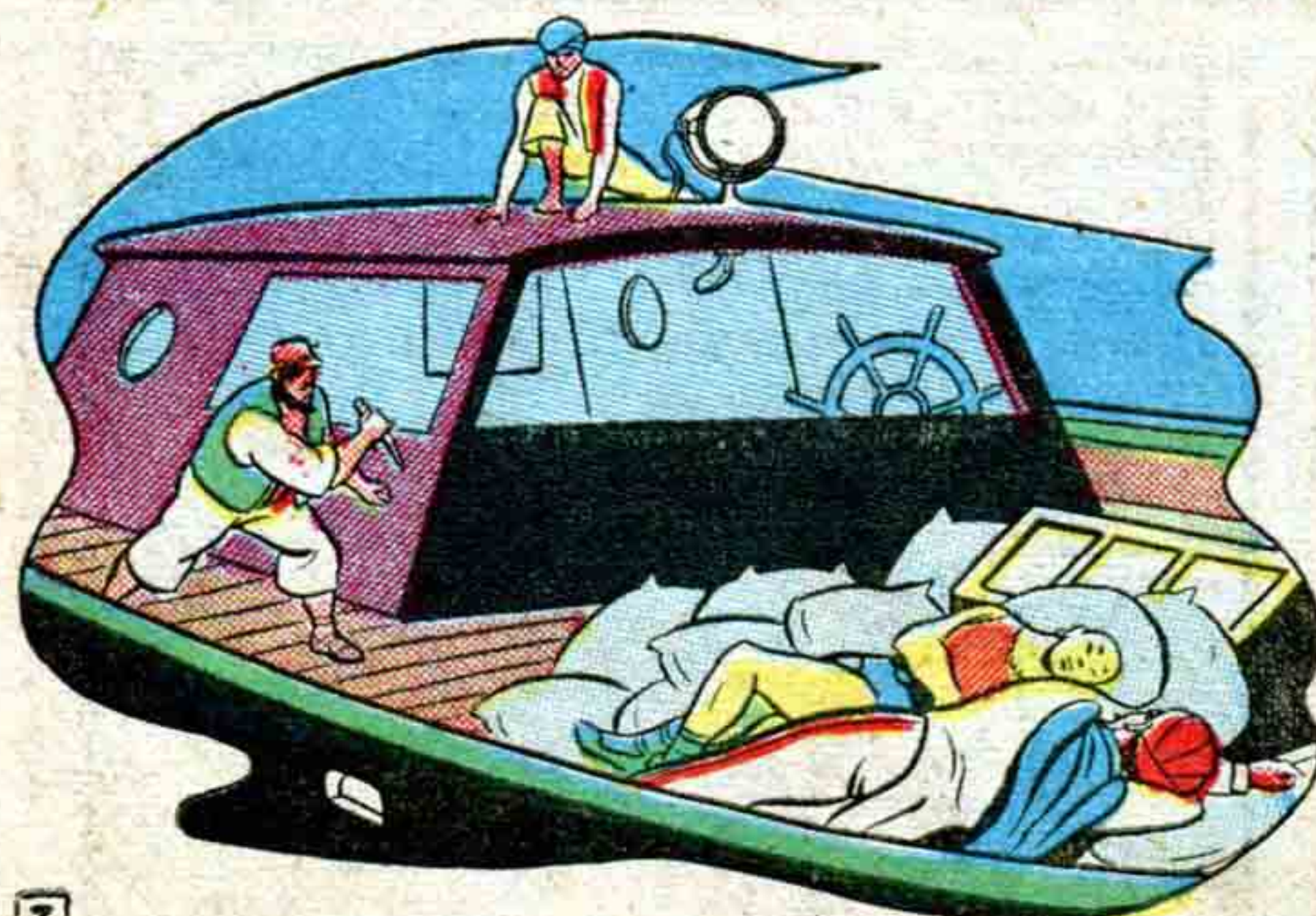
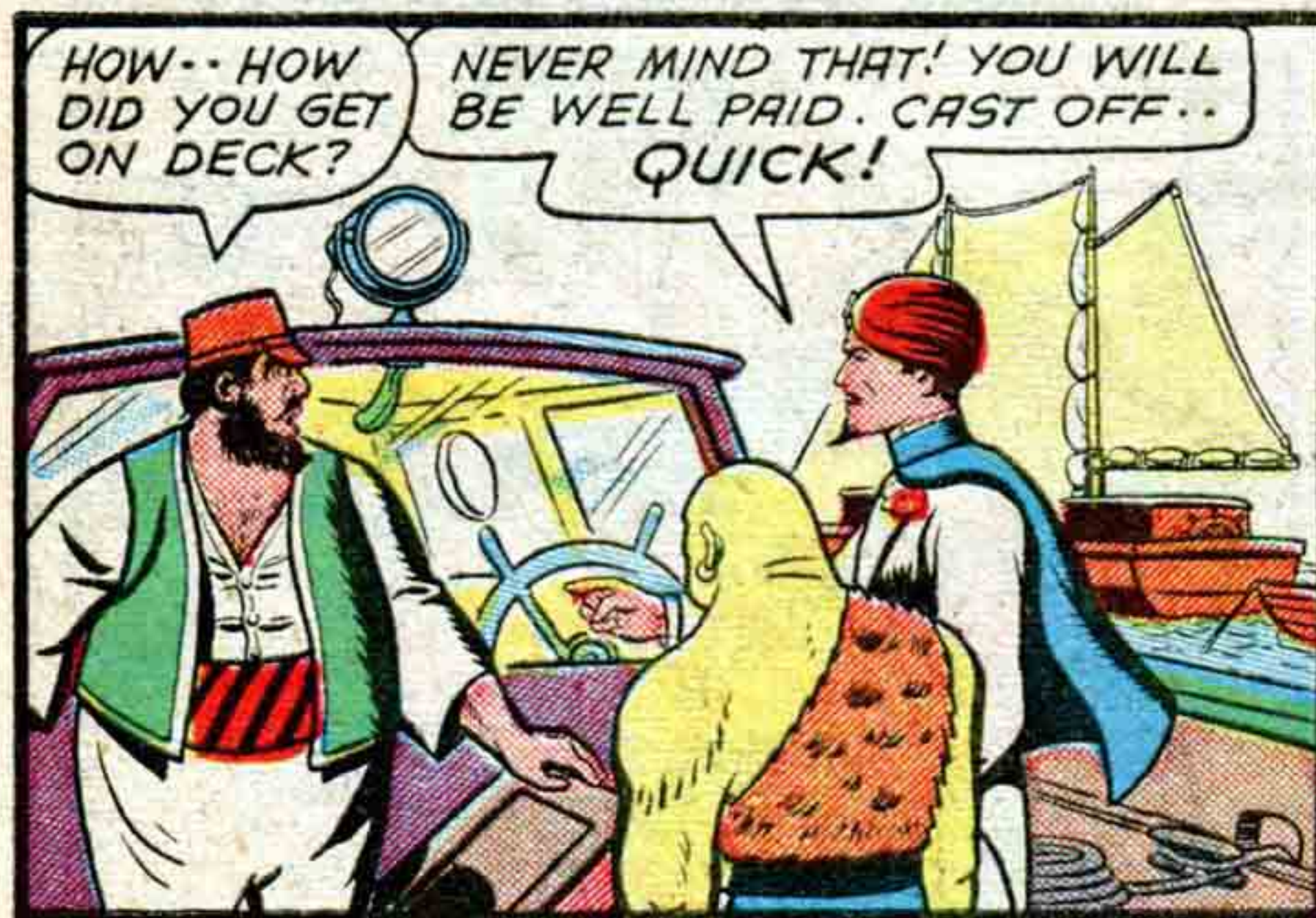
TO SAVE MY FATHER'S PEOPLE. TWO POWERFUL NATIONS. THREATEN THEIR FREEDOM BECAUSE OF THEIR VAST DEPOSITS OF TUNGSTEN-- WHICH A PERVERTED SCIENCE HAS TURNED INTO AN ELEMENT OF DEATH. BOTH NATIONS NEED IT FOR THEIR SEPARATE WARS.



IN KAHULA--



MARVELO AND ZEE BECOME INVISIBLE!





# BIG SHOT COMICS



MARVELO WHISPERS HIS MAGIC WORD--





# BIG SHOT COMICS

AT MARVELO'S WORD THE MAN BECOMES A LIZARD!

THAT WILL HOLD ROCTA UNTIL HE CAN BE TRIED FOR TREASON. HURRY-- WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE--

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE OTHER CONSPIRATORS ARRIVE--

WE WASTE TIME! EITHER ROCTA HAS BEEN CAUGHT OR HE NEVER INTENDED TO GIVE US THOSE TREATY RIGHTS!

WE MUST DESTROY THESE CURSED BRAHMESE-- JUST AS I DESTROY THIS WRETCHED LIZARD WITH MY HEEL!

MEANWHILE

NO USE ARGUING WITH THE GUARDS. WHAT THEY DON'T SEE WON'T BOTHER THEM!

FATHER!

JUST SO THEY WON'T HAVE TOO MUCH OF AN EDGE ON YOU, ZEE--- KALORA!

WH-WHAT! OUR SWORDS BECOME PEACOCK FEATHERS! BAH!

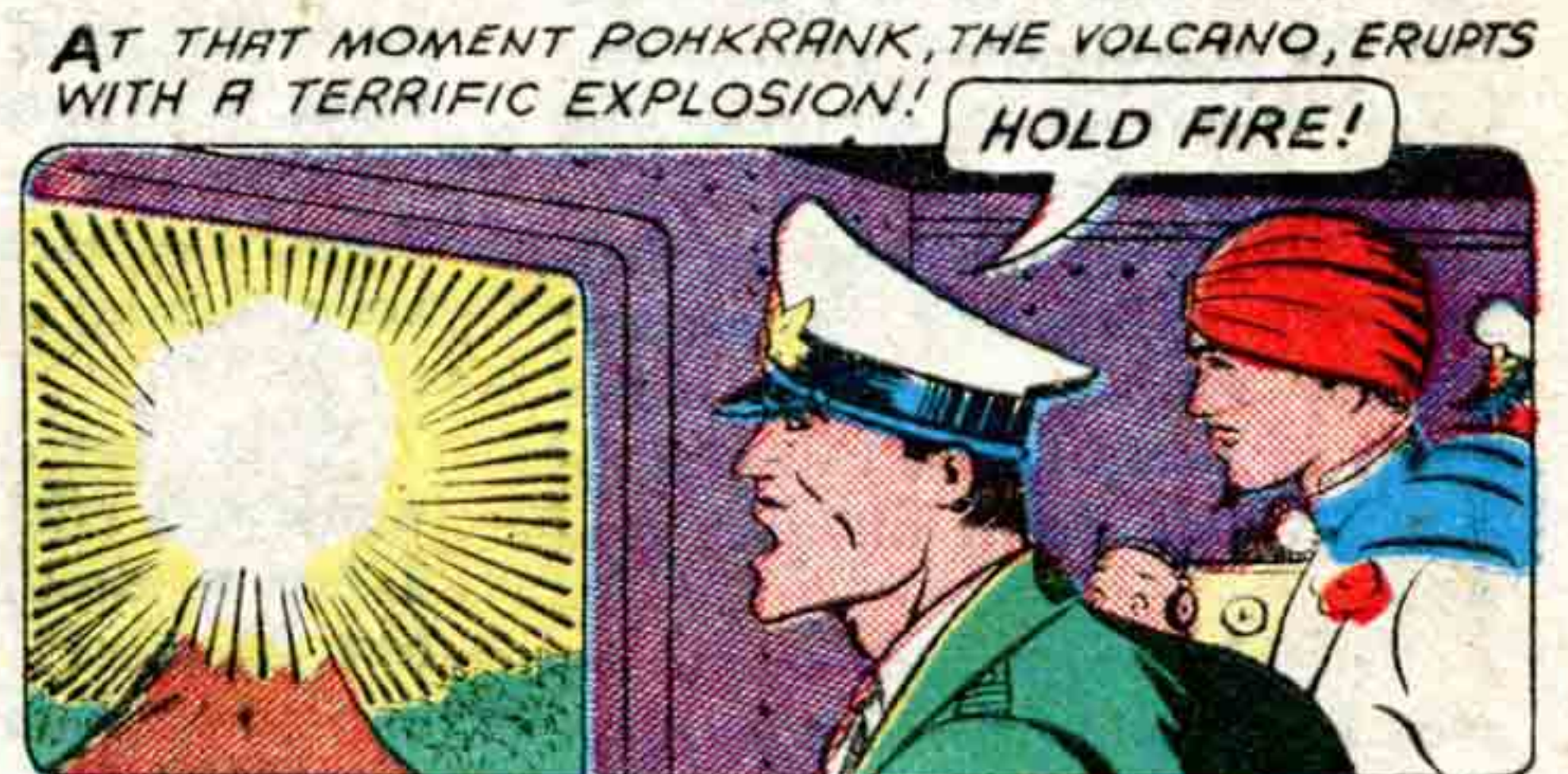
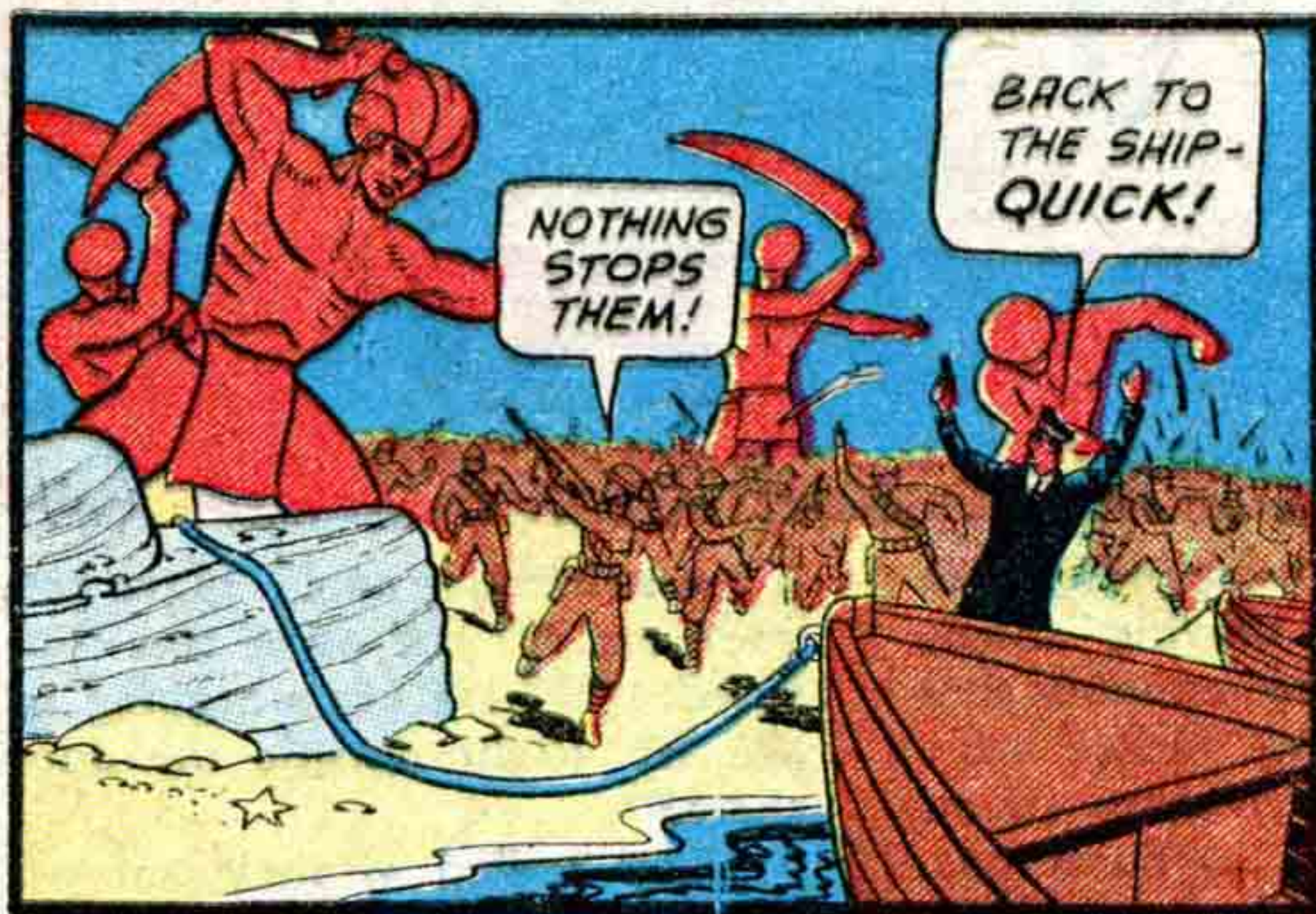
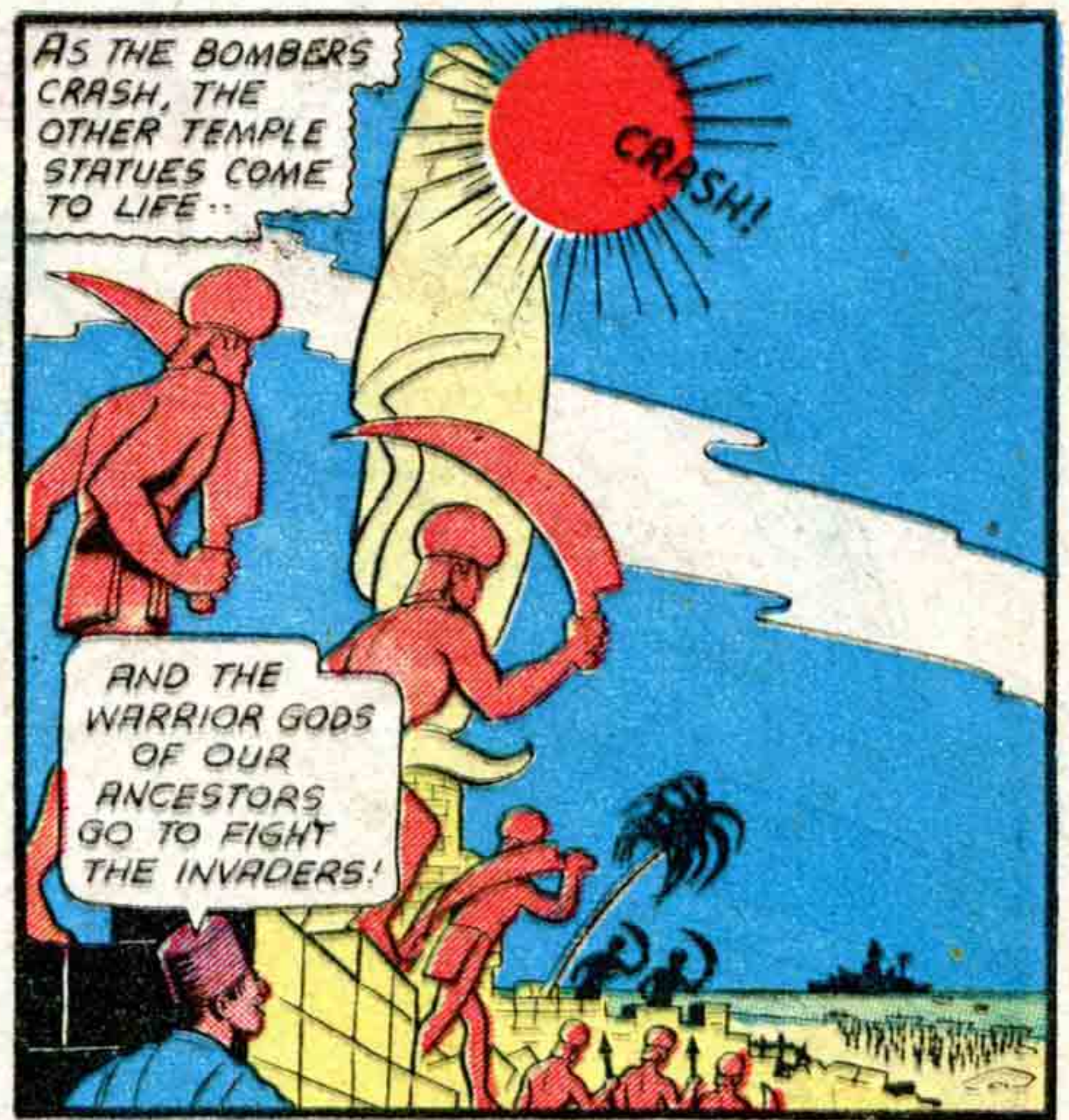
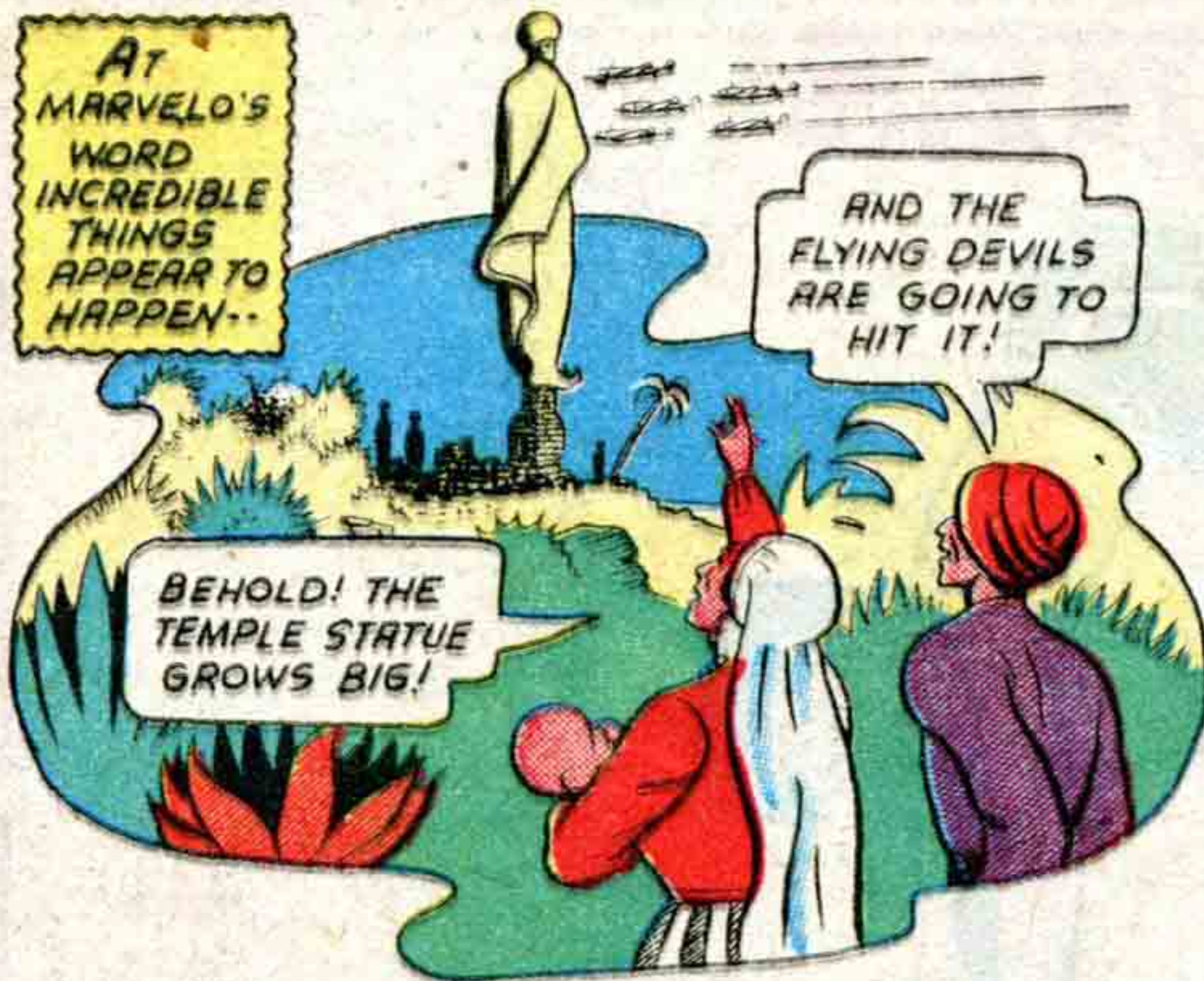
MY SON! THANK THE STARS YOU'VE COME!

BUT NOTHING CAN SAVE OUR PEOPLE. WE ARE DEFENSELESS-- AND NO TREATY COULD SATISFY BOTH EMPIRES SINCE BOTH COVET THE SAME THING-- NO MATTER WHO WINS WE SHALL LOSE OUR FREEDOM--- LISTEN... THE BOMBERS COME!

MORE IS AT STAKE THAN EVEN THE INDEPENDENCE OF BRAHAMA--- THIS SPARK MAY SET OFF ANOTHER FUTILE WORLD WAR AND BRUTALLY DESTROY EVERY NATION ON EARTH! WE MUST STOP IT NOW-- KALORA!

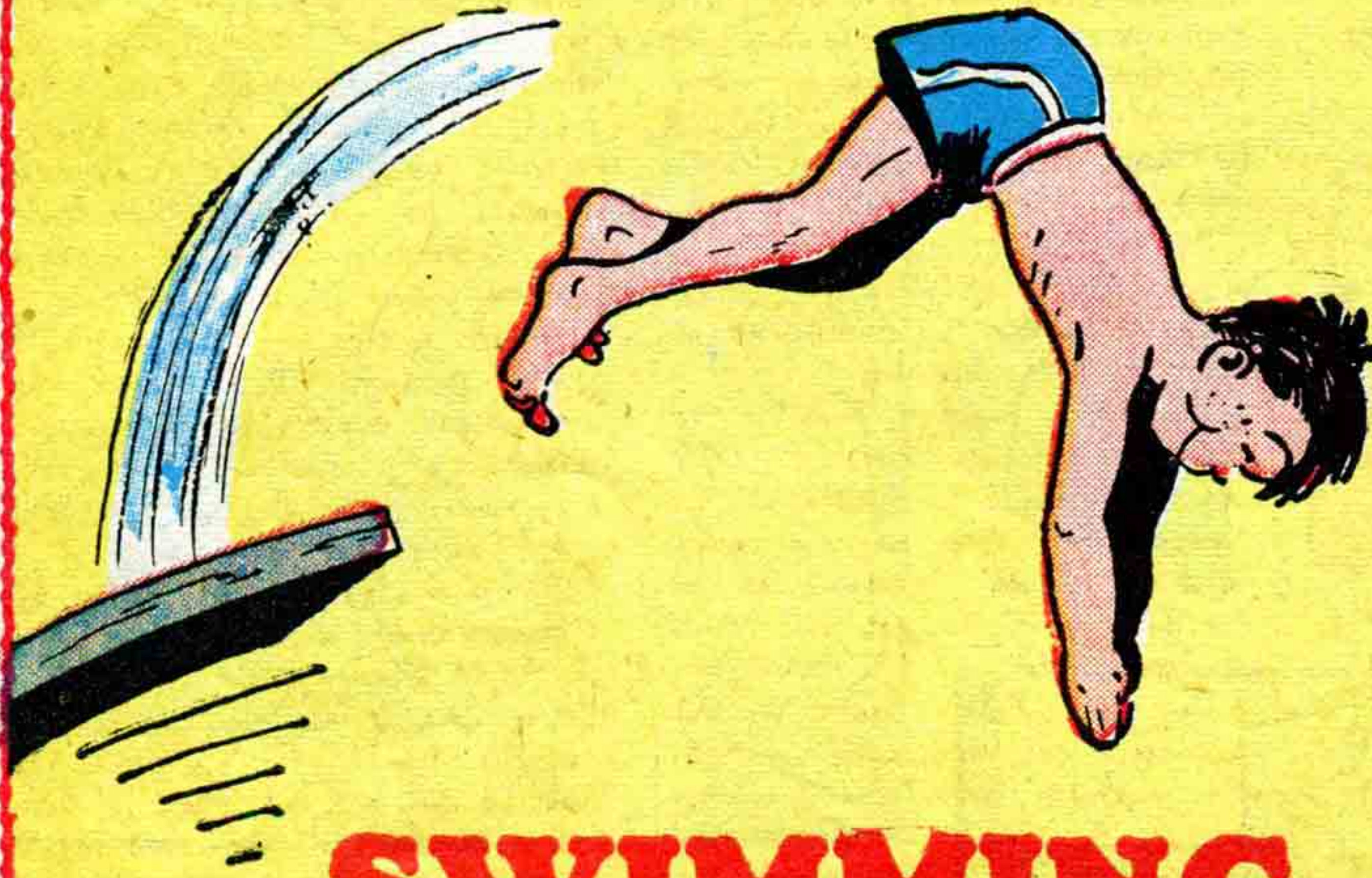


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# JIBBY JONES'



## SWIMMING POOL

**T**HE full force of the hot Summer sun beat down unmercifully on the corrugated roof of the small shack. Nearby, the overhanging branches of an ancient elm tree cast strange designs of shadow on the building and the surrounding ground but failed miserably to diminish the effect of the fiery planet's rays.

"Golly! This must be the hottest day we've had in years!" Chubby Brown steamed, moist beads of perspiration coursing in tiny rivulets down his face and neck.

"If this keeps up we won't even have to build a fire to roast the potatoes—we can just chuck them out into the sunlight and I'll bet a nickel they'll be done in less than a minute!" Biff Regan sighed wearily.

Jibby Jones reached up and took a thermometer from a hook on the wall. "Holy smoke! It's ninety-seven in the shade! What I wouldn't give right now for a nice big hunk of ice to sit on!"

The three boys were sprawled and stretched in various comfortable postures on the leather settee and floor of the clubhouse. They discovered that by remaining as motionless as possible the

heat wasn't quite as oppressive as when they were moving about. Jibby was of the opinion that what the clubhouse lacked were the modern conveniences found in other fraternal organizations. Those different little gadgets that made life not only bearable but actually delightfully comfortable.

"Down at my dad's clubhouse they have electric fans and air-conditioning and ice-cold drinks . . ."

"Hey, cut it out, Jibby! The more you talk about it the more I feel as though I was in a red-hot furnace!" This last remark exploded from the balloon-like Chubby, whose countenance glistened brightly from the excessive temperature.

"I'm merely telling you what these other clubs have that we haven't got," Jibby explained. "And if you don't want to hear about it what do you say we do something about it?"

Biff cast a questioning eye at the club's president. "What can we do—buy an air-conditioning system? Remember, we've got only three dollars left in the treasury."

"We can build a swimming pool, that's what," replied Jibby with authority.

"A swimming pool? Have you gone crazy?" the other two chorused. "Where are we going to put it? Right outside the door there?"

Jibby smiled at their amazed faces with lordly patience. "I've got it all figured out. Do you know that big vacant lot back of my uncle Henry's house—the one that runs right beside his chicken coops?"

"Yeah, I know the place. What about it?"

"Just this," Jibby replied. "Uncle Henry told me that we could use that lot any time we wanted to—he said he's been trying to sell it for years but nobody seems to want to buy it."

"You mean to build a swimming pool on the lot? Golly, that'd be great!" cried Biff enthusiastically. "When do we start?"

"Right away—let's go!" Jibby answered, leaping to his feet.

Each of the boys collected as many digging implements as he could possibly lay his hands on—shovels, rakes, hoes, spades and two wheelbarrows to cart the dirt away. Then, like a small construction company ready to tackle a job, they proceeded down to Jibby's Uncle Henry.



## BIG SHOT COMICS

"Go to it, boys—dig all you want," Jibby's portly relative urged them. "But try your best not to disturb the chickens. I'm a little worried about them—they haven't been laying eggs as well as they used to. Of course, it might be the heat."

"We'll steer clear of them, uncle," Jibby said.

So the work on the new project was begun. At one end they even intended to build a diving board. "That means we'll have to dig a little deeper on this end," said Jibby.

Biff agreed heartily. "And let's make it good and deep. I can still feel when I socked my head last summer. The time when I dived off the old steamship pier into the river—and I forgot all about that sunken rowboat. Boy, what a wallop I got!"

For three full days they toiled—days in which every hour was spent in back-breaking labor. The size of the proposed pool was an extensive one, considering the number of workmen and the tools they had with which to build it. It was a good ten feet wide, fifteen feet long and the depth began at two feet and sloped down to an approximate six feet at the diving board end.

**E**VENTUALLY the task was completed. "Holy smokes!" gasped Biff, wiping his glistening, smudged brow, "I bet we did more work on this than the fellows who built the Empire State Building!"

"Now, the final problem is the water," remarked Chubby. "You know a swimming pool isn't much good without water in it."

"That'll be simple," Jibby said. "All we have to do is attach a hose to that faucet on the side of Uncle Henry's house and keep it running till the pool's filled up."

They uncoiled the long length of hose they found in the cellar of Uncle Henry's house and fastened it to the faucet Jibby indicated. The chickens, enclosed in their wire cages some twenty feet away from the scene of activity, cackled and poked their heads through the fence to satisfy their curiosity.

"Gosh, at the rate this water's

flowing the pool won't be filled for at least twelve or thirteen hours," Jibby commented, observing the stream of water gushing from the hose. He was right, too, for the water barely made an impression on the soft dirt bottom of the excavation. It would be many hours before it would even start to rise.

"The only thing to do is to leave it running all night," suggested Chubby. "It should be almost filled by morning."

The idea seemed feasible, so the boys left the water running into the pool and departed for their homes. They eagerly awaited the new day to make use of the filled pool, to taste the fruits of their labor.

But they didn't count on the thunderstorm and cloud-burst that rolled across the heavens during the black hours of the night. The rain poured from the leaden skies like the waters from Niagara. It rained steadily for almost two hours.

The storm came and went with the night. And the bright morning sun found the three construction engineers racing on their bicycles towards Uncle Henry's house. They rounded a corner—and then stopped dead. "Holy smokes!" gasped Jibby.

The other boys were speechless for the moment. The sight they beheld took their breaths away. The pool was there all right—but a much larger one. In fact it was the whole of Uncle Henry's back yard. The entire area to the rear of the house was one sea of water. The chicken coops were included, too, for they were floating aimlessly over the surface like so many Noah's arks.

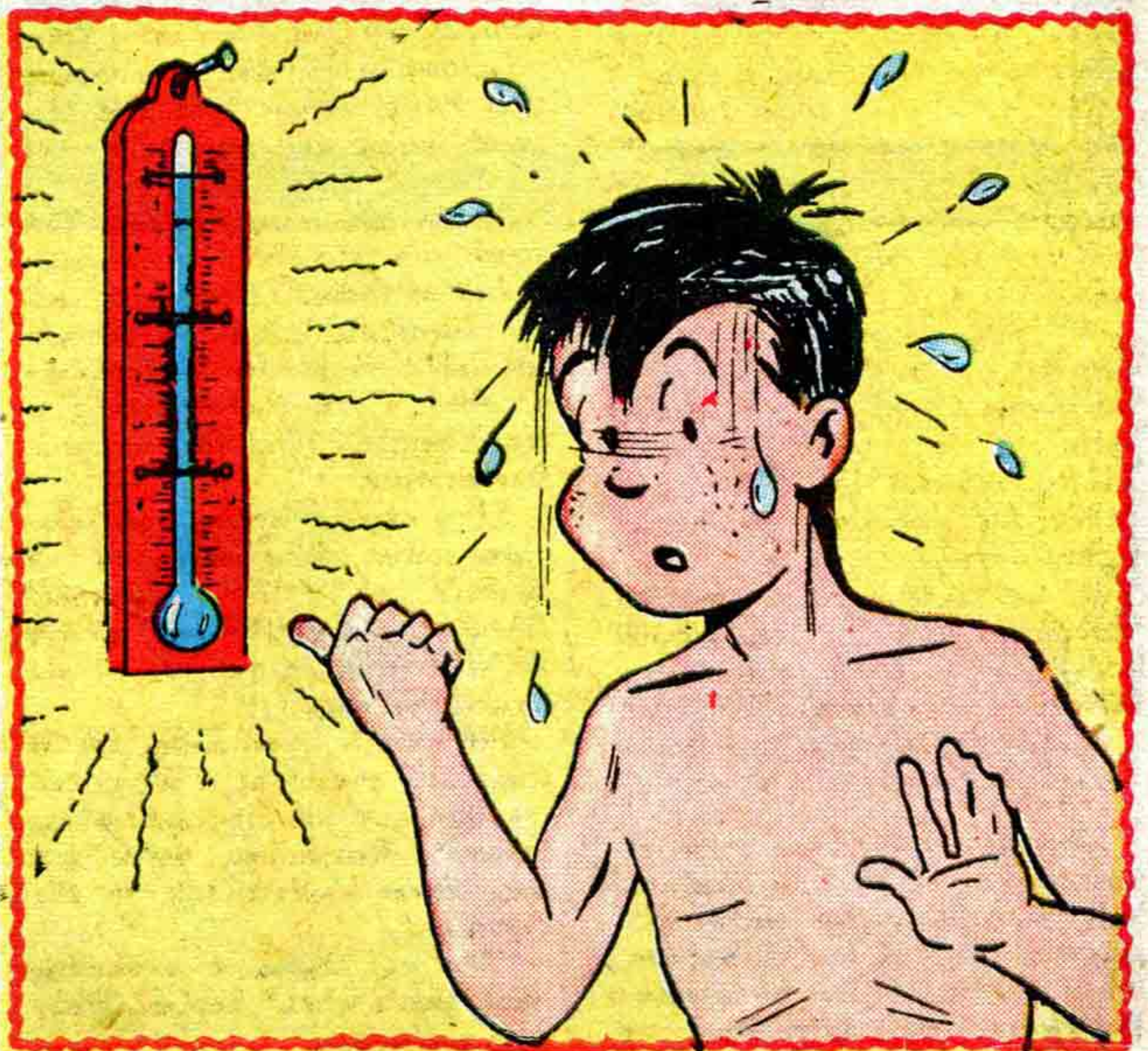
"This is awful—we're ruined!" Jibby groaned. "It was that rain storm last night. It must have filled the pool and then overflowed—I guess the sides of the pool caved in, too!"

"It's a catastrophe!" was all Chubby could say.

Uncle Henry took the whole thing like a soldier. He never complained—in fact he tried his best to laugh it off, even though his prize chickens were still adrift on the water. "It's tough, fellows. But accidents will happen. Anyway, you still have the river to swim in."

Jibby and Chubby sadly agreed with him—Biff merely rubbed his head and frowned. "It would have been much nicer to dive into water where you know you're not going to sock your head! Oh well, that's fate, I guess."

THE END





# SPY-CHIEF

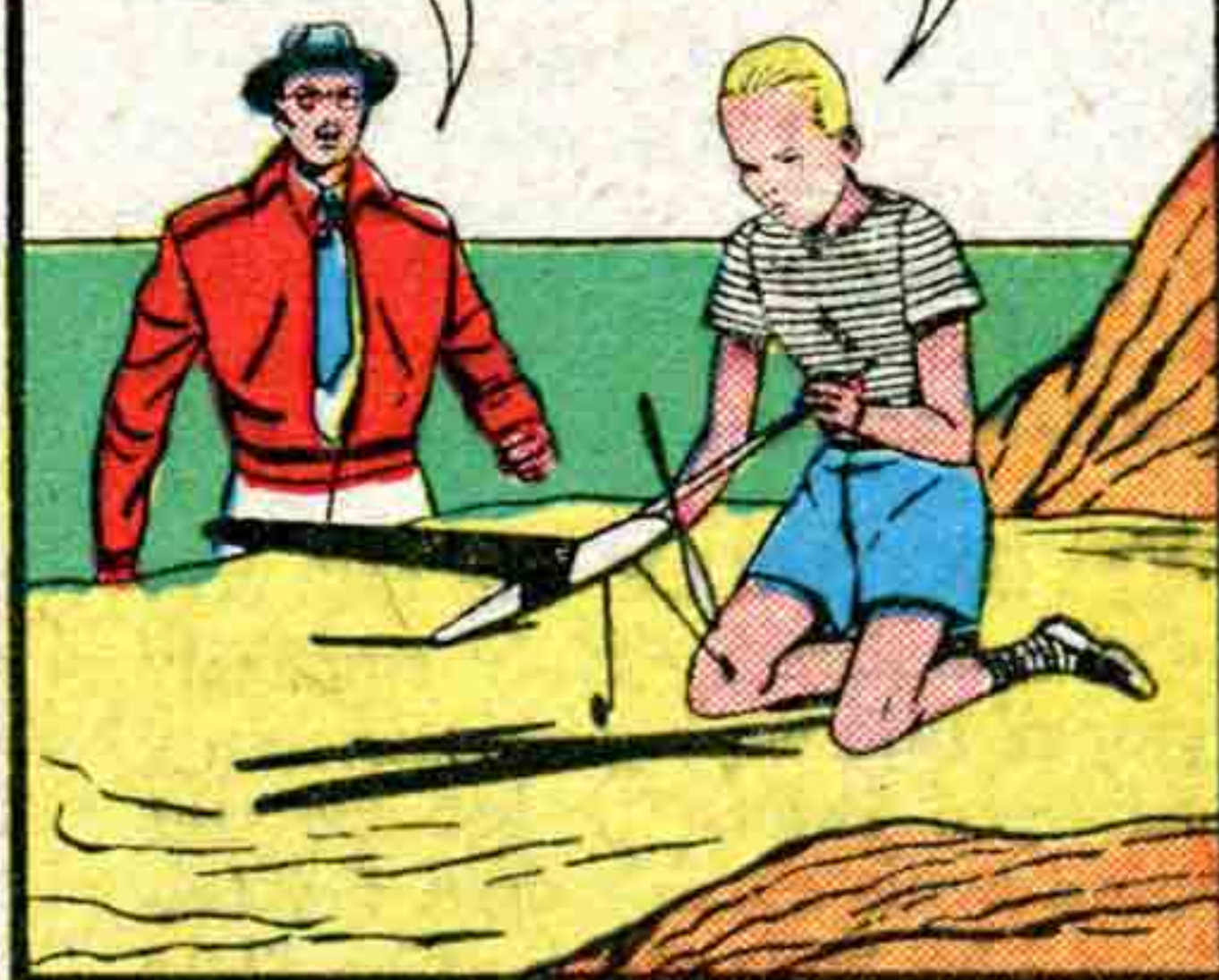


**A**DOPTING THE GUISE OF *THE CLOAK*, A LEGENDARY HERO OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION OF 1775, JEFF CARDIFF, THE *SPY-CHIEF*, IS BUILDING UP A NEW REPUTATION FOR HIMSELF AS A DEFENDER OF AMERICAN LIBERTIES AND MILITARY SECRETS.

**A**LONG THE COASTLINE IN A NEW ENGLAND STATE ...

HELLO, THERE, YOUNGSTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIXING MY MODEL GLIDER. I'VE BROKEN A WIRE STRUT ON IT!



LET ME SEE IT. I USED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN AVIATION. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!

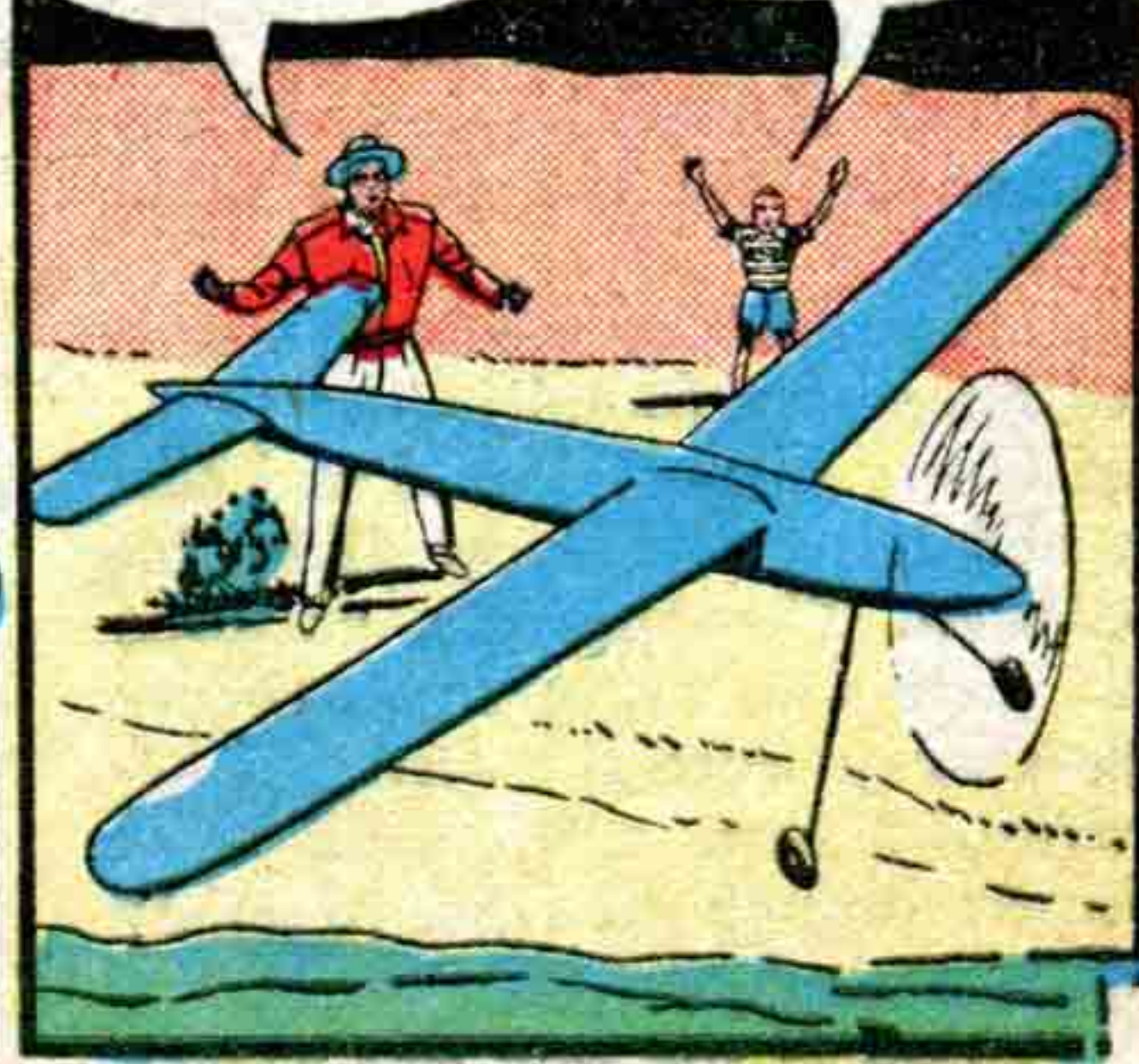
SURE, TAKE A LOOK. I'VE BEEN WORKING OVER IT ALL MORNING!

THESE THINGS ARE DELICATE, BUT THEY GIVE YOU A GREAT THRILL AS THEY GO FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. WELL, THIS SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT! WE'LL GIVE IT A SPIN, EH?



I HAVE AN AIRPLANE MOTOR HOME FOR A MODEL PLANE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE IT?

I SURE WOULD! I'VE GOT A MODEL BUILT. I'LL BRING IT ALONG!





# BIG SHOT COMICS

ON A BRIGHT SUMMER DAY, TWO WEEKS LATER...

IT'S BEEN FUN FLYING THIS PLANE WITH THE MOTOR IN IT. BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D CARE FOR IT!

IT'S ALMOST LIKE FLYING A PLANE YOURSELF. OH, I GET A KICK FROM IT!



THERE IT GOES! KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT GOES OUT TO SEA AND THEN RETURNS! BUT IT DOES!



FAR OUT OVER THE SNOW-CAPPED WATERS GOES THE TINY PLANE...



AHEAD OF IT, A SUBMARINE BREAKS WATER...

IT WILL BE HERE SOON. WE WILL MEET IT!



HERE IT COMES NOW!



AH, HERE IT IS! THE USUAL MESSAGE FROM OUR OPERATIVE IN THE UNITED STATES!



THE ATTEMPT TO GET THAT NEW BOMB-POWDER FORMULAE WILL BE MADE TO-NIGHT. TO-MORROW — I MAY HAVE IT FOR THE FATHERLAND!



IN WASHINGTON, JEFF CARDIFF APPEARS BEFORE HIS F.B.I CHIEF...

JEFF, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE CONSTANT RAIDS ON OUR WAR SECRETS! THEY'VE BEEN LEAKING OUT OF THE COUNTRY DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS.

I KNOW. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE IDEA, BUT — I'VE FAILED, SO FAR!



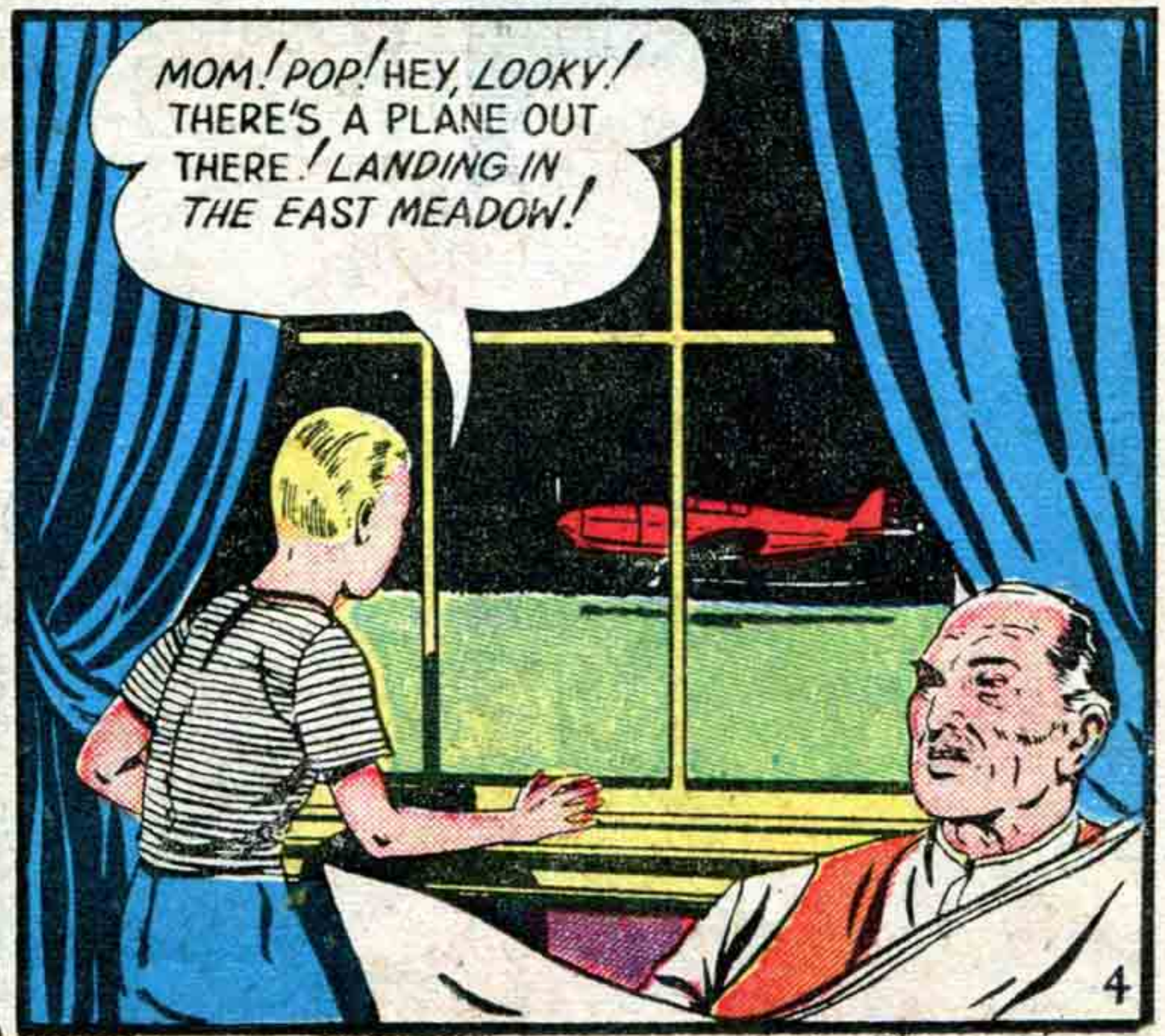
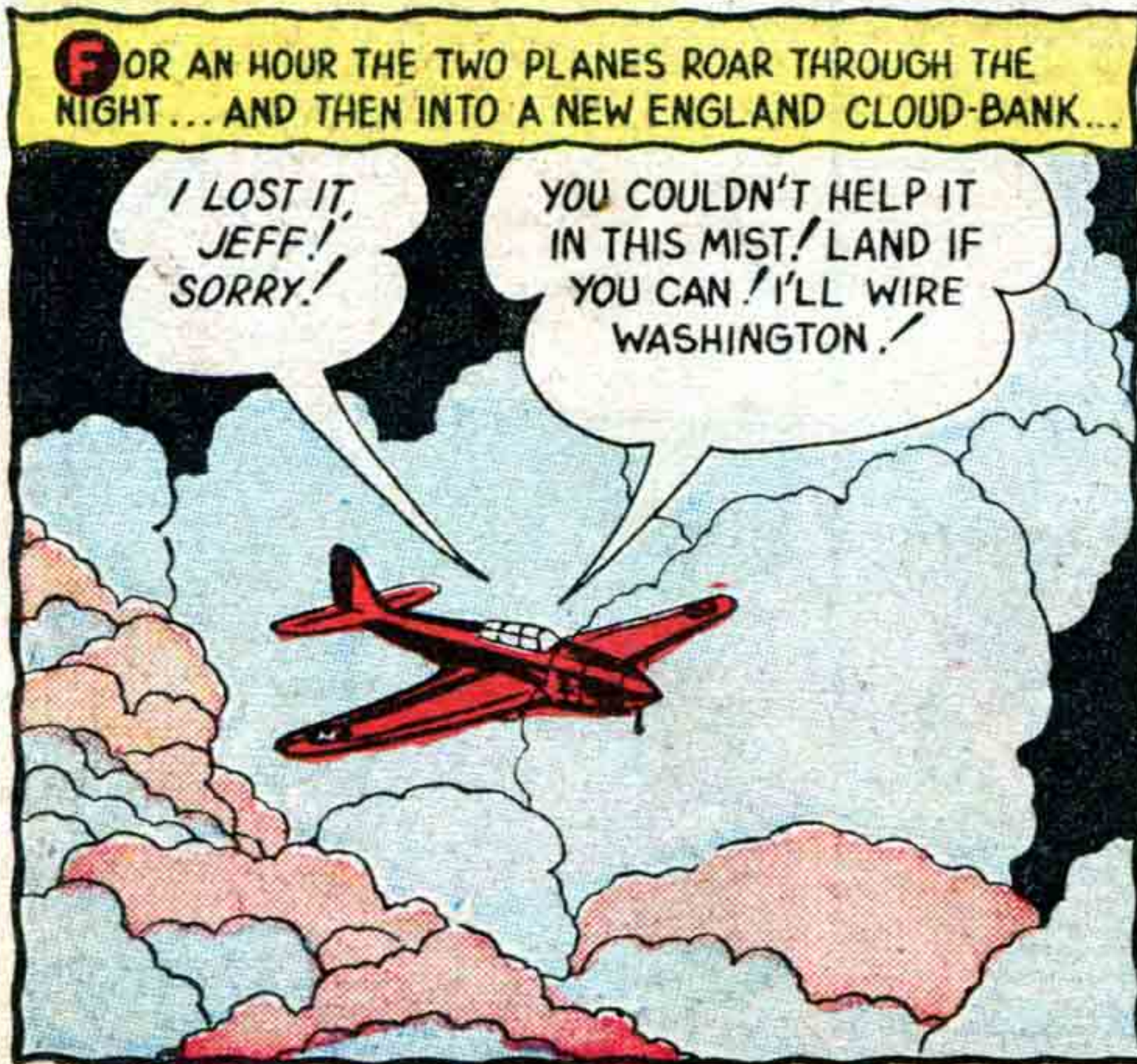


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS



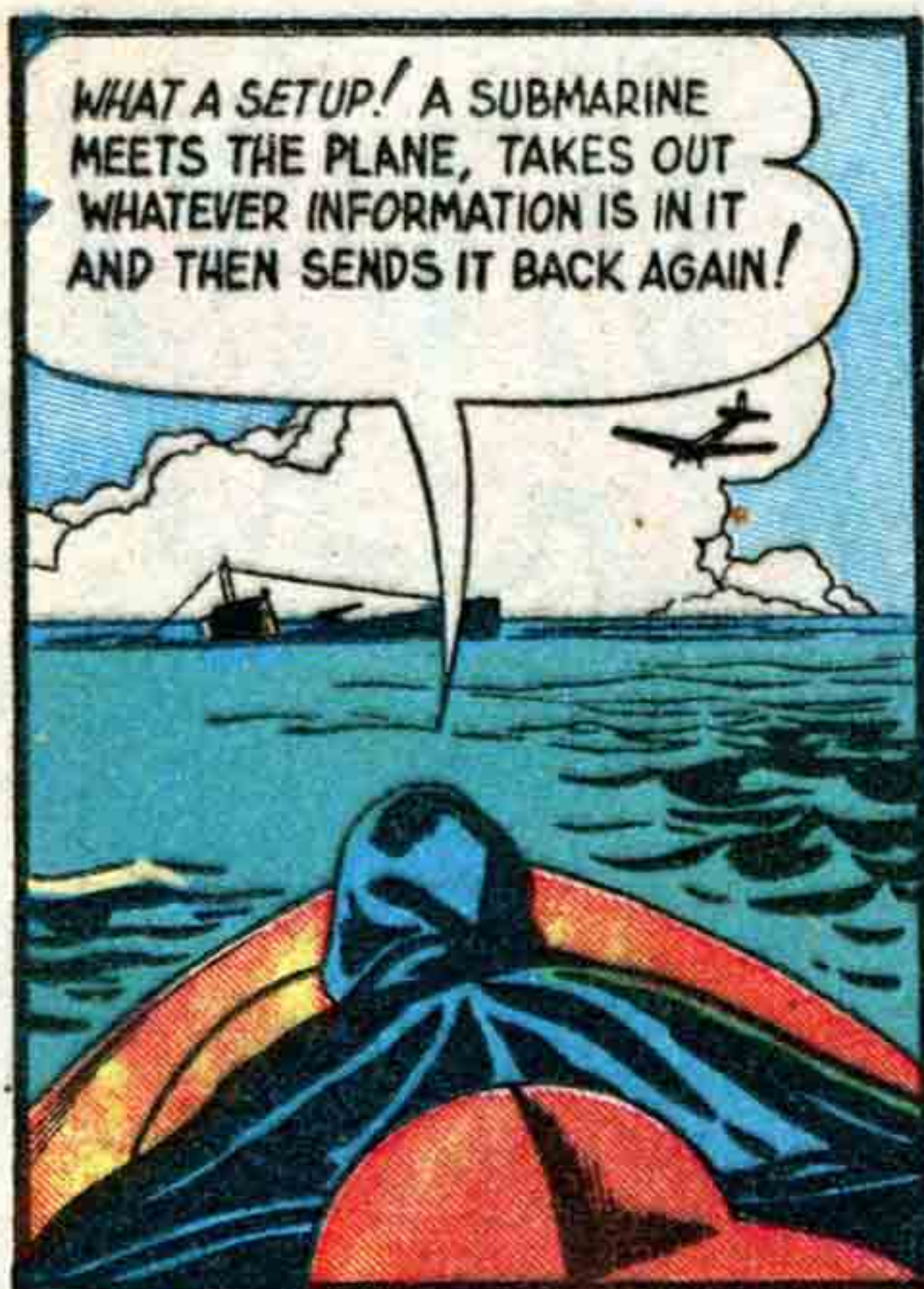


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





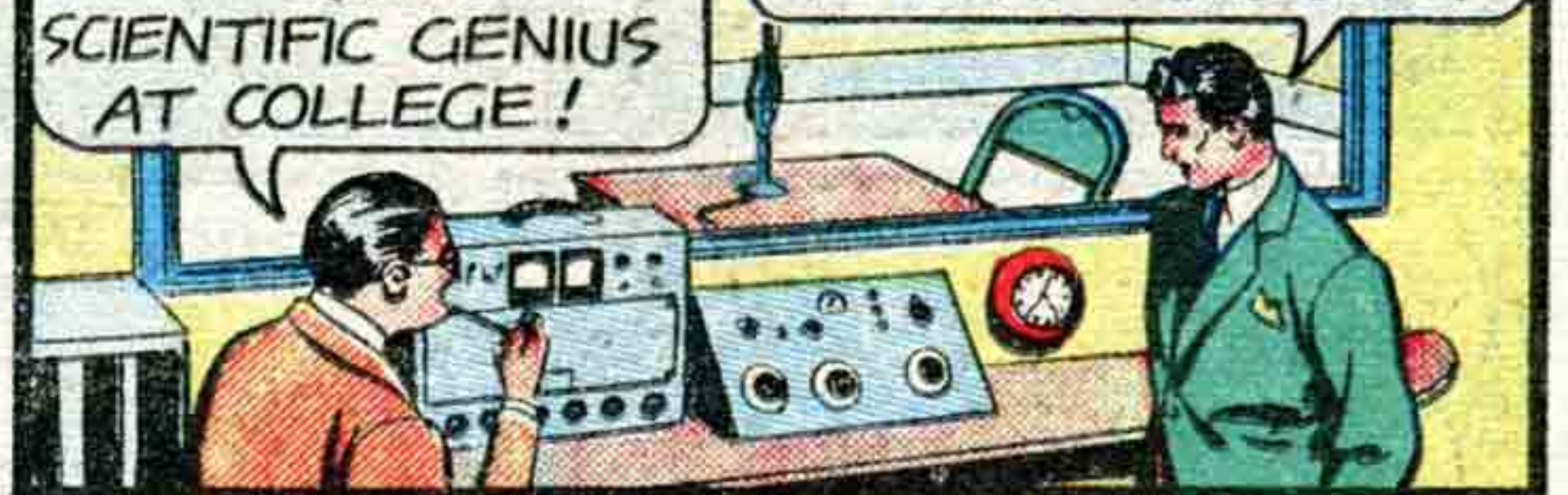


**T**HE 'GUARDIAN OF THE AMERICAN AIRWAYS, SOARS HIGH OVER ALL AMERICA, QUESTING FOR CRIME AND DANGER, IN HIS POWERFUL WING—AND ARMED WITH STASIMATIC AND OTHER WEAPONS, INVENTIONS OF HIS OWN GENIUS.

HE VISITS CHUBBY WEEKS, A COLLEGE FRIEND—AS ALLAN TURNER, RICH PLAYBOY

THESE CONTROLS SHOULD INTEREST YOU, ALLAN! AS I REMEMBER, YOU WERE QUITE A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS AT COLLEGE!

I WORKED THEN—BUT NOW THAT I'VE INHERITED MY FORTUNE I PREFER TO LOAF AROUND!



DELICATE INSTRUMENTS, AREN'T THEY?

YES! YOU KNOW, ALLAN, I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF! YOU WERE BRILLIANT AT SCHOOL! I—OH, THERE'S THE LATEST NEWS BROADCAST! LISTEN—



NEW TIDAL WAVE HAS SWEEPED THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD! SHIPS ARE IN DANGER! MANY LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST!

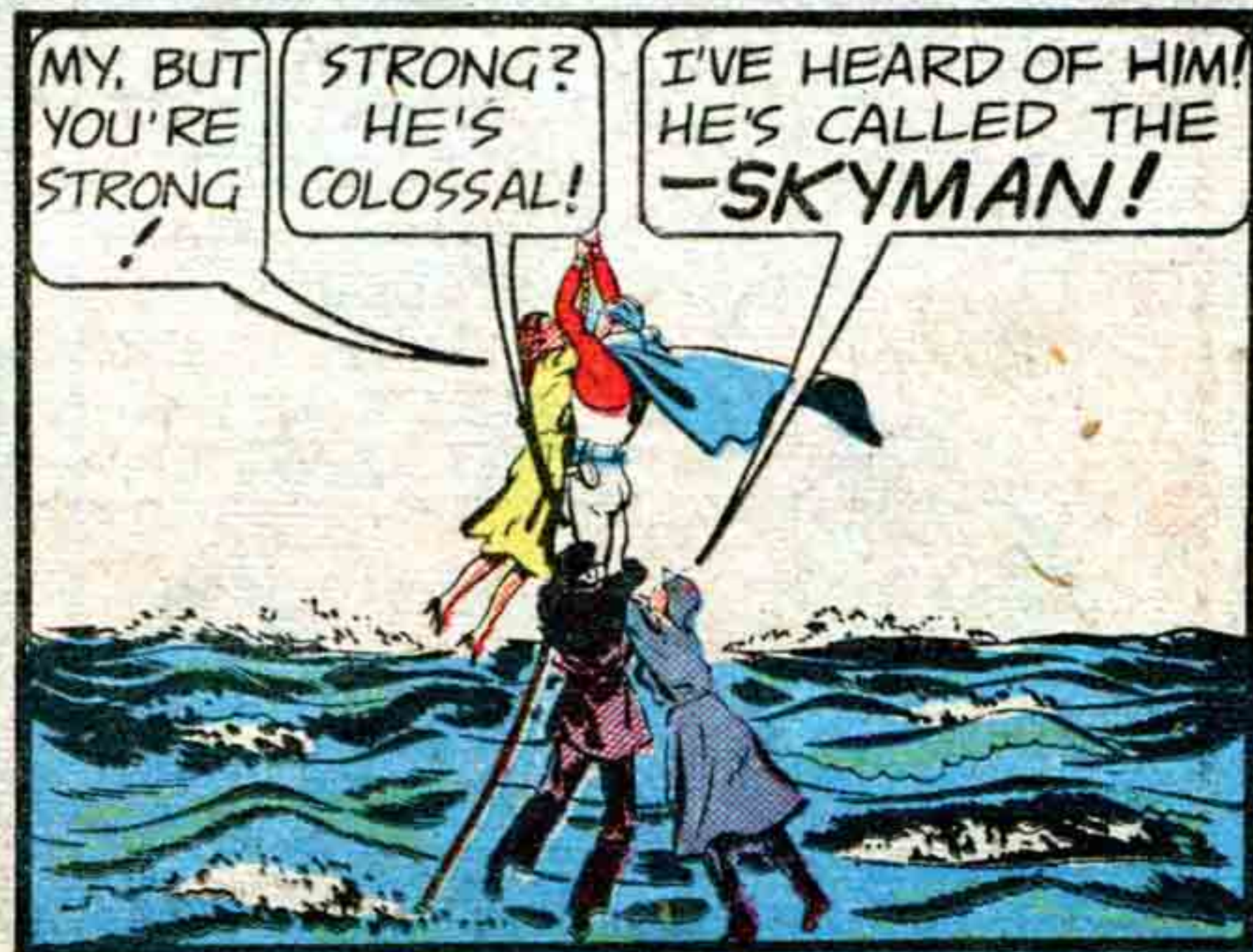
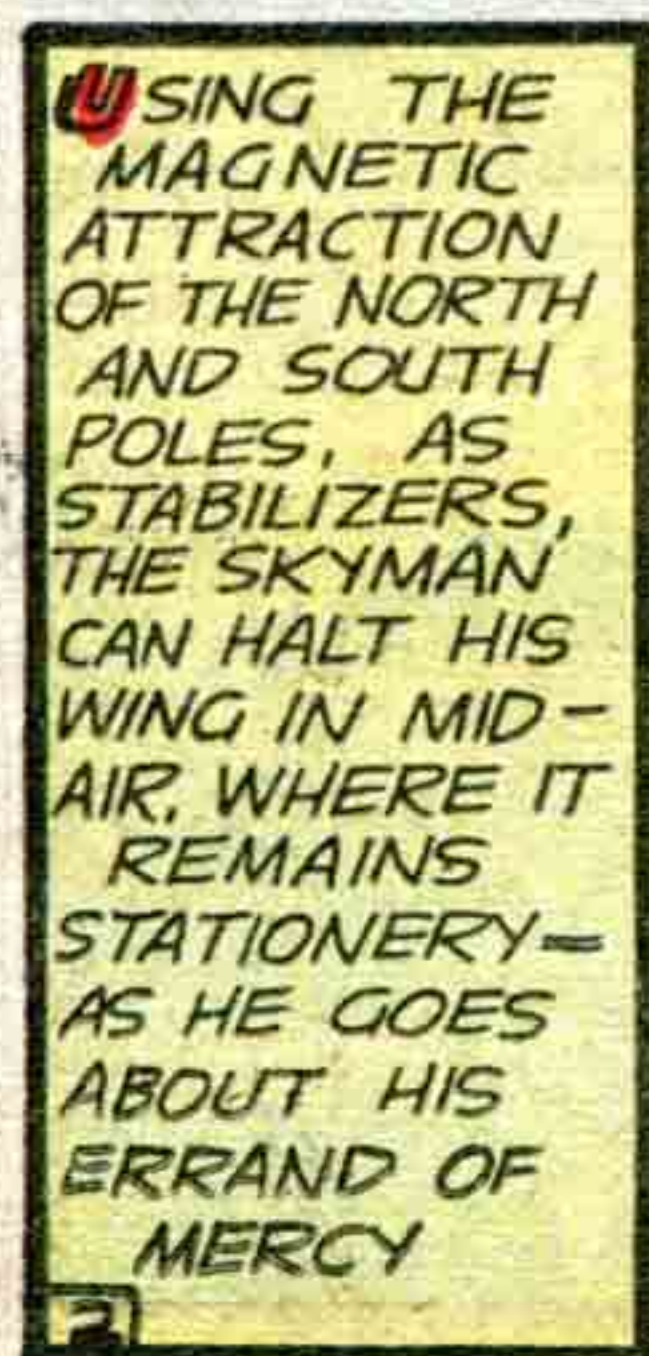
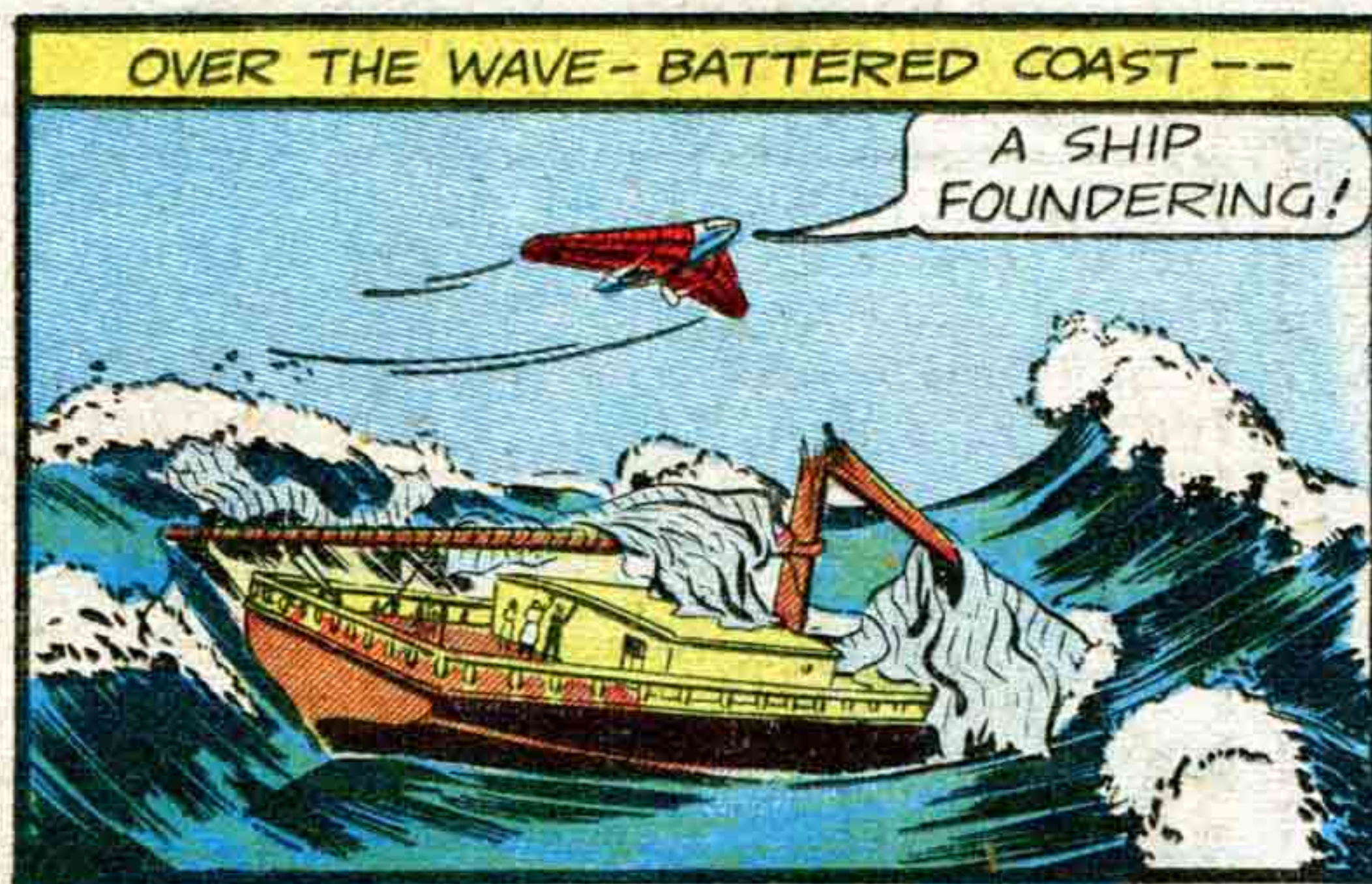
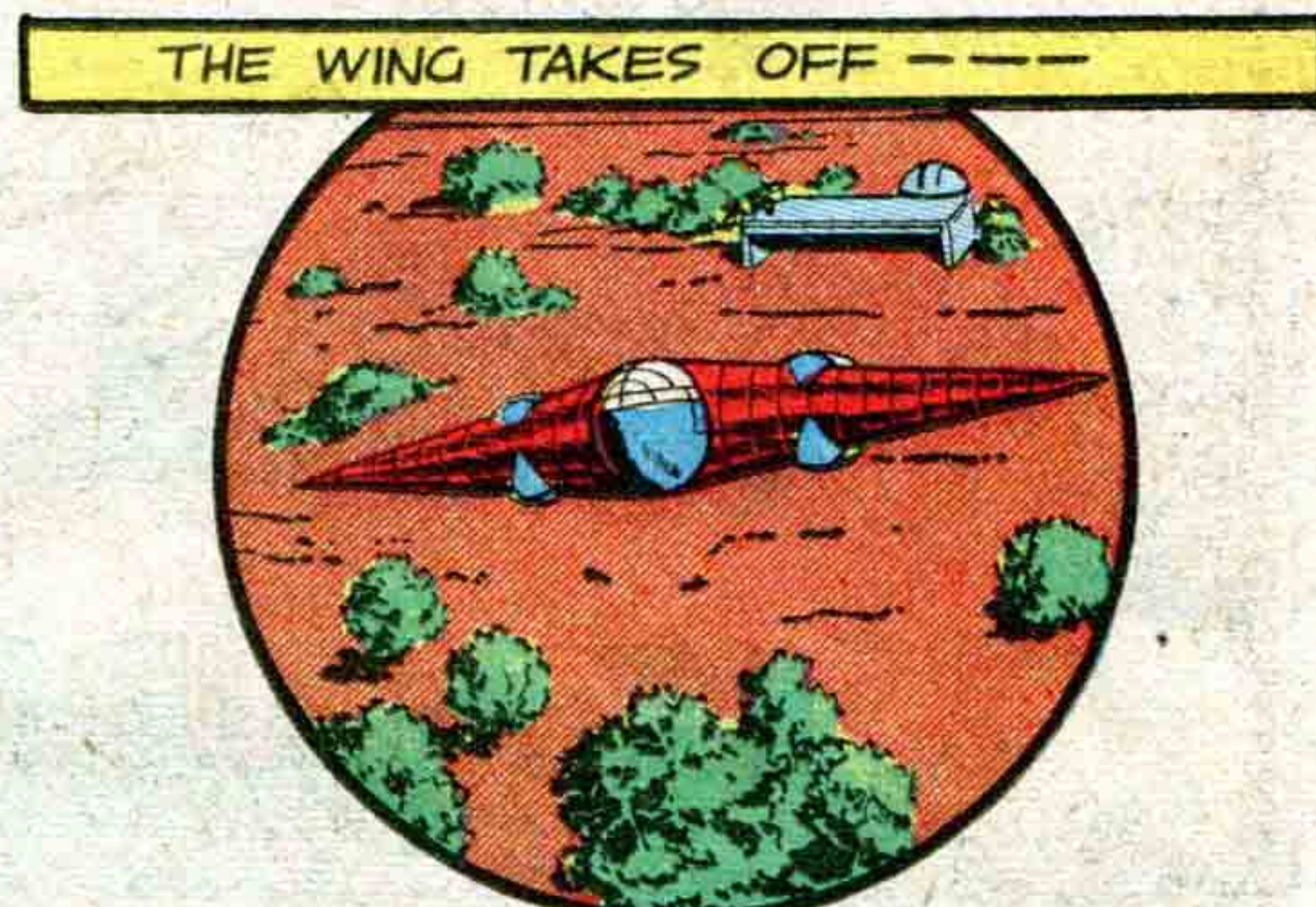
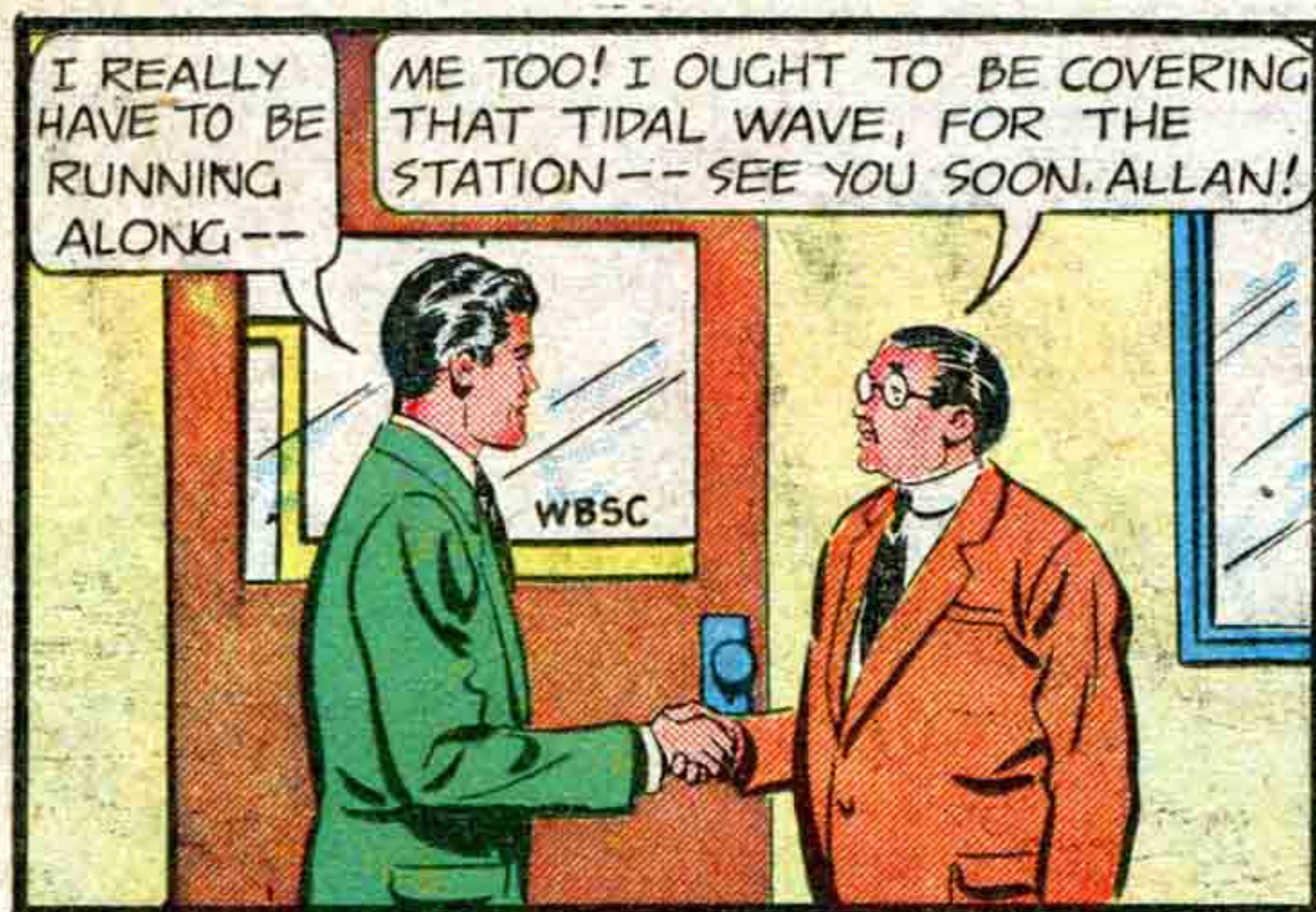
THOSE WAVES HAVE BEEN COMING AWFULLY REGULARLY

TOO REGULAR, CHUBBY!



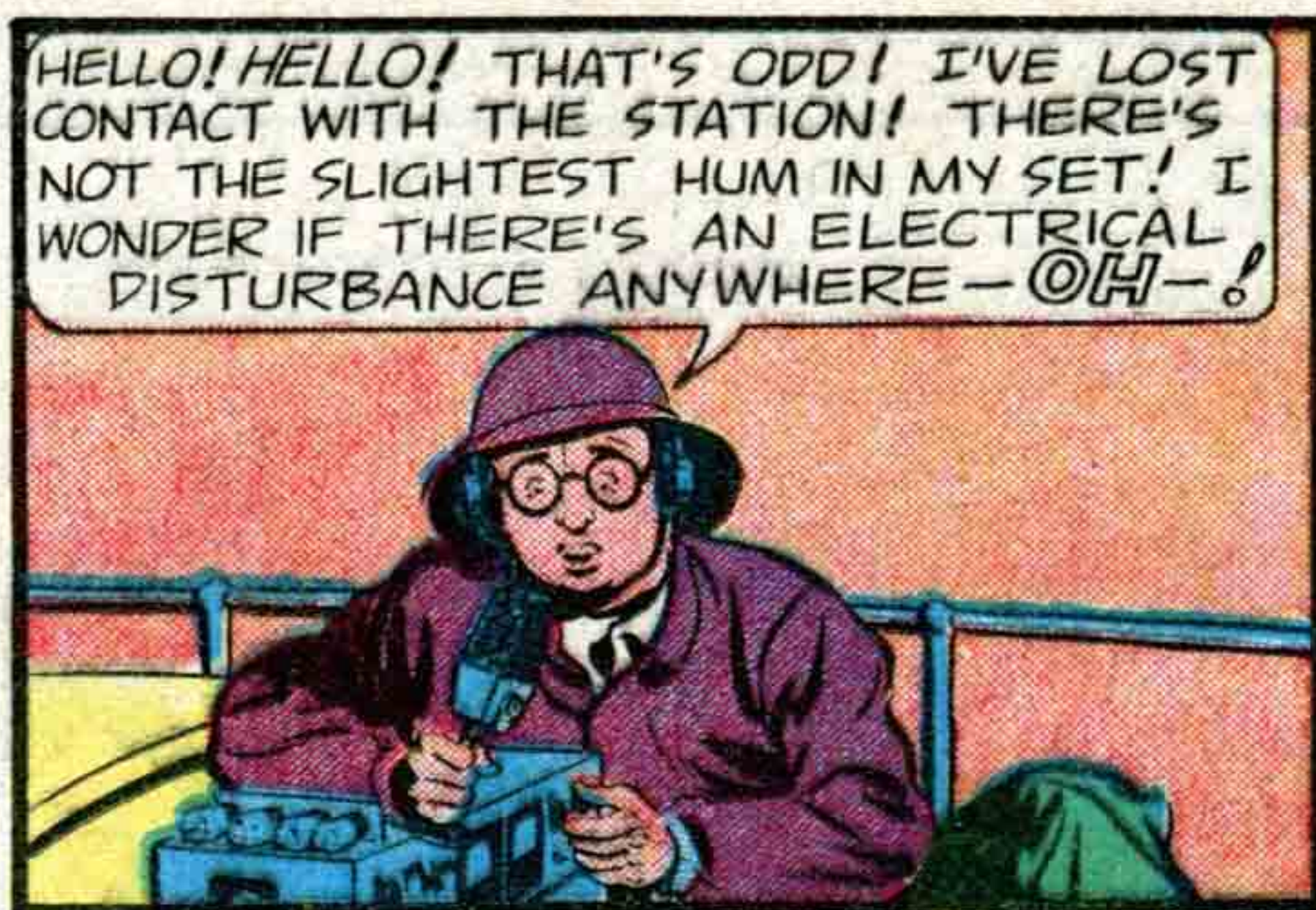


# BIG SHOT COMICS



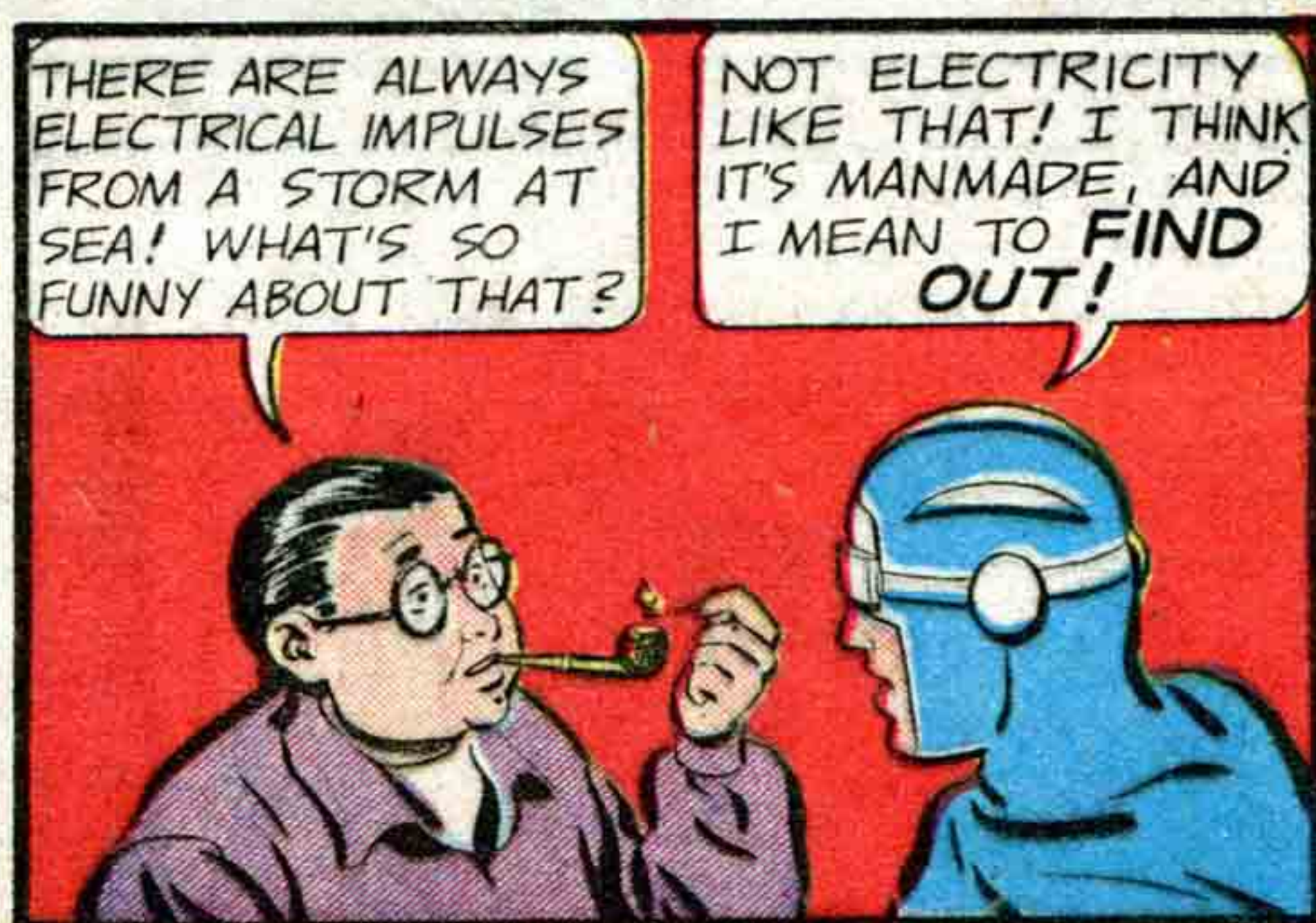
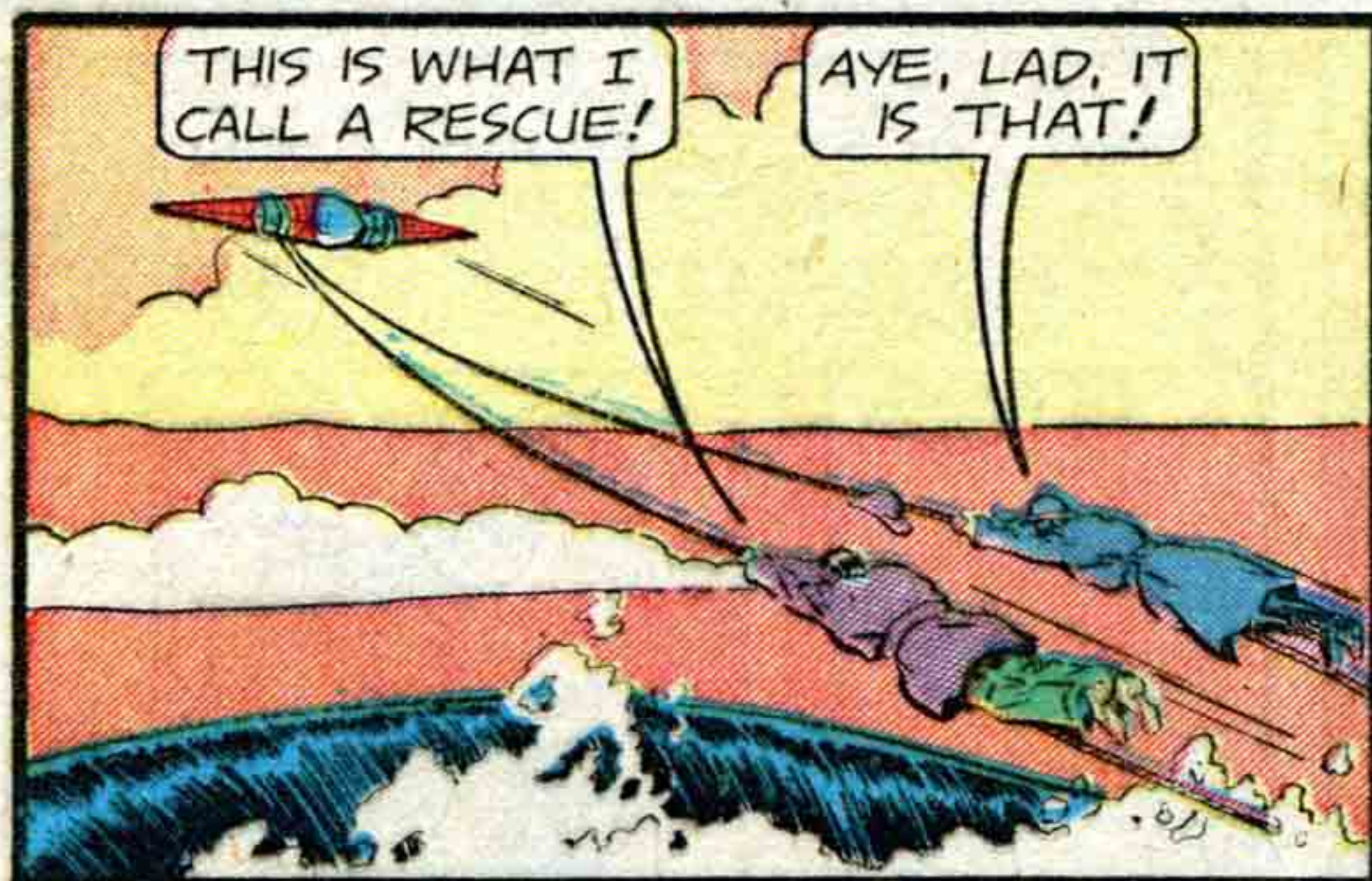


# BIG SHOT COMICS



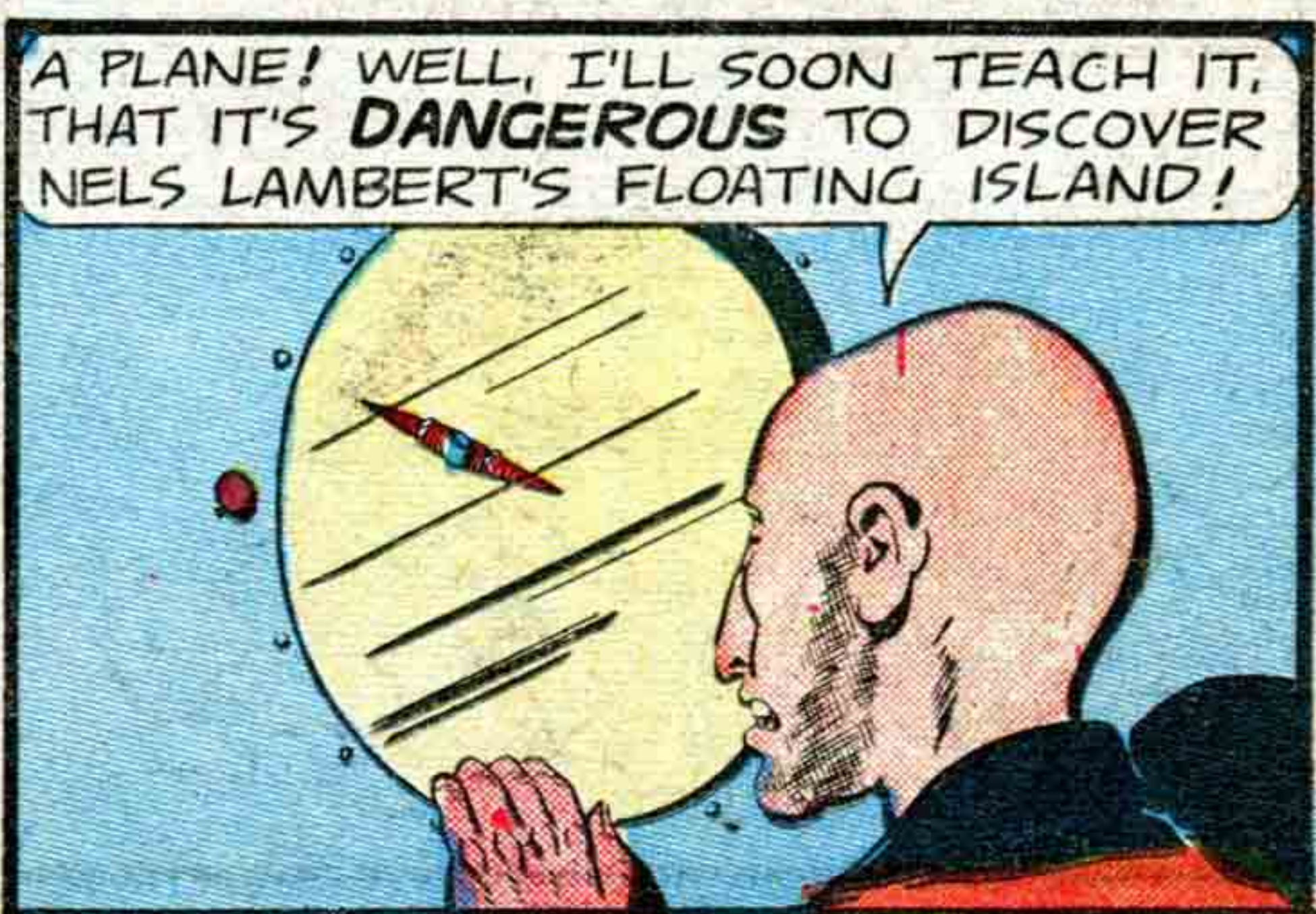
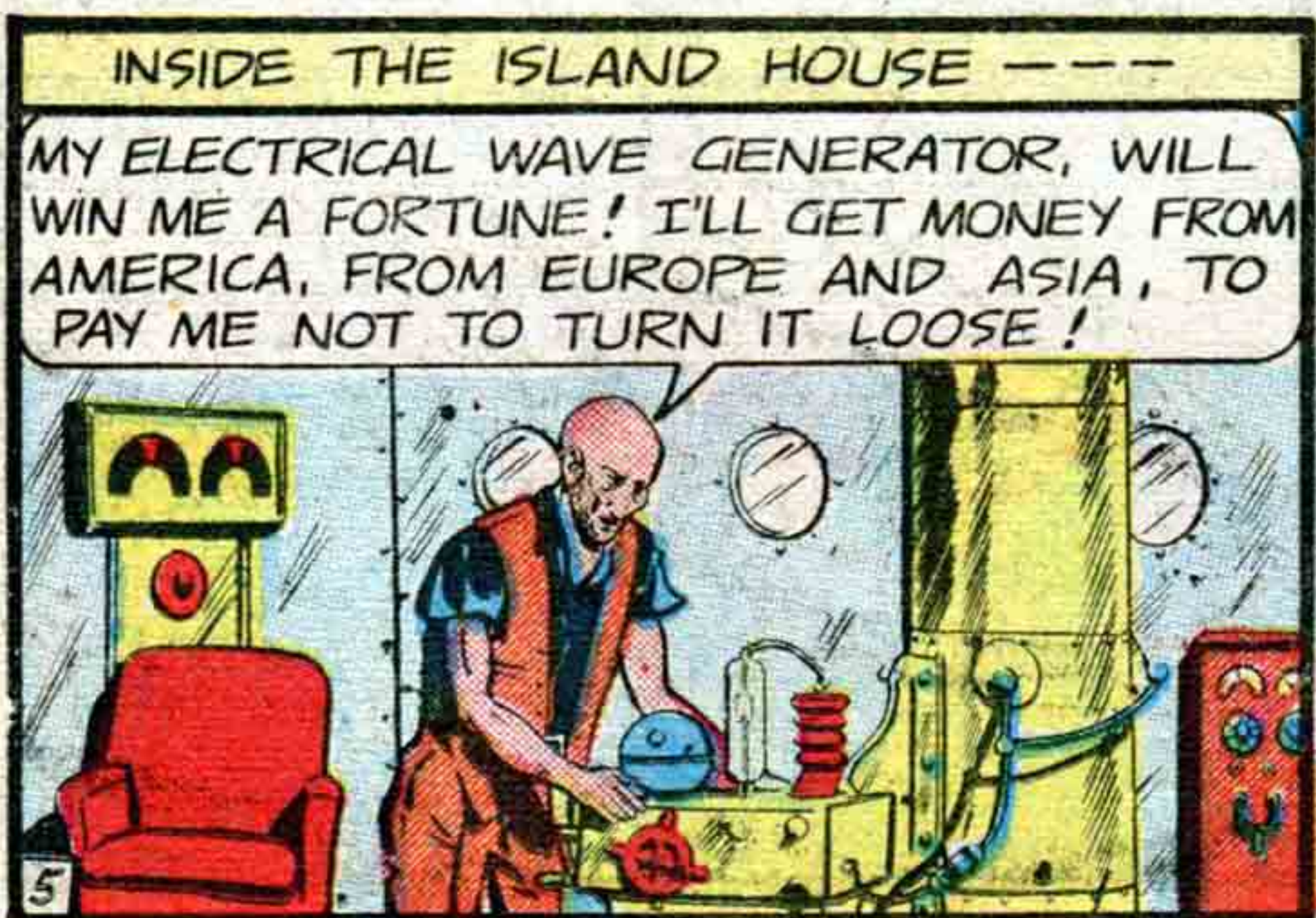
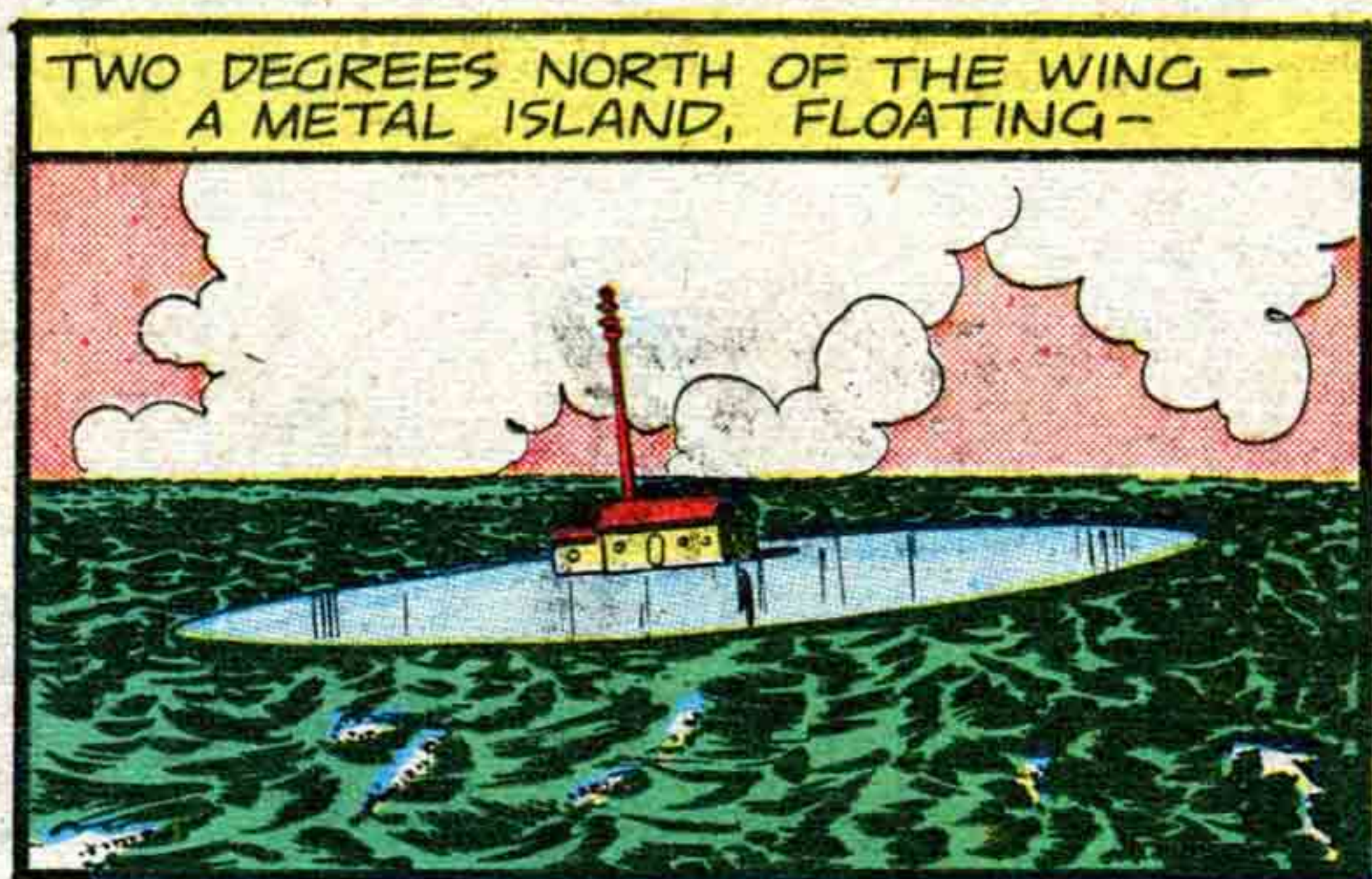
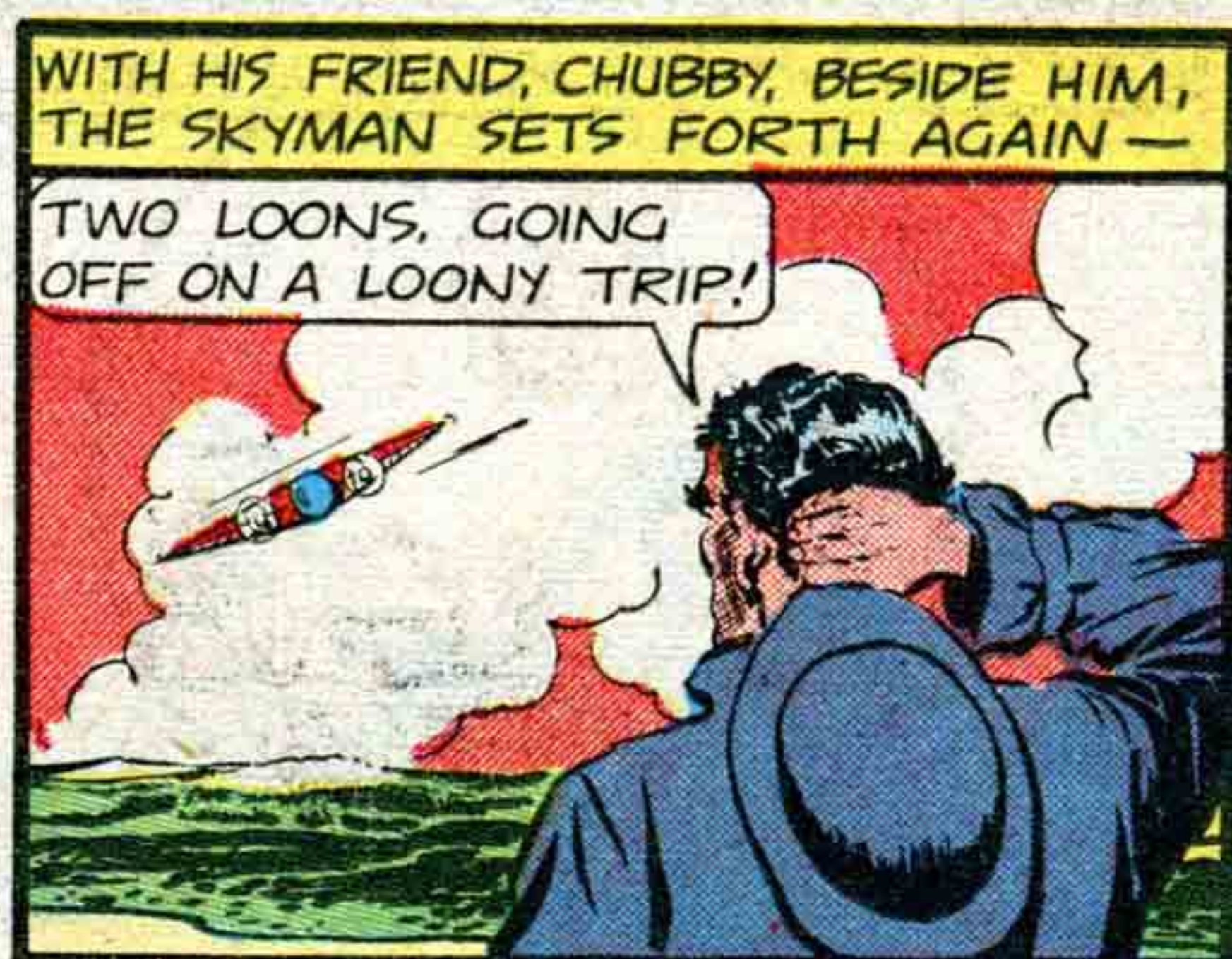


# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

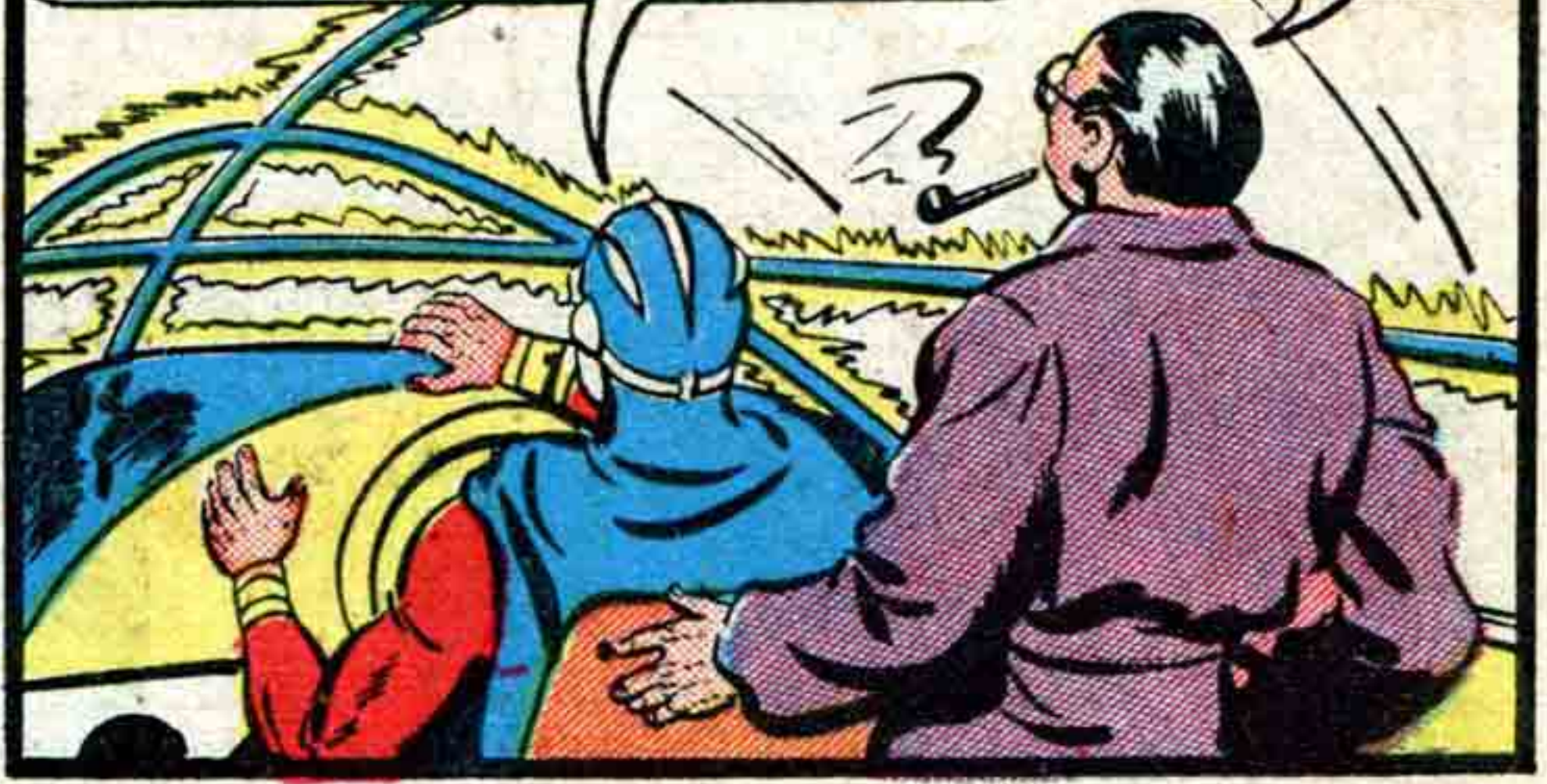
WHEN I RELEASE THIS BOLT OF ELECTRICITY—  
POUF! OUT GOES THE POWER IN THAT PLANE!



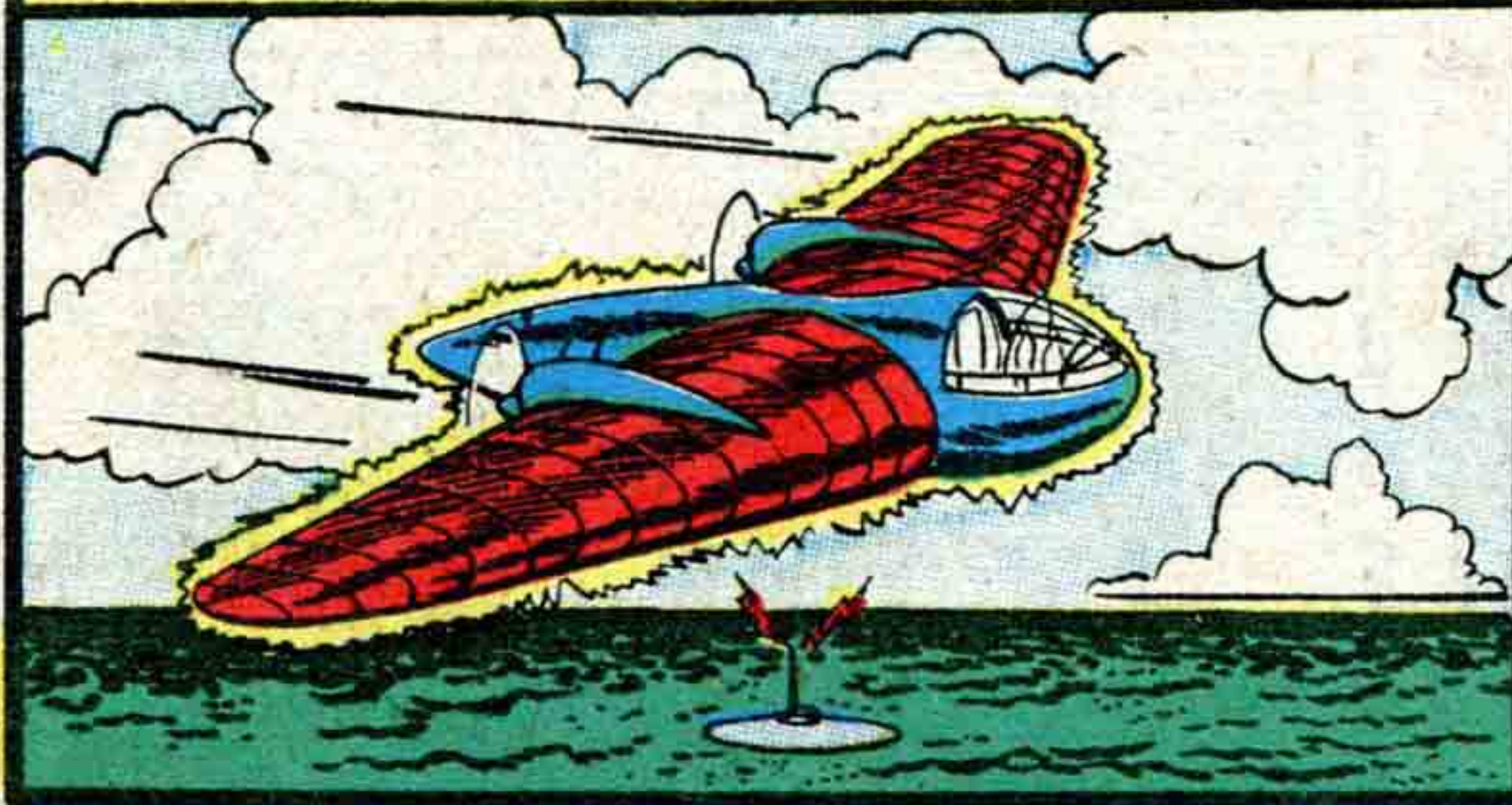
INSIDE THE WING ———

THAT BOLT— ELECTRICITY—  
KILL US, UNLESS — !

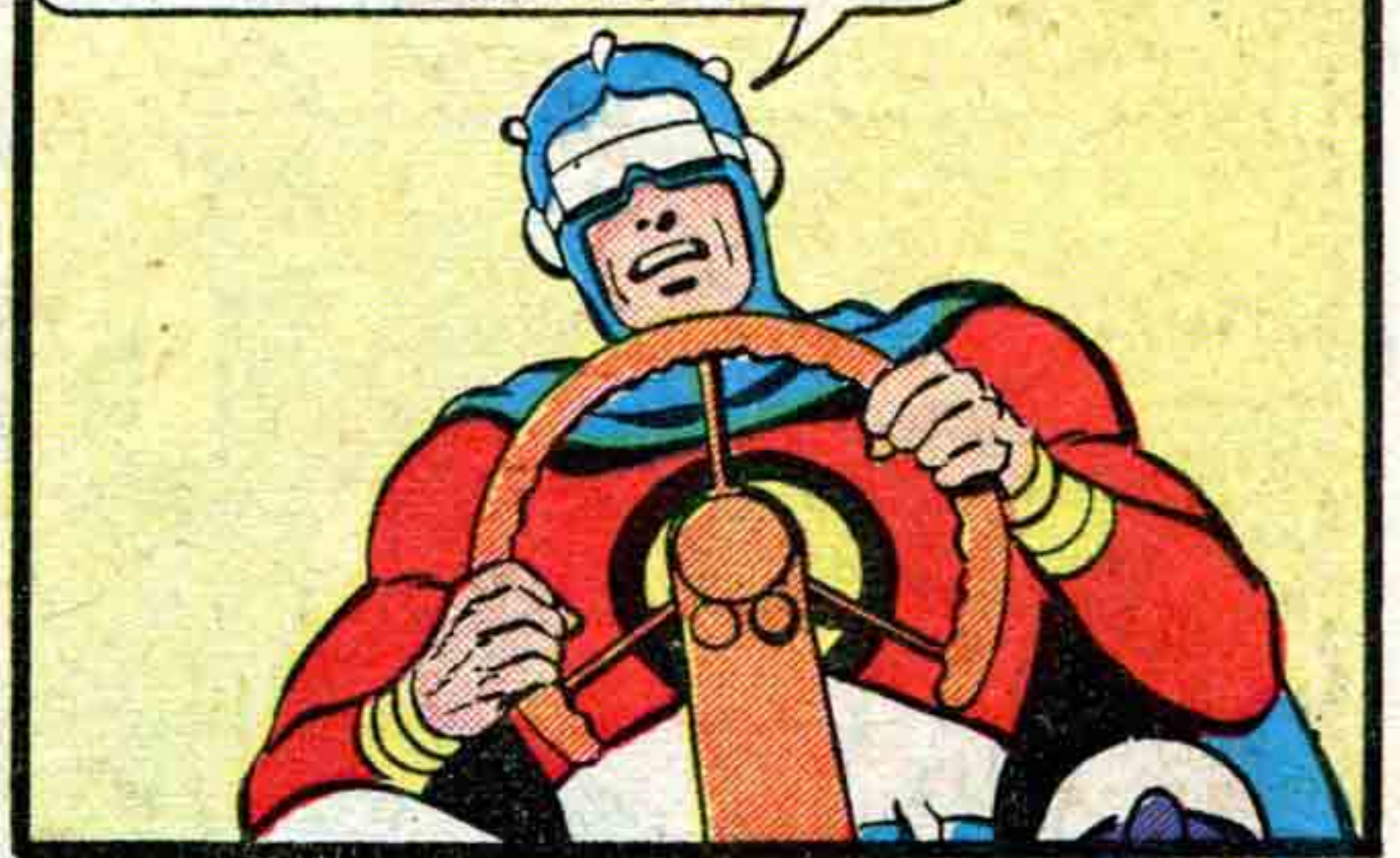
WHA—  
WHAT'S



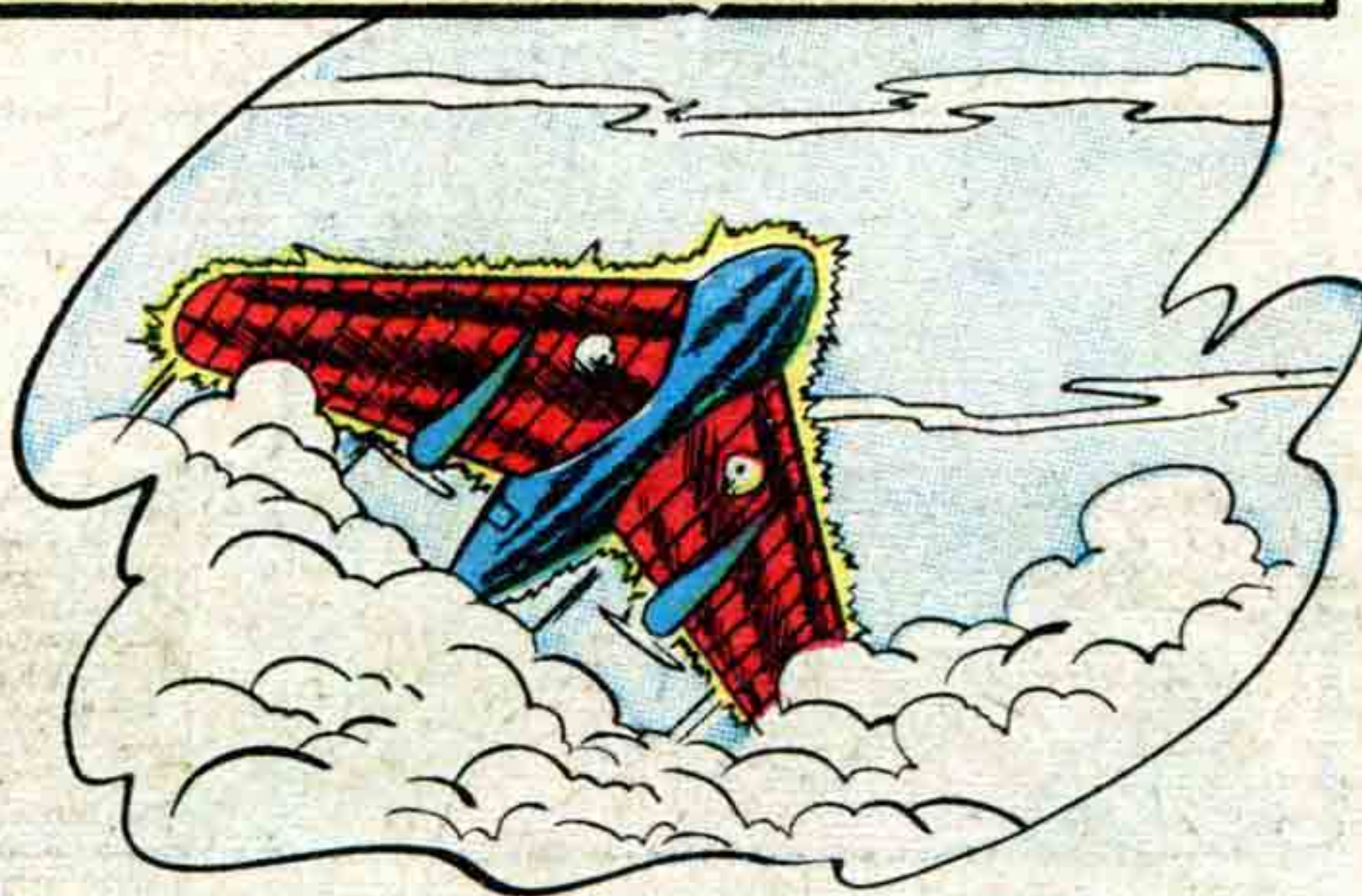
ELECTRICITY PLAYS ALL ABOUT THE METAL  
HULL OF THE PLANE —



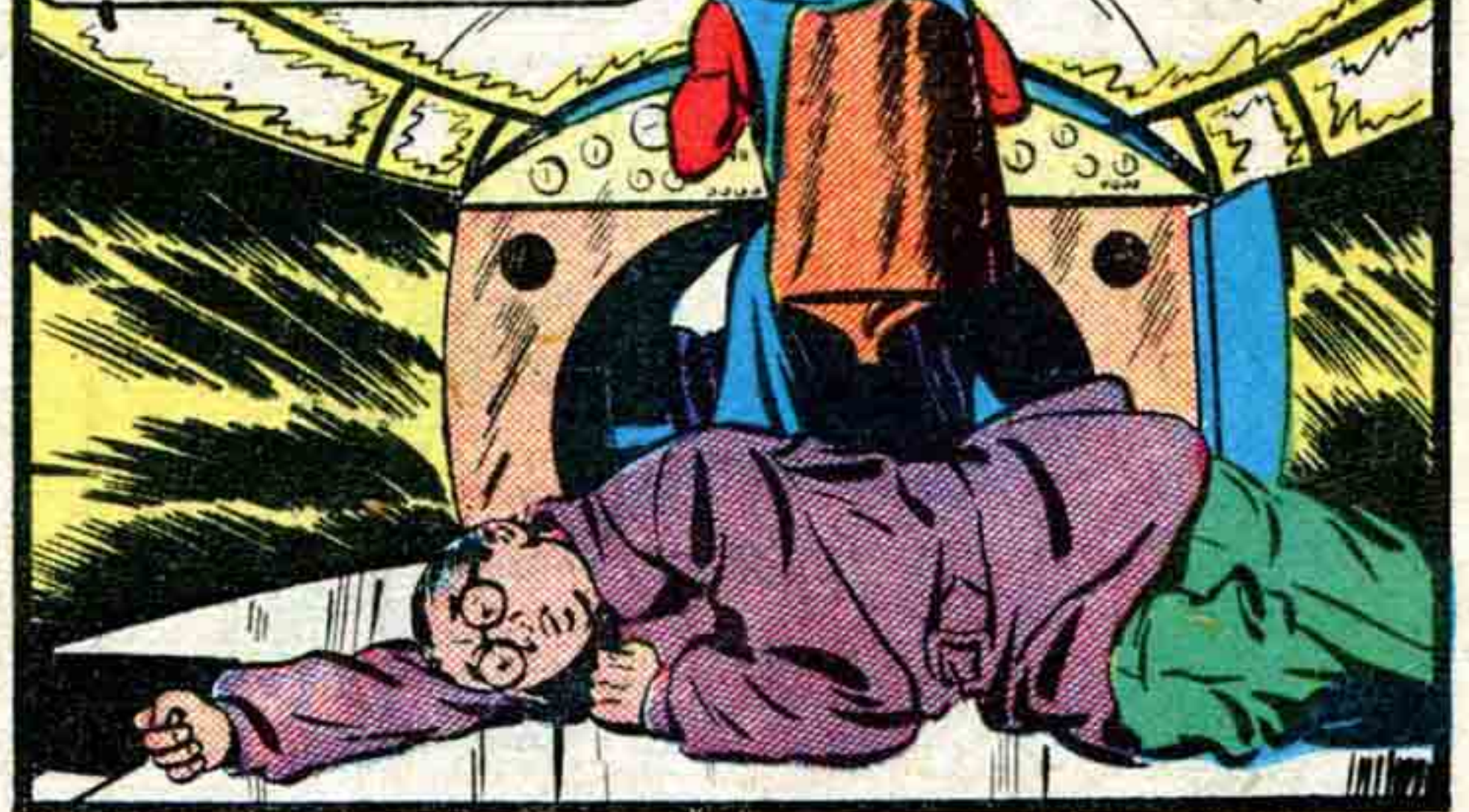
ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE  
— IS TO — **CLIMB!**



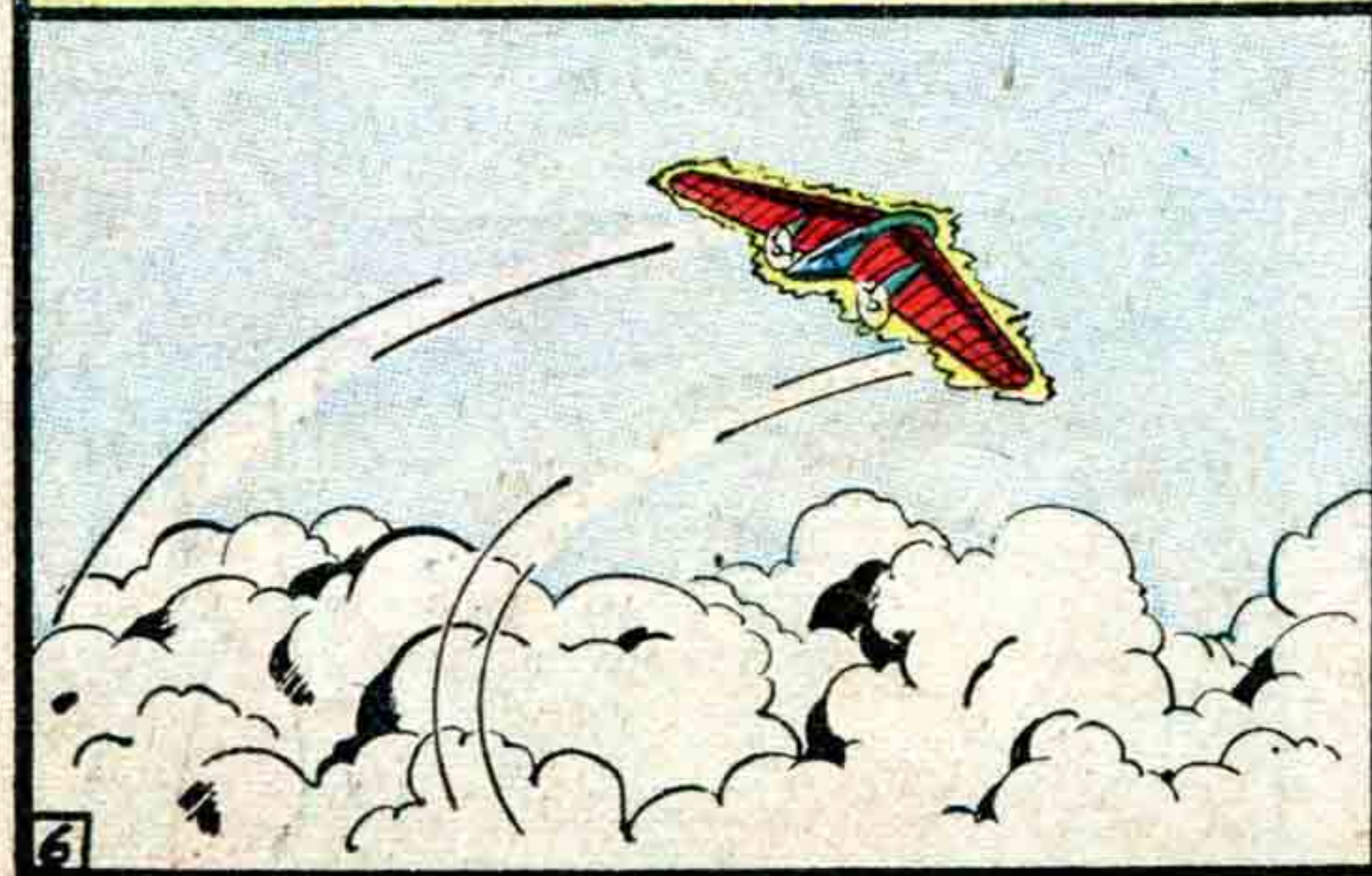
UP, UP GOES THE WING ———



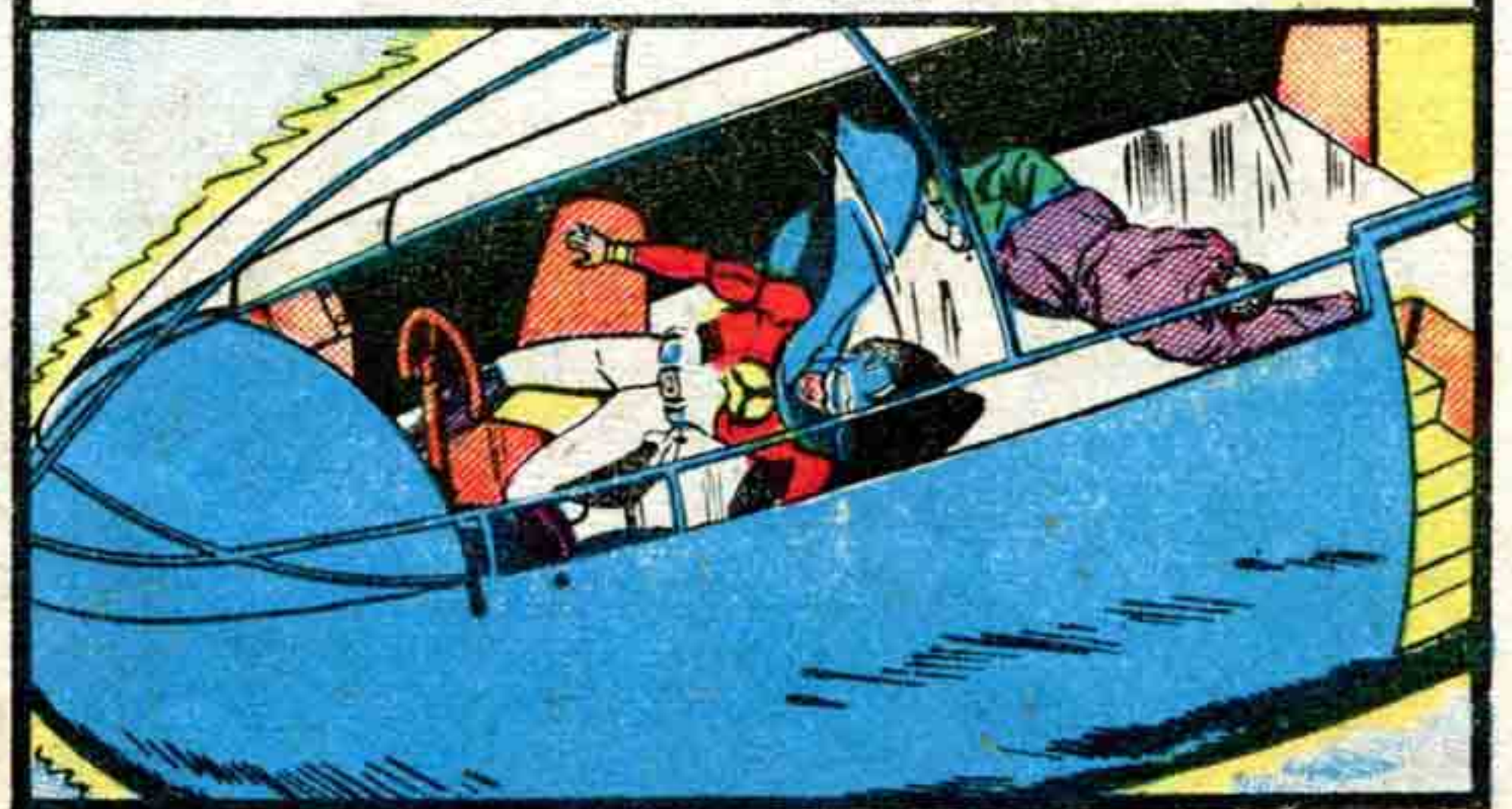
HAVE TO TURN  
AND GO — BACK!



THE WING TURNS IN MIDAIR —



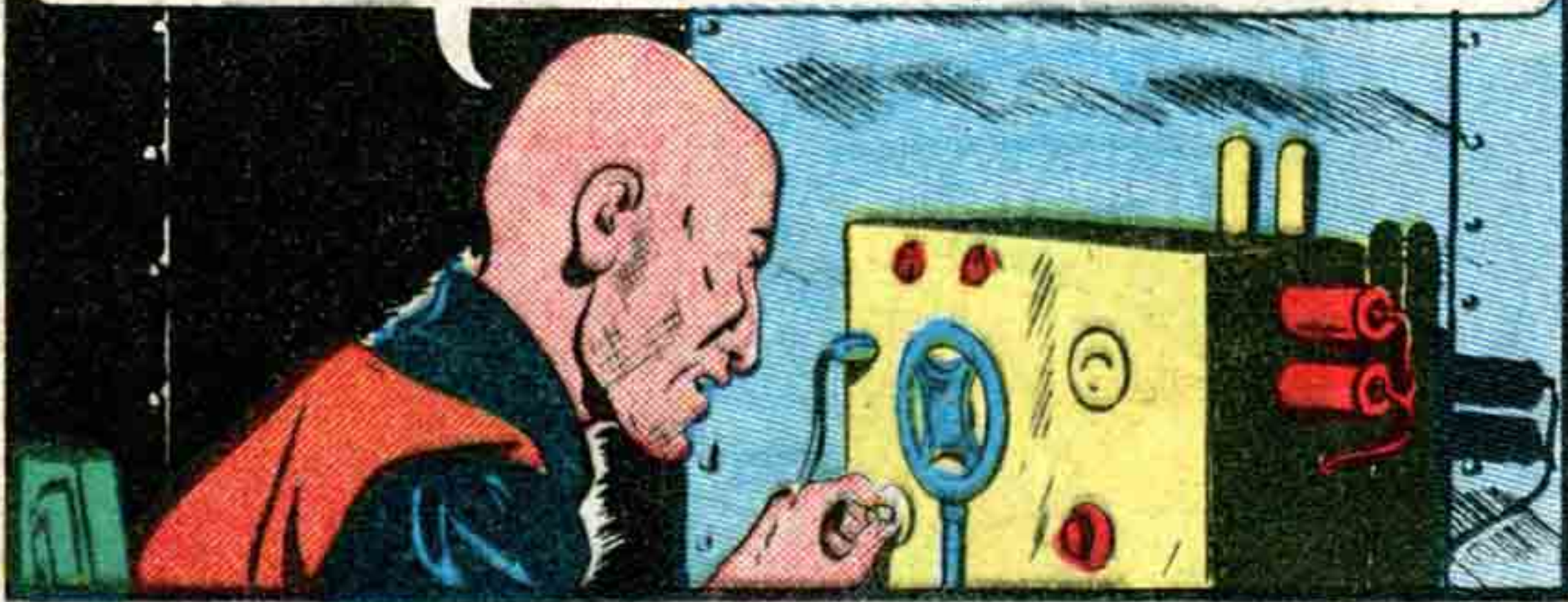
INSIDE IT CHUBBY IS LIFELESS AND THE  
POWERFUL SKYMAN SLOWLY CRUMPLES  
TO THE FLOOR —





# BIG SHOT COMICS

CALLING WASHINGTON FROM THE HIGH SEAS! IF YOU WILL DEPOSIT A MILLION DOLLARS TO THE ACCOUNT OF X, I WILL STOP THOSE TIDAL WAVES, THAT HAVE BEEN DESTROYING PROPERTY ALONG THE COAST!

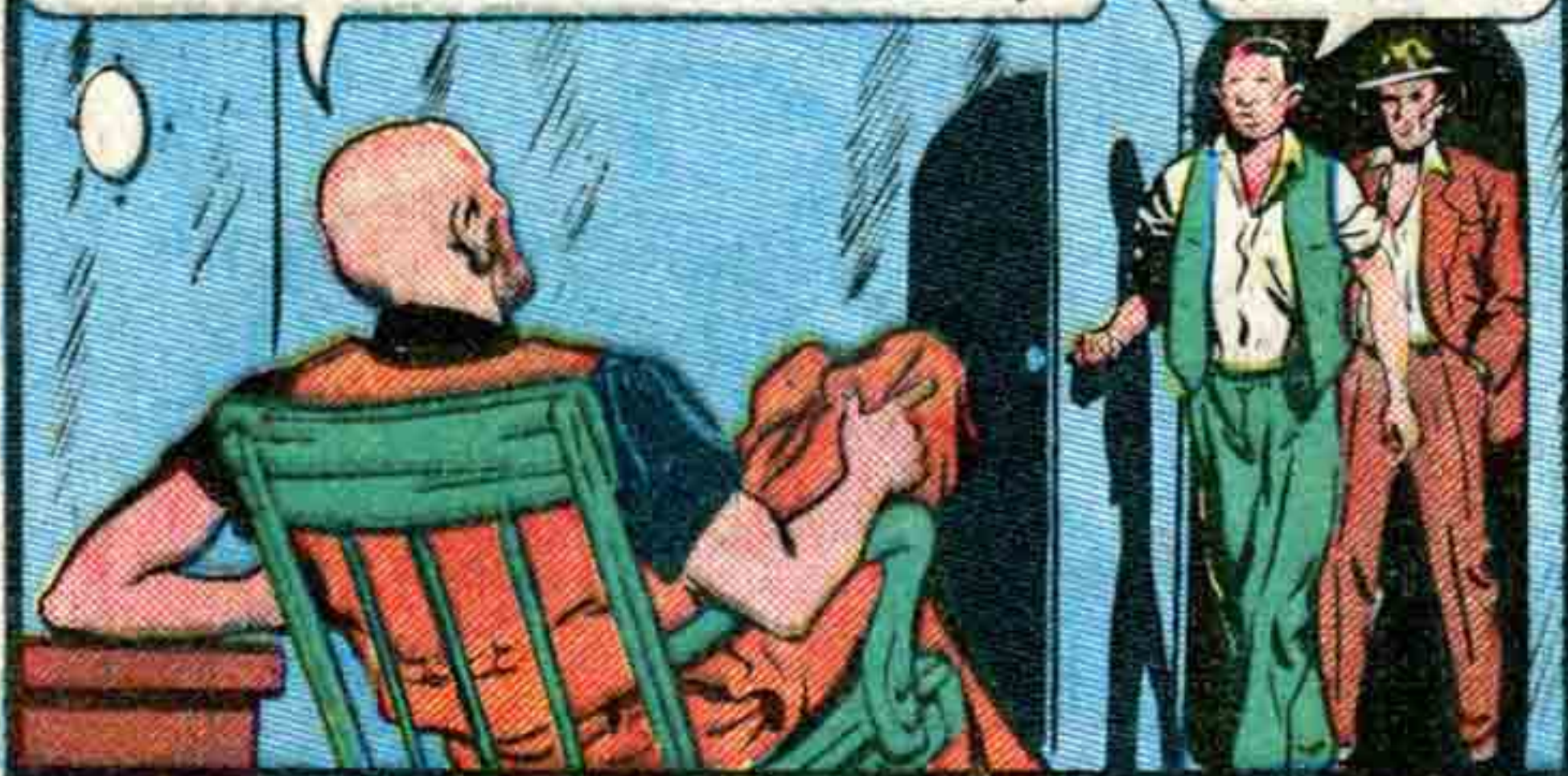


THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK! NOW TO PREVENT THAT PLANE VISIT FROM RECURRING! NICK! SAM!



YOU WILL ORDER THE MEN TO STAND GUARD AT ALL WINDOWS, IN CASE ANYONE FINDS US HERE! AND SHOOT TO **KILL**!

SURE, SURE! I'LL TELL 'EM!



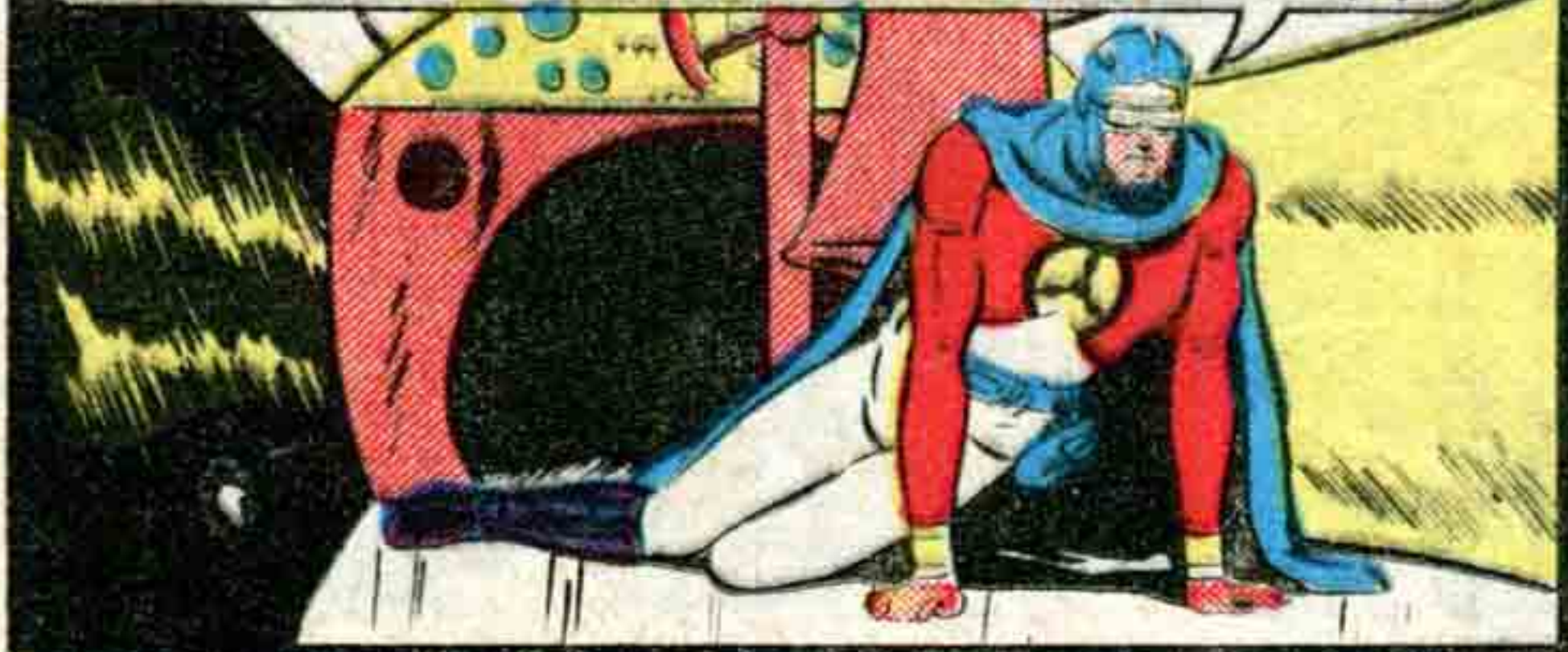
SHARPSHOOTING THUGS, TAKE THEIR POSTS

LET SOMEBODY COME! JUST LET 'EM COME!



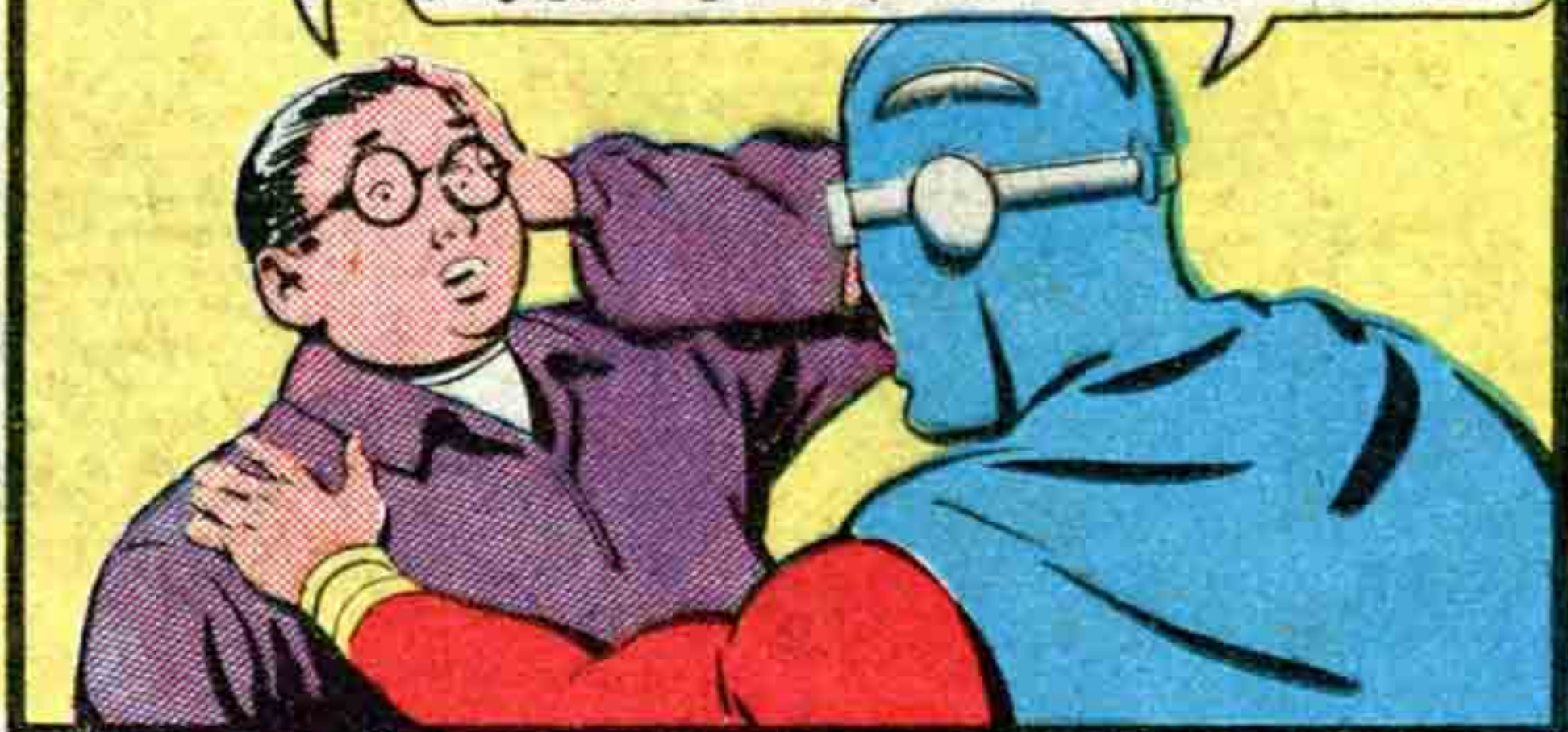
ABOARD THE WING, THE POWERFUL SKYMAN, SLOWLY RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS ---

THAT ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE SORT OF GOT ME! WONDER HOW CHUBBY IS?



WHA - WHAT HAPPENED?

WHOEVER WAS ON THAT FLOATING ISLAND, WE SAW, HAS A POWERFUL WEAPON THAT THROWS ELECTRICITY! A BOLT OF IT, HIT THE WING!



WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

RETURN TO THE SKYDROME AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO BEAT HIM!



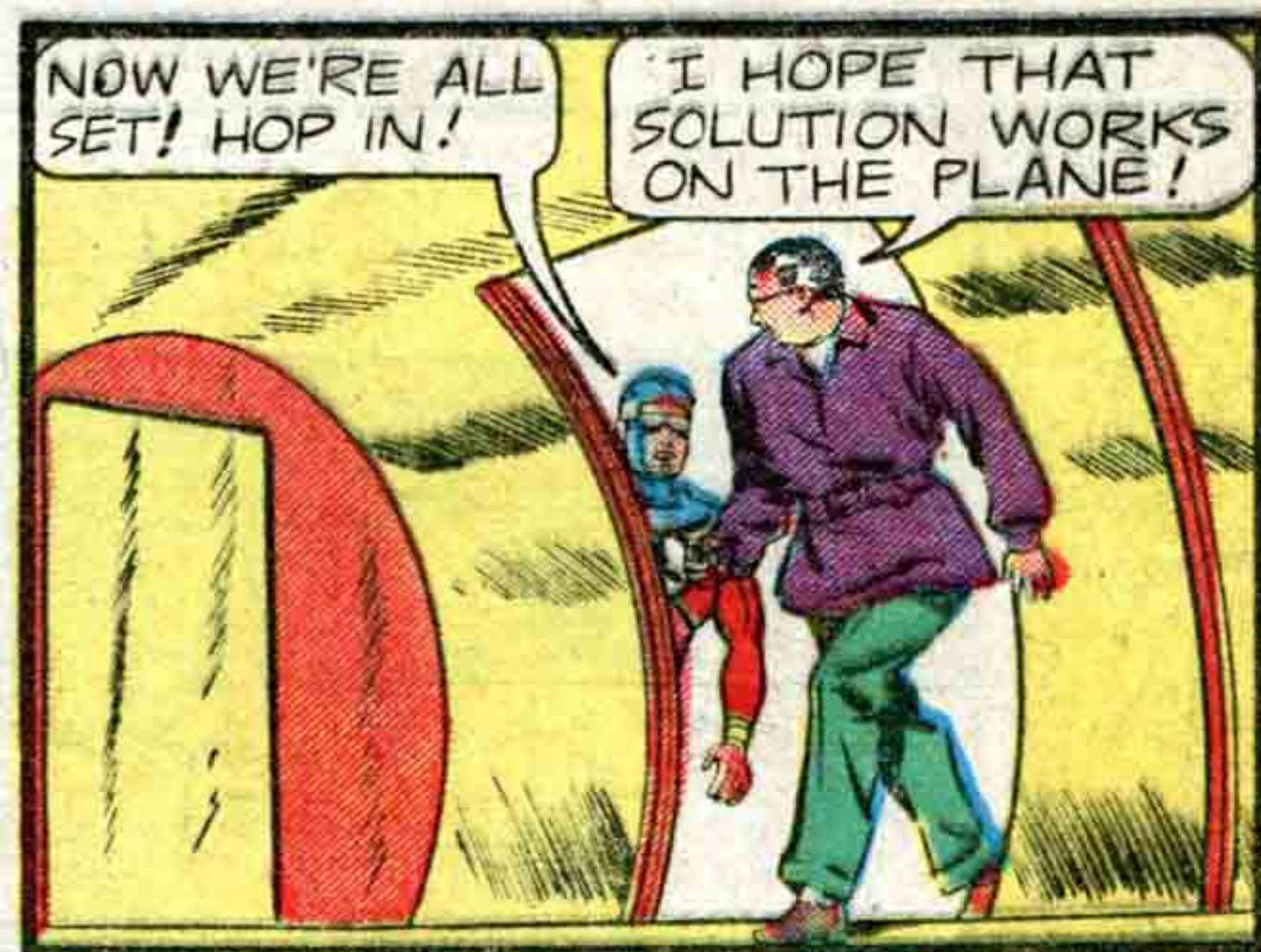
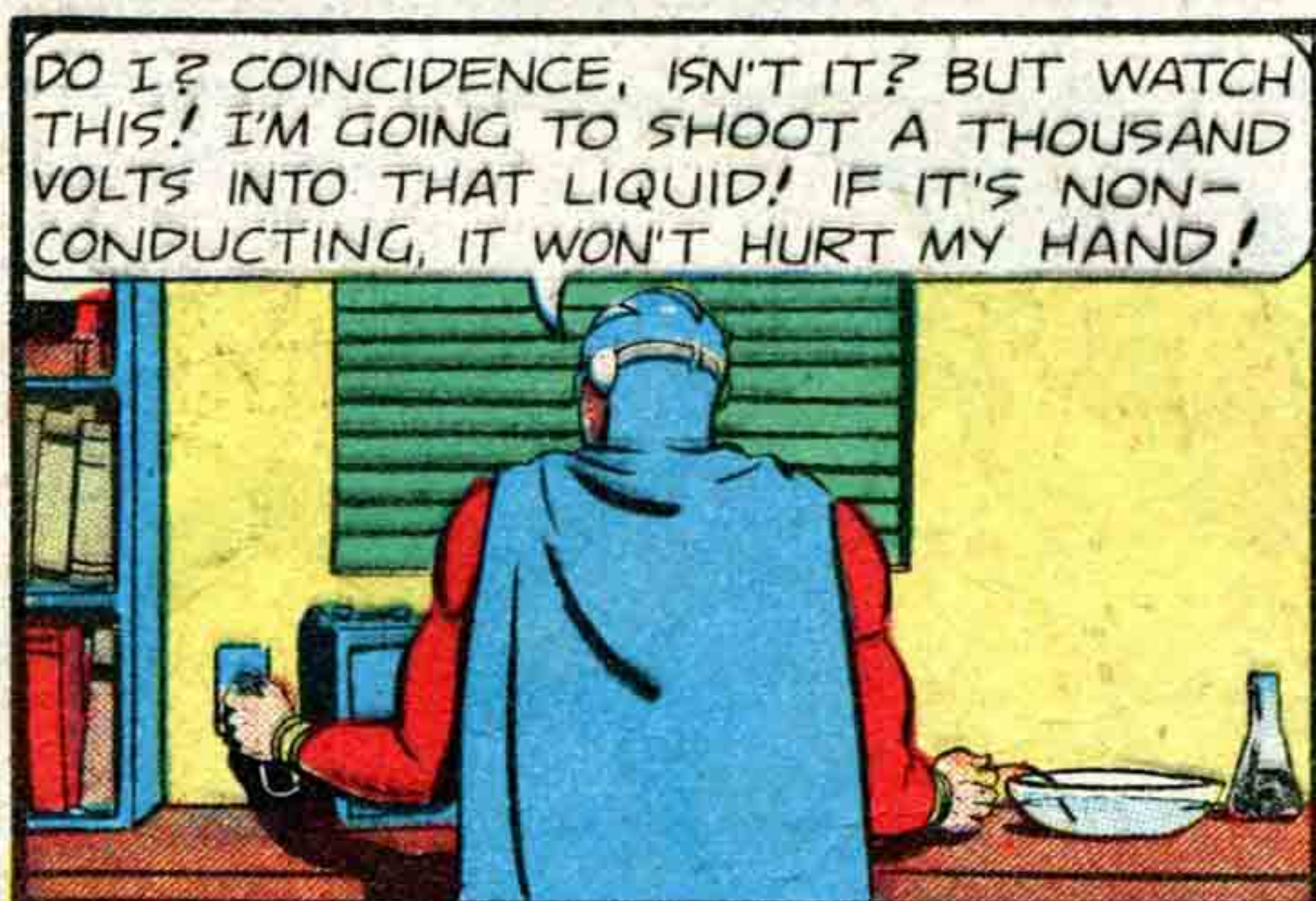
IF A MAN CAN THINK UP SOMETHING LIKE THAT, A MAN CAN THINK OF SOMETHING TO BEAT IT - AND I'M GOING TO BE THAT MAN!

GOSH!

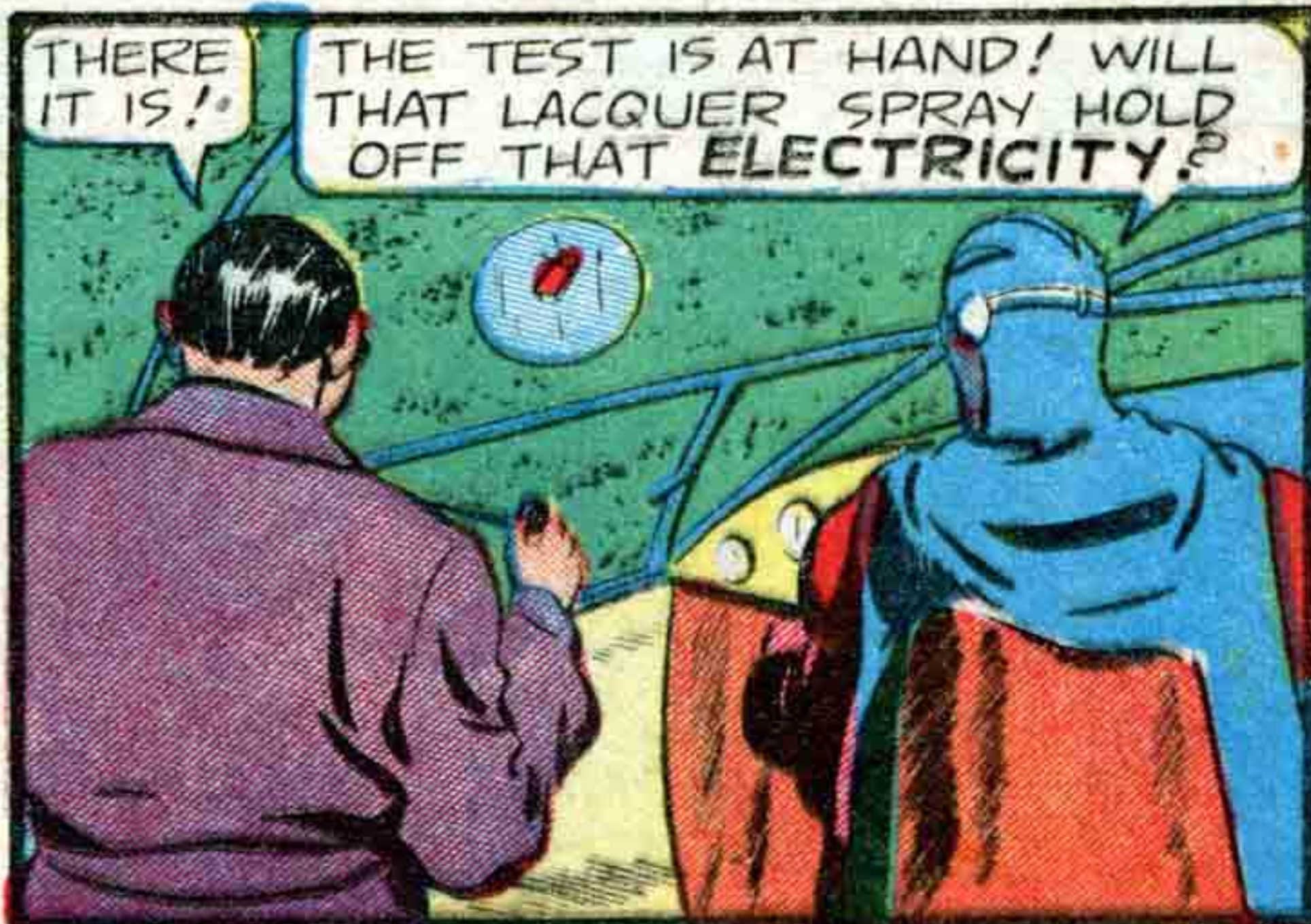
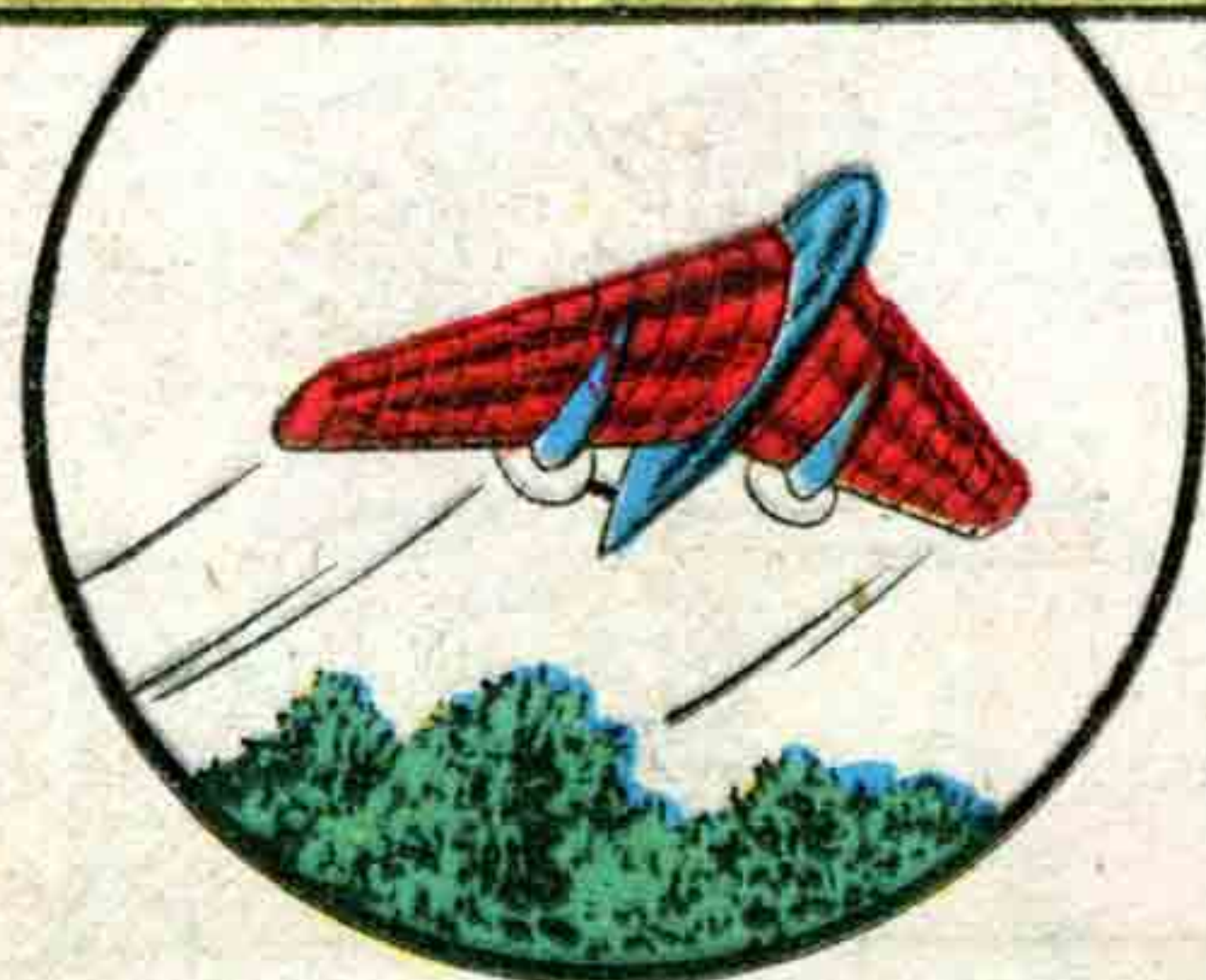




# BIG SHOT COMICS



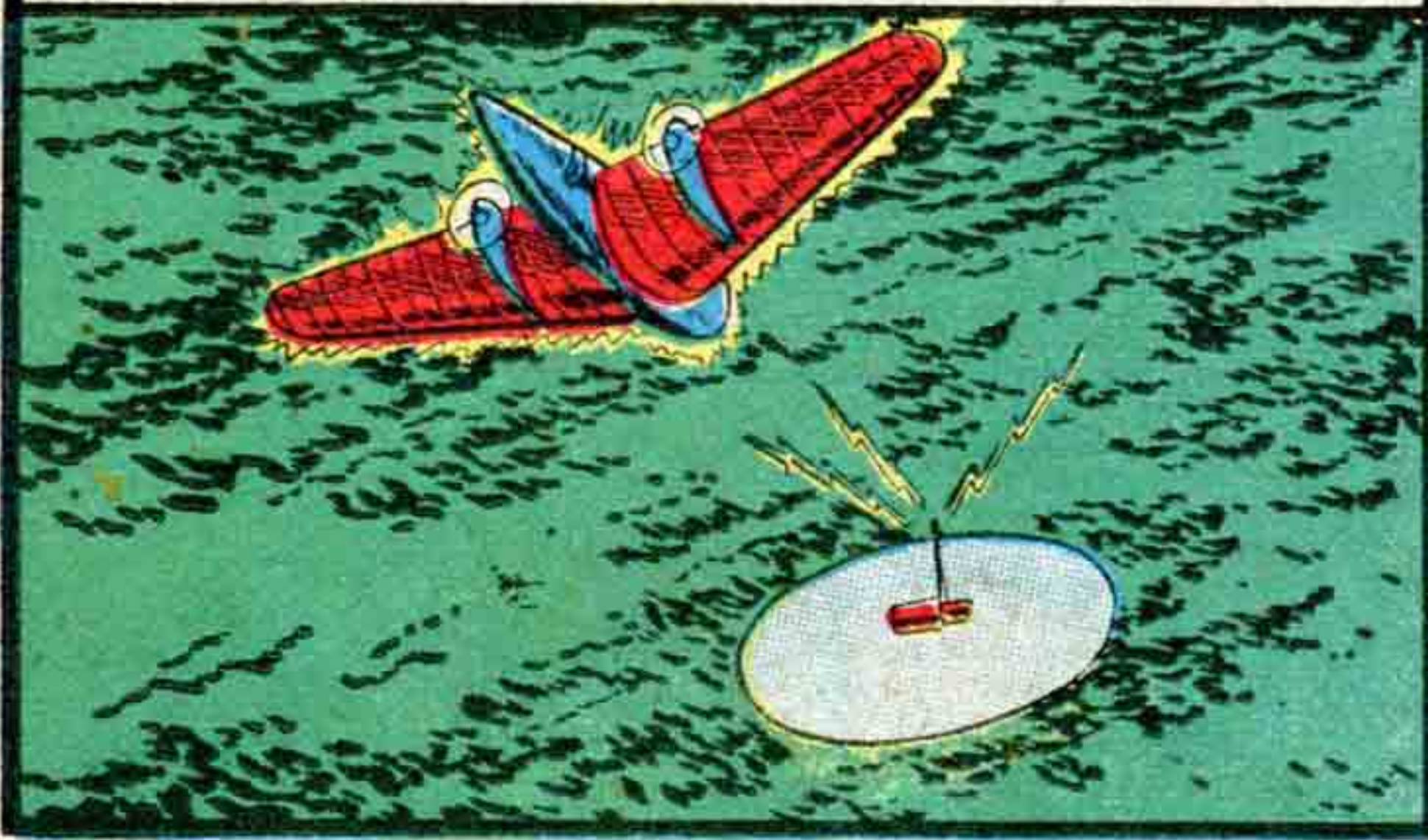
OFF FOR THE FLOATING ISLAND WITH THE WING THOROUGHLY SPRAYED WITH ELECTRICITY-RESISTING LACQUER —





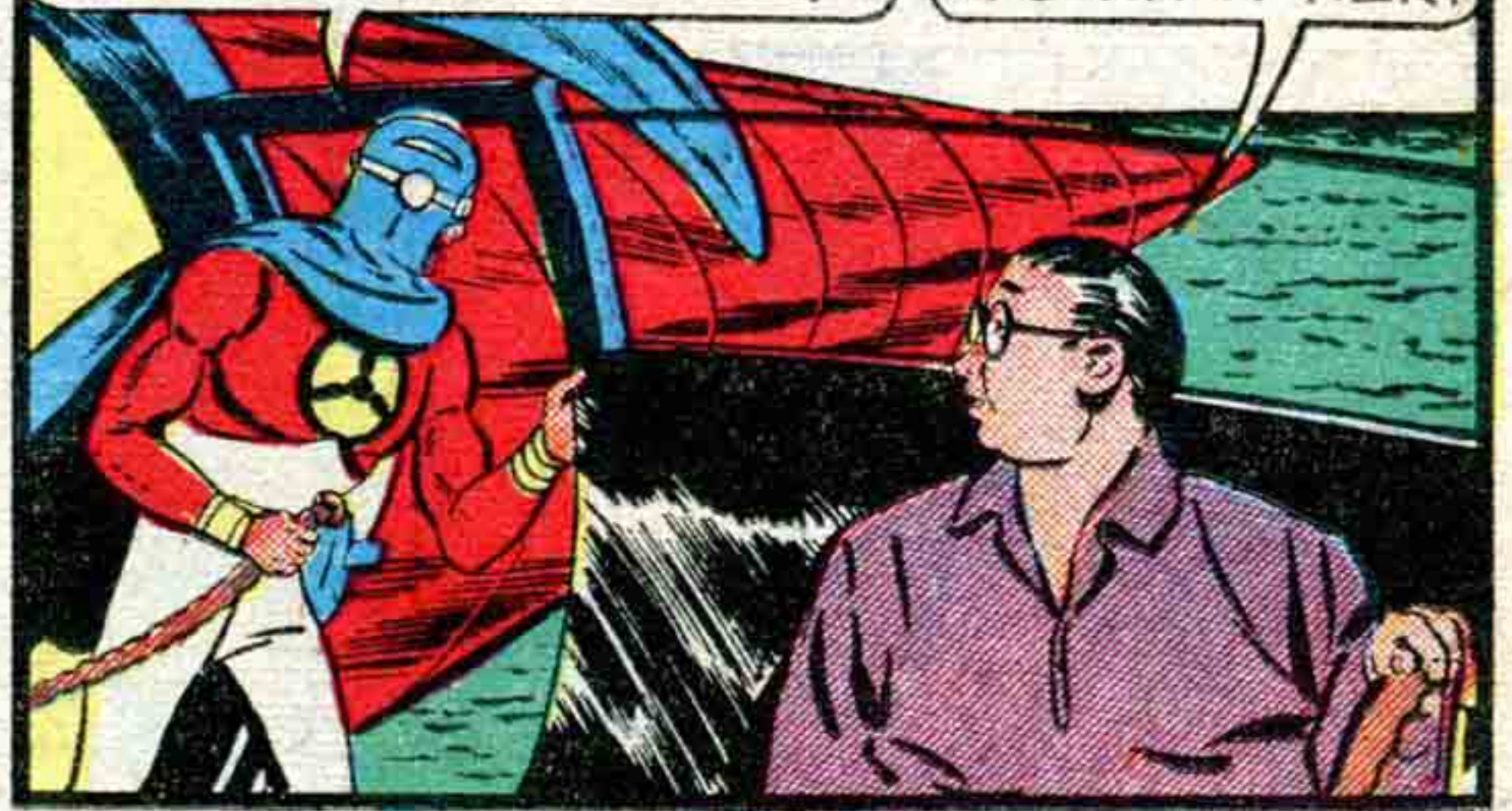
# BIG SHOT COMICS

THE ELECTRICAL BOLTS HIT THE WING SQUARELY—AND ARE HARMLESS—



I'M GOING TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT DOWN BELOW! YOU TAKE OVER THE WING!

RIGHT! I'LL HAVE HER HANDY, IF YOU WANT HER!

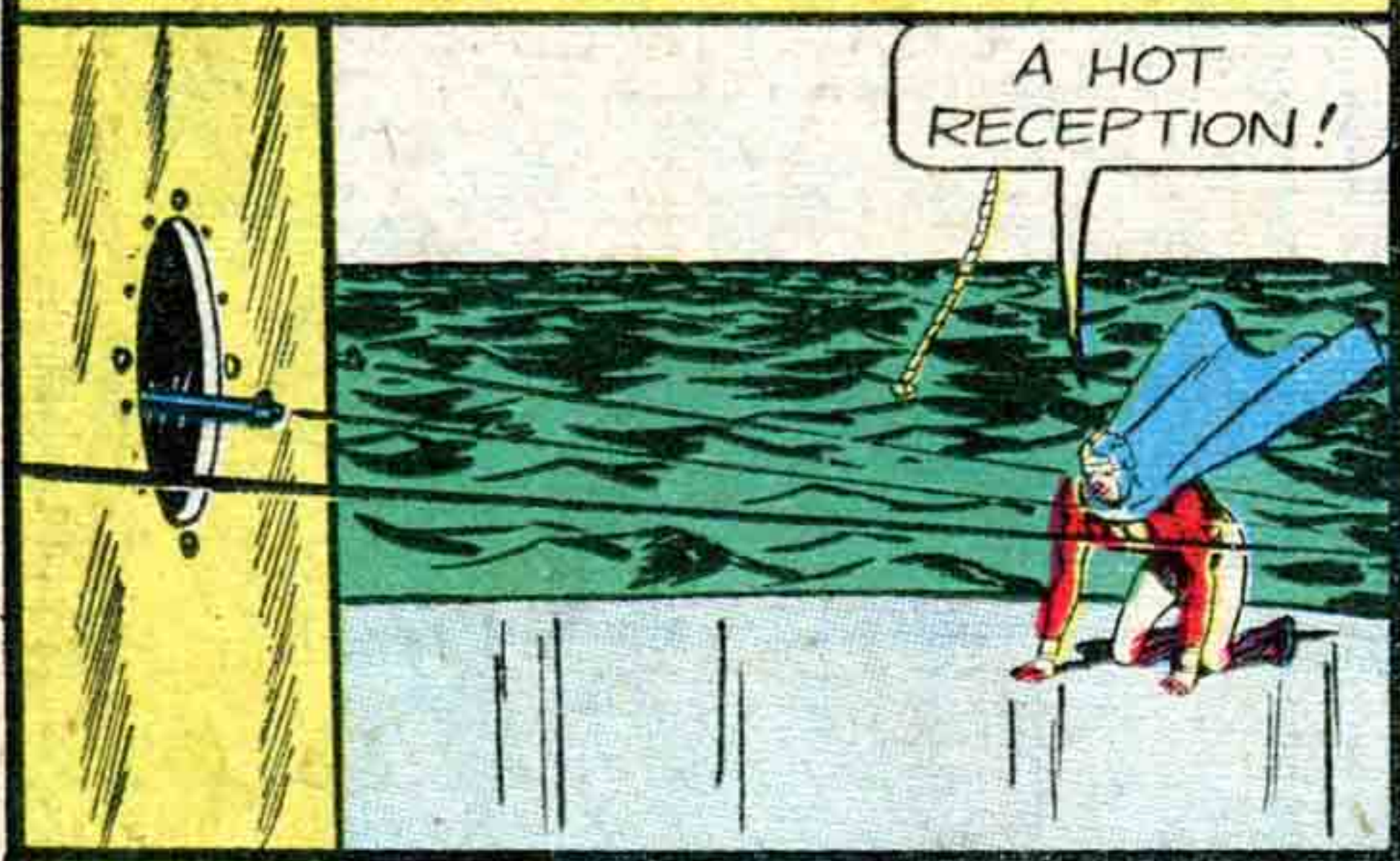


GLUTCHING THE ROPE, ATTACHED TO THE WING, HE LEAPS OUT OVER THE ISLAND—



HE LANDS AMIDST A SHOWER OF BULLETS—

A HOT RECEPTION!



I'VE GOT TO FORCE MY WAY IN!



LOOK OUT!

HE'S GOT HOLD OF MY GUN!

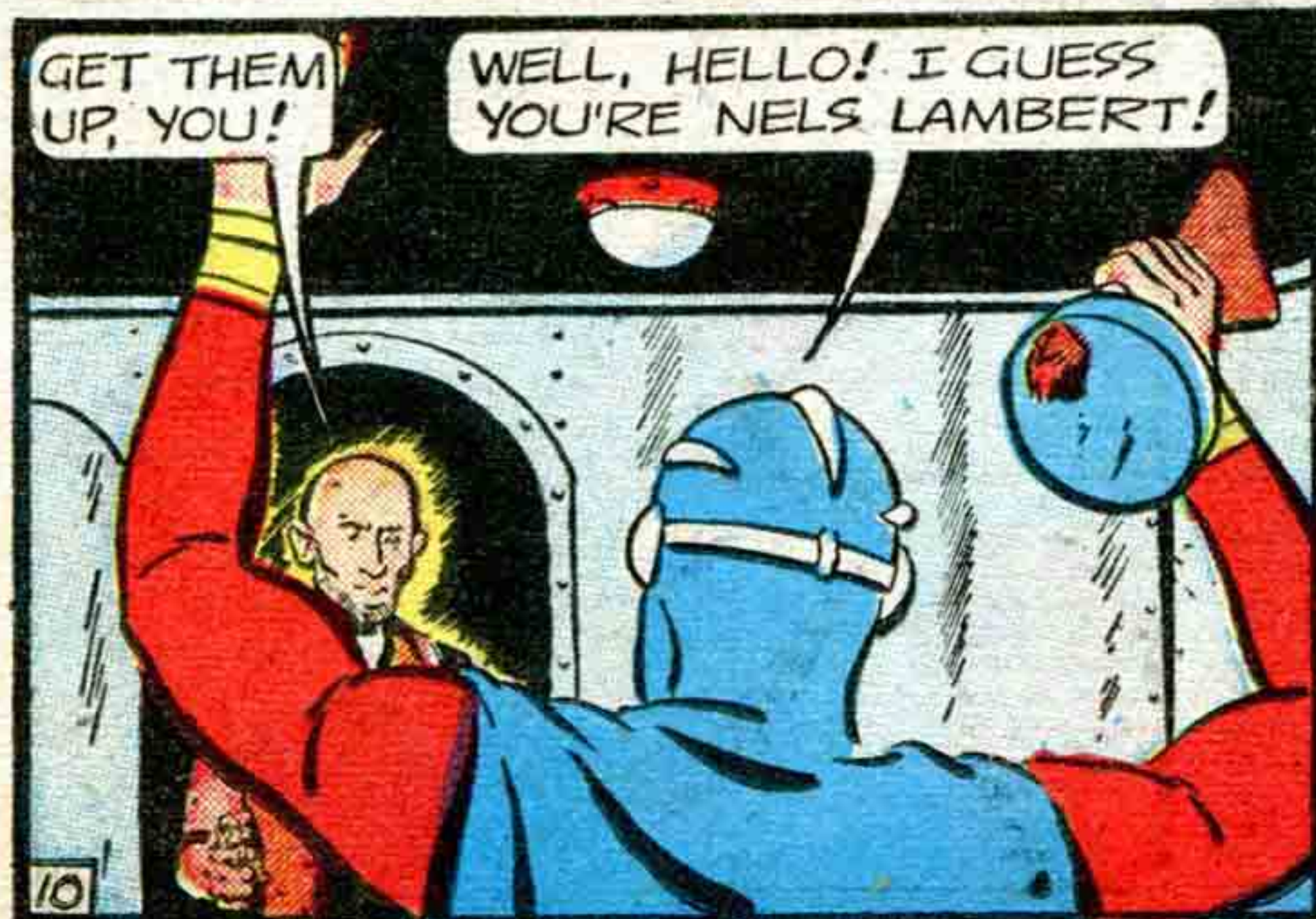
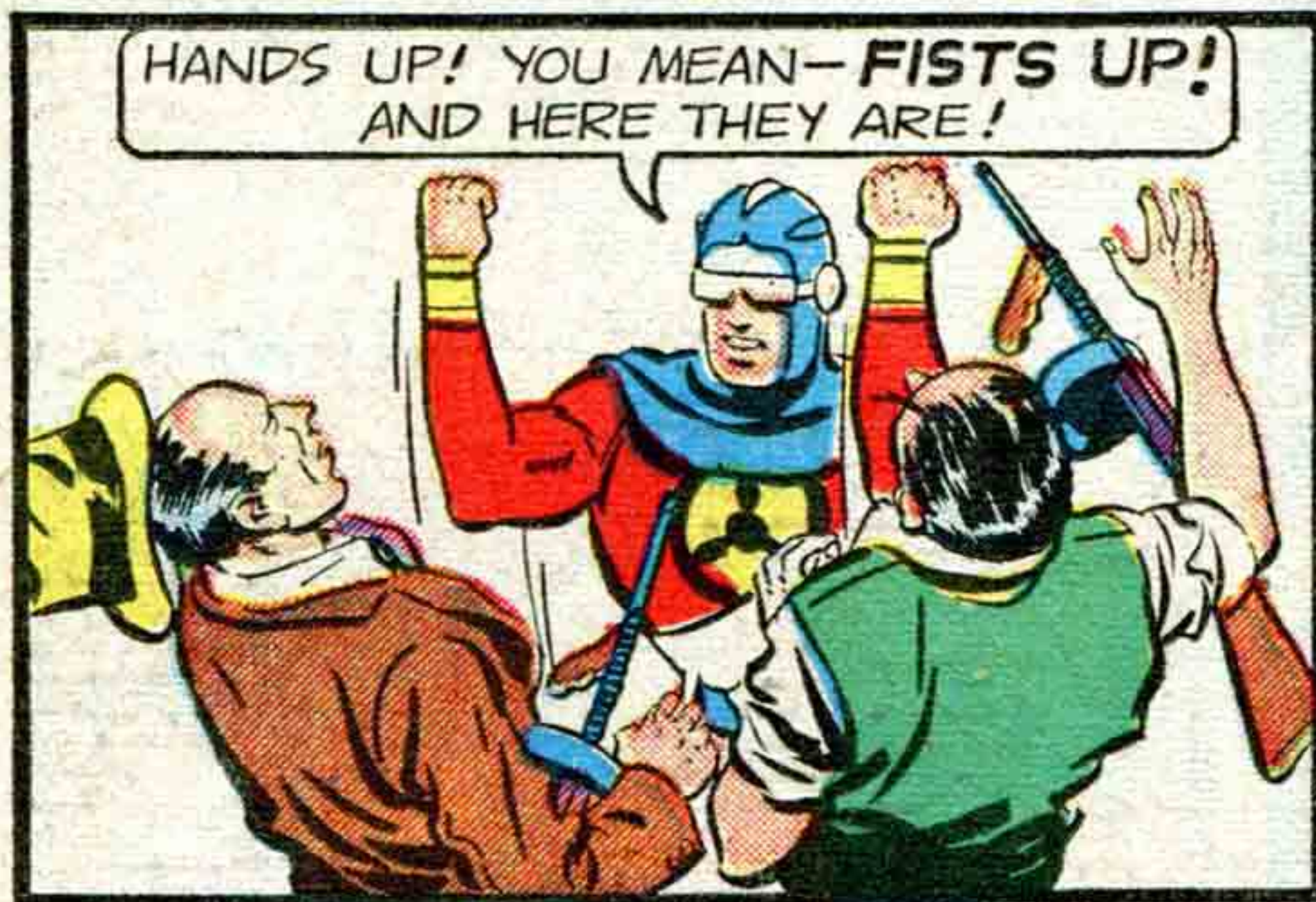
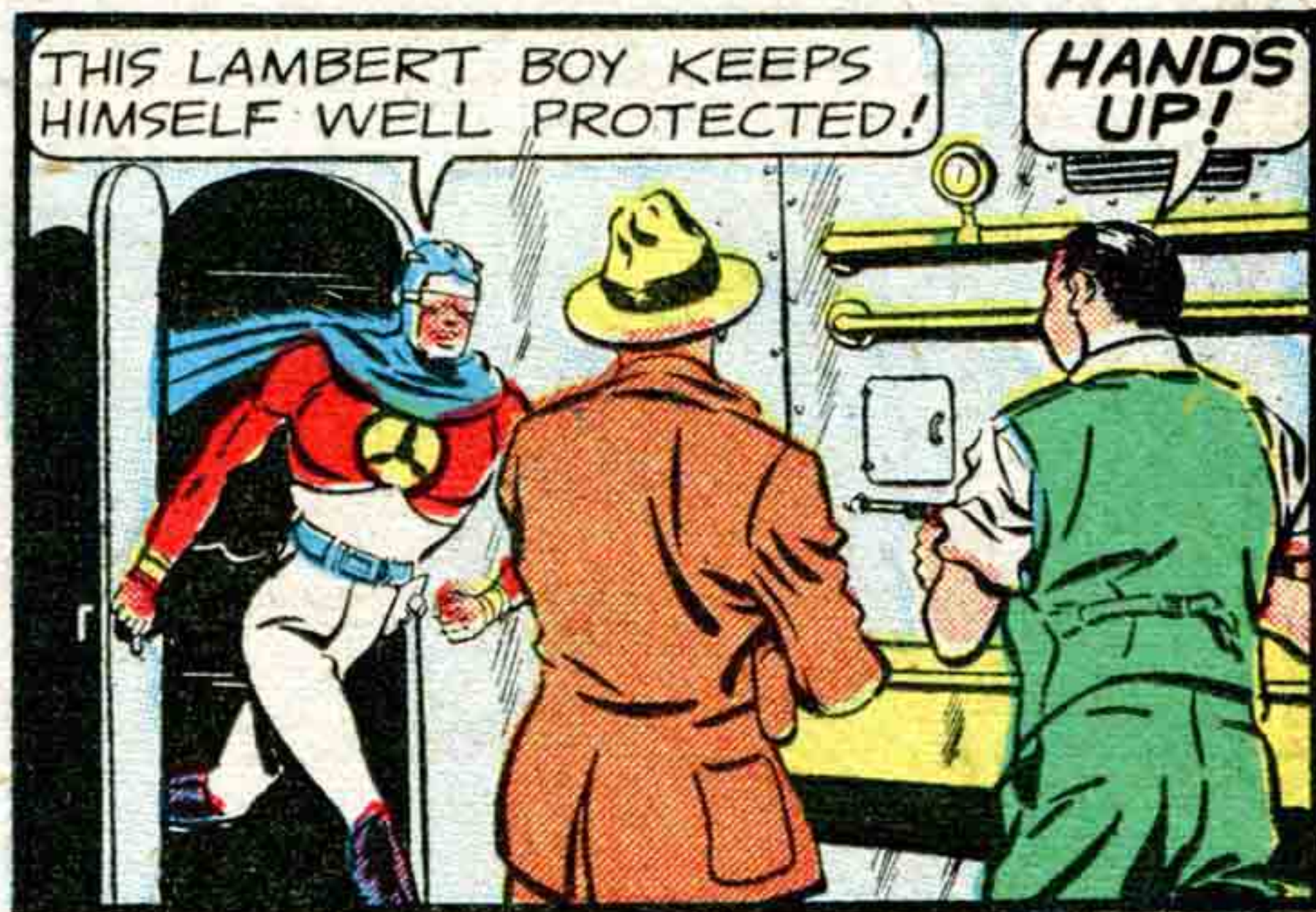
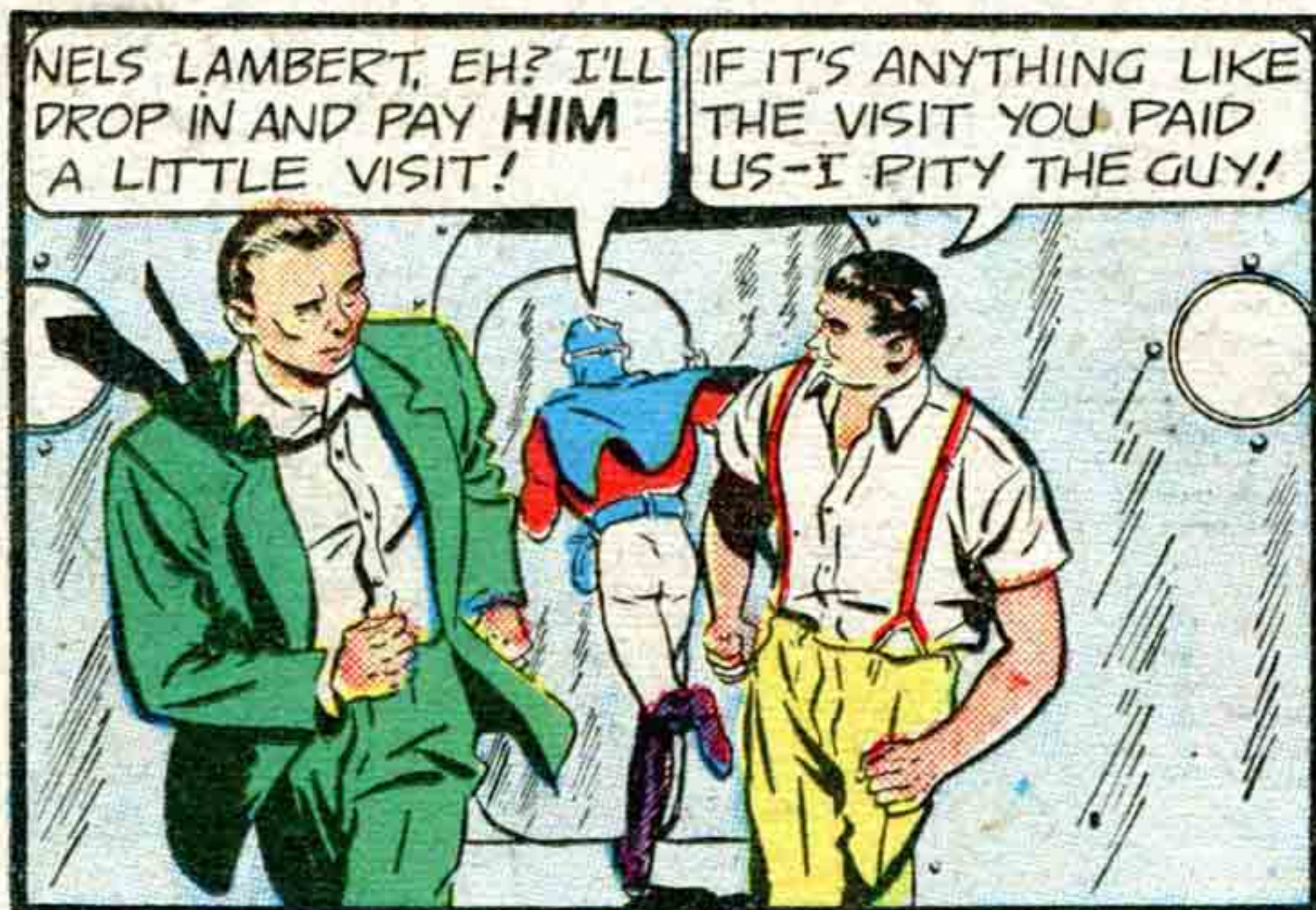
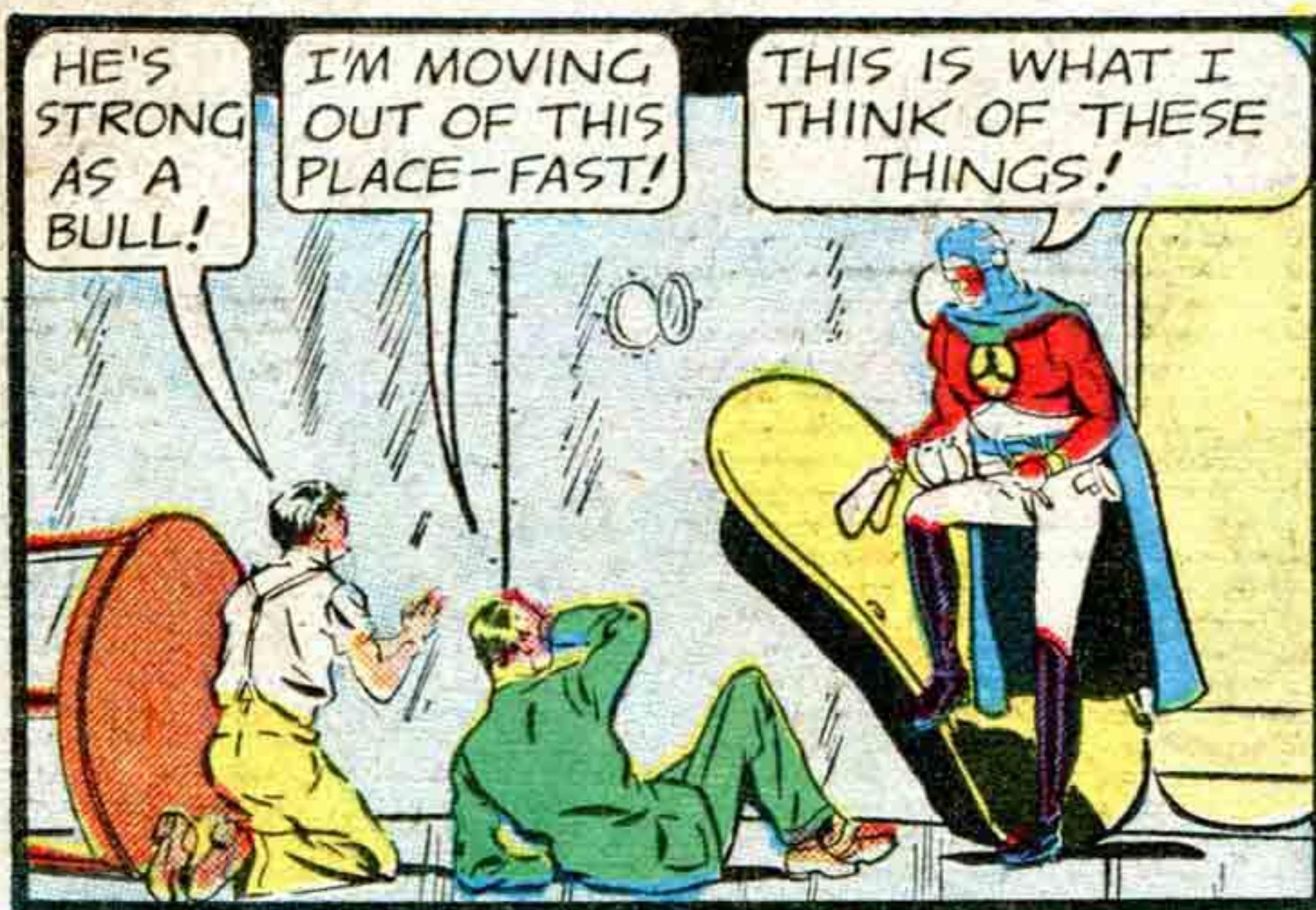


I'VE GOT HOLD OF YOUR JAW, TOO!





# BIG SHOT COMICS





# BIG SHOT COMICS

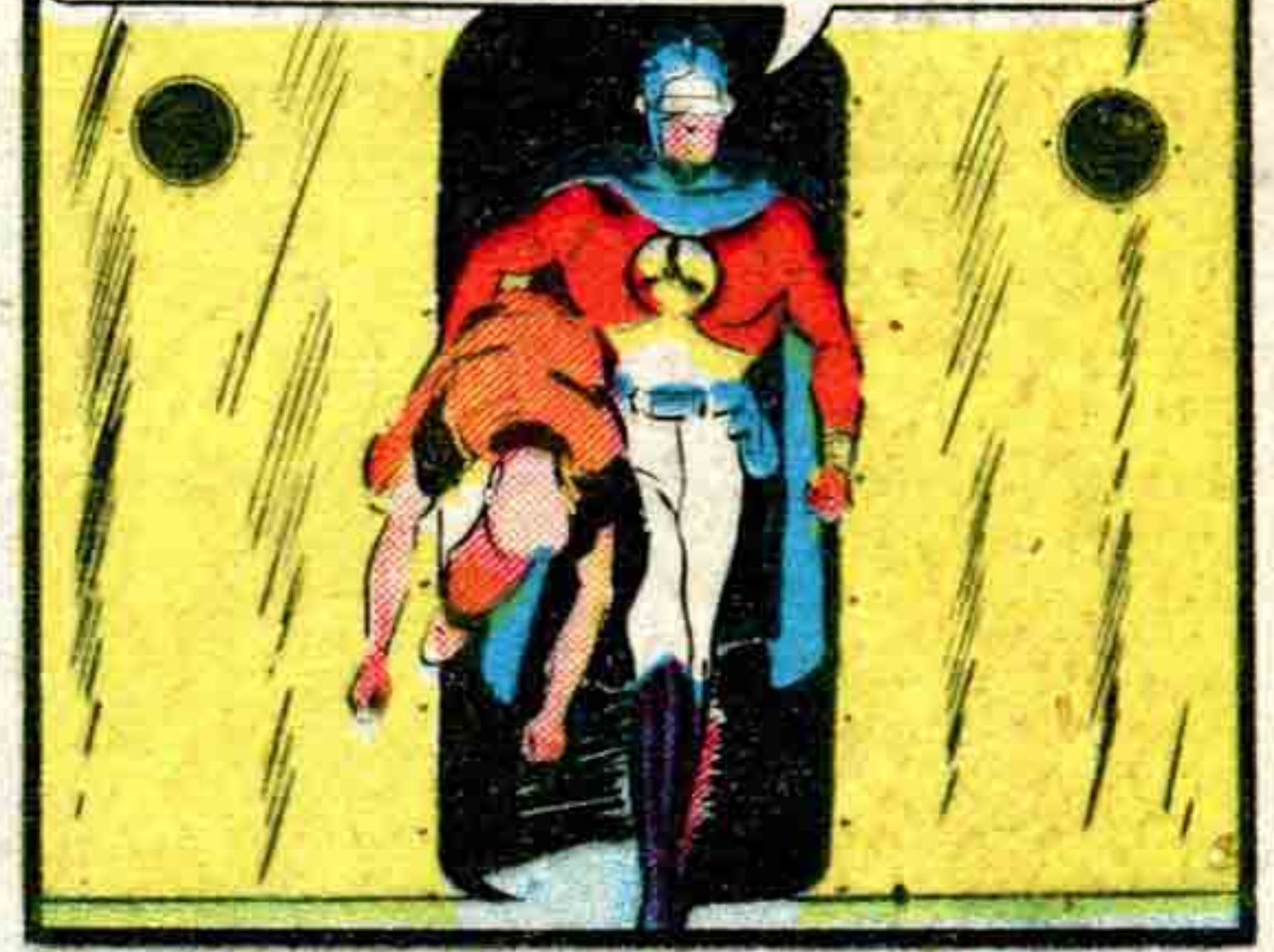
THE SKYMAN'S AIM IS PERFECT AND LAMBERT SLIDES TO THE FLOOR, AS THE TOMMY-GUN BUTT HITS HIS TEMPLE —

OOF!

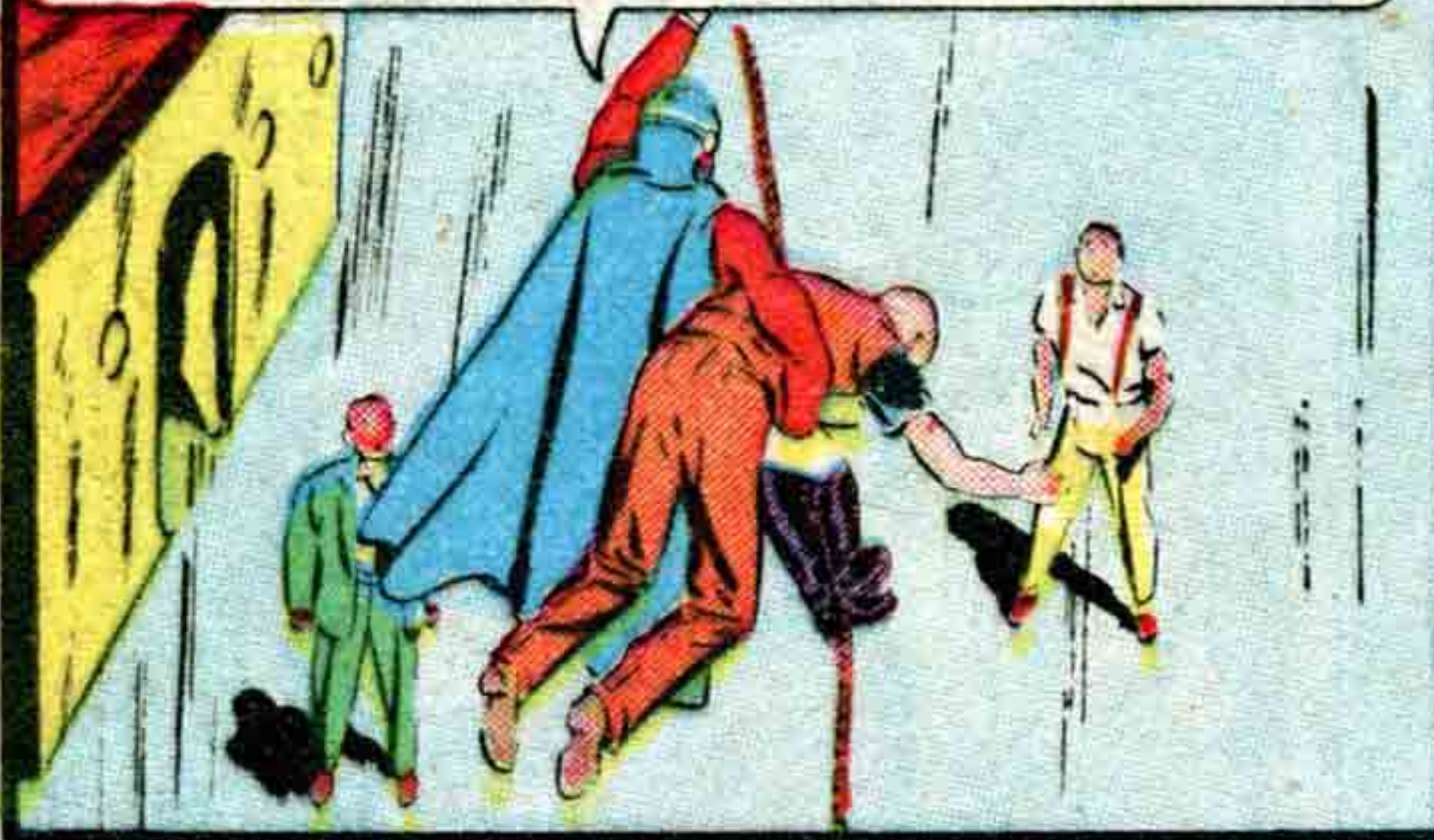
YOU SHOULD'VE DUCKED — LIKE I DID!



I THINK THOSE TIDAL WAVES WILL STOP FOR ALL TIME, NOW!

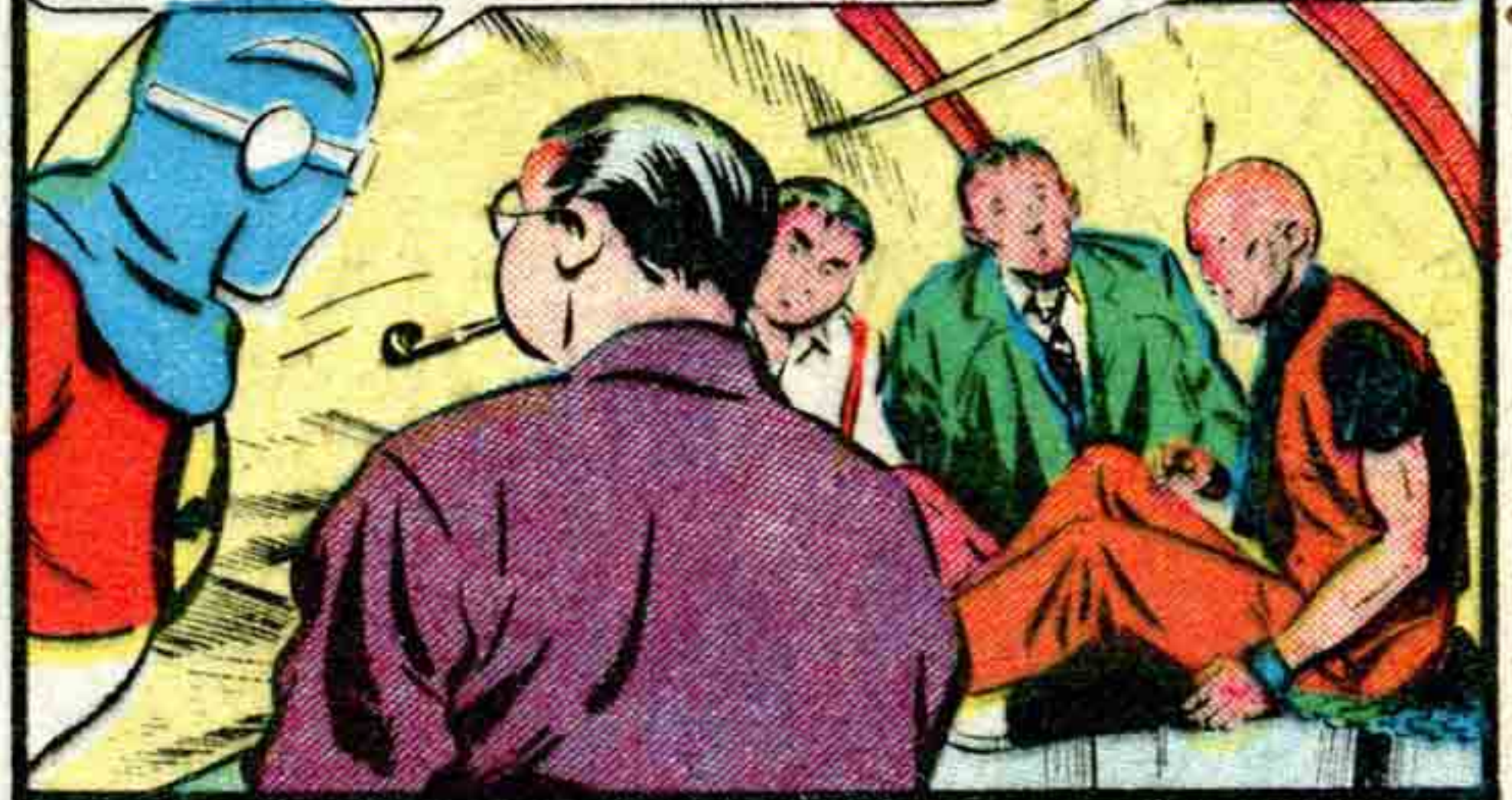


YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN! ONE CROOK AT A TIME, RIGHT NOW!



THEY'RE ALL THERE! NOW TO DESTROY THAT FLOATING MENACE, DOWN BELOW!

HOW YOU GOING TO DO THAT?



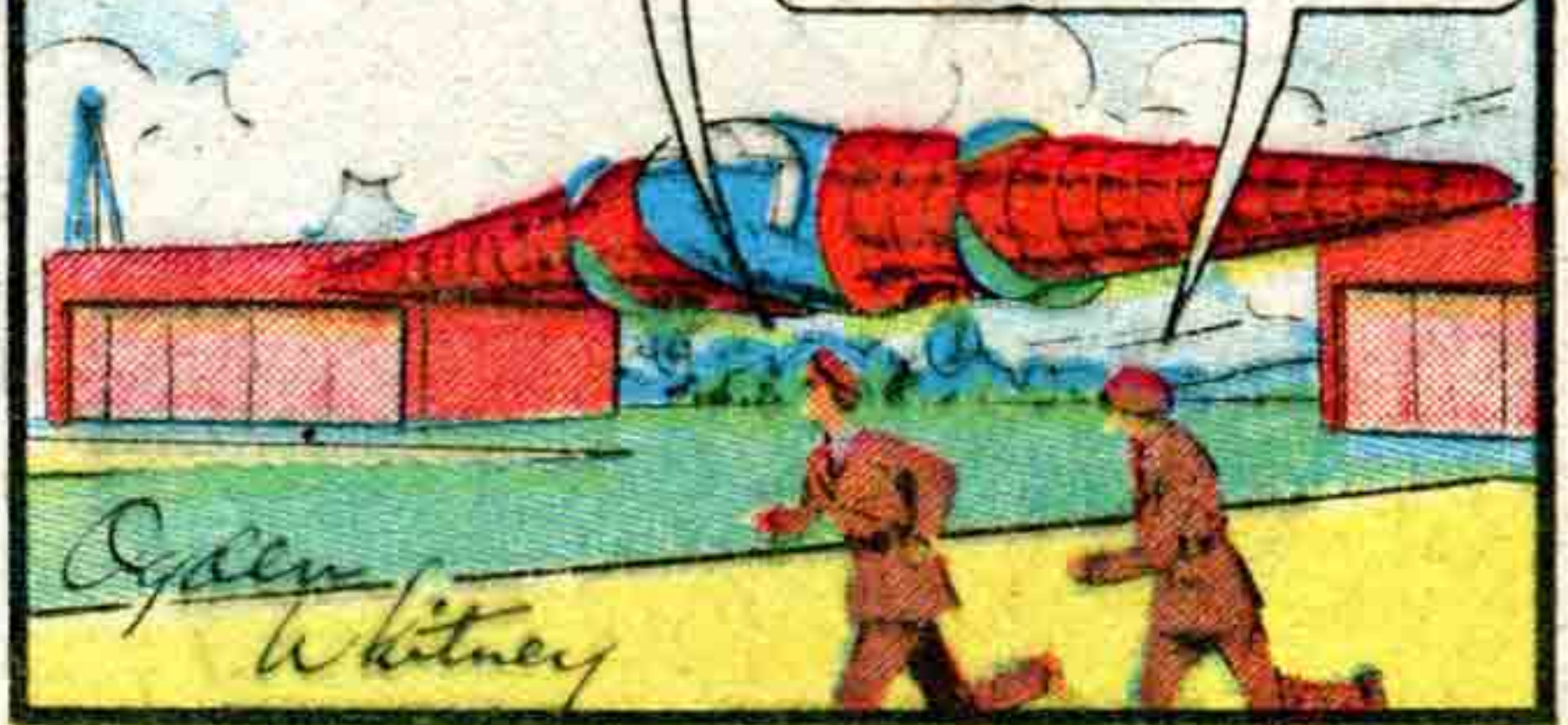
VERY EASILY! JUST FIRE MY ATOMATIC — THAT BLOWS ALL MATTER INTO THE ATOMS THAT COMPOSE IT — AND THE ISLAND GOES UP!



THE WING LANDS NEAR AN ARMY AIRPORT —

WONDER WHO THE SKYMAN HAS NOW?

HE ALWAYS BRINGS IN THOSE CROOKS, ALL RIGHT!



HERE'RE YOUR MEN THAT HAVE BEEN CAUSING THOSE TIDAL WAVES! LAMBERT IS THE HEAD OF THE THING! REST EASY! THOSE WAVES WON'T HAPPEN ANY MORE!

GOOD FOR YOU!



A WEEK LATER, CHUBBY MEETS ALLAN TURNER AGAIN —

I TELL YOU. THAT SKYMAN FELLOW! HE TALKED A LITTLE LIKE YOU. BUT HE'S NOT LAZY, LIKE YOU ARE!

UH-HUH! I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM SOMEDAY! HE MUST BE QUITE A MAN, ACCORDING TO YOU!





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# Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



**LET ME START SHOWING YOU RESULTS LIKE THESE**

<p><b>5 inches of new Muscle</b></p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2", chest 2 1/2", forearm 3/4" — C. S., W. Va.</p>	<p><b>What a difference!</b></p> <p>"I have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." — F. S., N. Y.</p>
<p><b>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</b></p> <p><b>John Jacobs BEFORE</b>      <b>John Jacobs AFTER</b></p>	<p><b>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</b></p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." — W. G., N. J.</p>
	<p><b>GAINED 29 POUNDS</b></p> <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." — T. K., N. Y.</p>

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This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

## Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

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